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THE
SELECT REMAINS,
OR
MR. JAMES MEIKLE,

LATE SURGEON IN CARNWATH;

OR,

E X T R A C T S

FROM

MANUSCRIPTS FOUND AMONG HIS PAPERS,

ENTITLED,

- I. THE MONTHLY MEMORIAL; OR, A PERIODICAL INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF TERRORS.
- II. A SECRET SURVEY INTO THE STATE OF THE SOUL.
- III. THE HOUSE OF MOURNING; OR POEMS ON MELANCHOLY SUBJECTS.
- IV. THE TOMB.

PITTSBURGH.

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PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE Author of the Volume now presented to the Public, cannot be better described than in the following account of him, extracted from the Christian Magazine for February 1800: "On Saturday, " December 7. 1799, died, at Carnwath, MR. JAMES MEIKLE, Super- " geon there, aged 69 years. For many years he was a respectable " member of the Associate Session and Congregation of Biggar, un- " der the pastoral care of the Rev. John Low. In prudence, meek- " ness, modesty, and resignation to the disposals of Providence, he " was exemplary. For at least forty years and upwards, he sup- " ported a character, and had a conversation, highly ornamental to " the Christian name. Through his great modesty, however, his " eminency as a Christian was little known during his life-time; but, " by his writings left behind him, it appears his life has been spent " in intimate fellow-ship with his God, in habitual serious consider- " ation of his latter end, and often-times rejoicing in hope of the " glory of God. For upwards of thirty years, it was his custom to " spend one day each month, or if that was not in his power, part of " a day, in solemn meditation on morality and the great world to " come. His reflections on these occasions he has committed to " writing, which gradually swelled into a volume. This he called " his 'Monthly Interview with the King of Terrors.' His religious " experience he has likewise recorded in another small volume, " entitled, 'A Survey into the State of the Soul.' His death was " sudden. On the 1st of December 1799, he officiated as elder at " the dispensation of the Lord's supper at Lanark. On the 6th he " was going about, and able to serve medicines to patients; and " next morning he died. A widow and five small children remain to " feel and lament his loss."

The first part of this volume consists of extracts from the two manuscripts mentioned in the foregoing account. The publication

of the whole was deemed improper, as it not only would have swelled the volume to an undue size, but would, from the sameness of the subject, have occasioned repetitions, and sometimes referred to matters which, however proper to be remarked and improved by the author, could not with propriety be communicated to the public. The second part of the volume is a selection from a great number of poems on melancholy subjects, suggested by the occurrences of Divine Providence. If the poetry be not always of the first class, the Christian reader will apologize for the coarseness of some of the lines, on account of the uniform strain of pious and evangelical sentiments which runs through the whole.

It might perhaps be concluded, from the author's favourite subject, death and the future world, that Mr. Meikle was a man of a gloomy and sullen temper of mind; yet those who knew him best can attest, that they have known few Christians of a more uniformly cheerful and lively turn of mind. Indeed, it appears by many passages in his Memorial, that he considered familiarity with death, and preparation for eternity, as what were best calculated to promote Christian cheerfulness. Death is to most of us a gloomy subject, because we are unduly attached to the things of time, and very unprepared for eternity.

It will readily occur, that Mr. Meikle's profession as a surgeon gave him more frequent opportunities than other men to observe distress and death in all its various forms; and this will account for his very frequent allusions to the diseases and sudden deaths of his acquaintances. Perhaps, too, his Christian fear lest his opportunities of seeing the afflictions and death of others might make him insensible to his own mortality, was one reason why he considered it as necessary to set apart a day in each month to stated reflection on the subject; for it is well known, that few think less seriously of eternity than the greater part of those who by their profession are daily conversant with death.

There are other writings of the same author, which may perhaps at some future time, meet the public eye, if proper encouragement be given; particularly, a series of meditations on various subjects, written by him in the earlier part of his life, on board of one of his Majesty's ships of war, where he officiated in the capacity of surgeon's mate. It is hoped that the present volume, for the countenance given to which by the numerous subscribers, the Author's wi-

dow desires to express her gratitude, will not only be a lasting memorial of the unfeigned piety of the author, but be blessed for the profit of those who peruse it. If it be the means of leading any to serious consideration of their latter end, and of convincing them that there is no safety in the prospect of death but under the covert of Jesus's righteousness, the tidings that he has been useful after his decease to any of his brethren, will rejoice the spirit of the author, now with God.

PREFACE TO THE MEMORIAL.

THE Author has endeavoured to believe, (and would have others,) that time is but a short preface to long eternity, yet the seed-time of an awful, an interesting harvest. Life is much esteemed, but little improved, while death is treated like a fiction. And yet a real, a practical belief of death, is of great moment to our living *happily*, as well as dying *hopefully*. A prospect of death will prevent us from being *puffed up* with prosperity, or *depressed* with adversity, since *this* is the period of both.

To the secure worldling, death is the rock on which he dashes, and is undone for ever; but to the weather-beaten Christian, the harbour at which he arrives, and hears the storm, and hears the tempest no more.

The reason why our death-beds are so melancholy is, that melancholy subjects are debarred from us all our life-long. He that would die well, should die often; and as martyrs have put their finger into the flame of a candle, to see how they would endure the fire, so we should often converse with dissolution, view it in all its gloomy shapes, that at last when it approaches, we may not be distracted.

It is appointed to all men to die *once*, and therefore every man should prepare to die *well*; and but *once*, and therefore an error in death is irreparable and fatal.

This *king of terrors* has made many a stout heart to melt, and loosed the joints of the mighty; yea, even where the pleasant hopes of immortal glory have made the Christian triumph, yet death has made his nature shudder. Therefore, to get the awful scene *familiarized*, and made less terrible to himself, is the reason of what follows. He hopes he has profited by this Monthly Memorial of his mortality, and would recommend the same practice to others.

The Author would also recommend to others, narrowly to observe the providences that befall their acquaintance, as sudden deaths, &c. seeing memory is but fickle and false, and such things afford noble instructions.

The following thoughts cannot well be brought to a period like a treatise, if continued as intended; for death sooner or later, between the *interviews*, will hurry the Author away into an invisible world of spirits; but may he always be ready!

Where time and circumstances will allow, he is sure that a *whole day* every month would be well spent in preparing for death; but even an hour, or an half-hour, in this interview, (which was all the Author sometimes could spare,) will be both acceptable to God, and profitable to the person's self, provided this belief of death be carried out into his daily conversation.

MONTHLY MEMORIAL, &c.

CARNWATH, Tuesday, Aug. 28, 1764.

BEING convinced that my time is short, and that the hour of death is a trying hour, I design, as in the sight of God, to take a view of the world to come, that I may not be altogether a stranger there when I must go thither, nor terrified for death when I must grapple with it. Sin brought death into the world, and death carries sinners into hell. Death is the king of terrors, and the terror of kings. Whatever death men die, by sword, famine, or disease, there are but two deaths in the whole world, a *hopeful* and a *hopeless* death; for the righteous hath hope in his death, though he dares hardly hope: but the hope of the wicked, though he presumes, expires as he gives up the ghost. Death makes a baleful appearance on his pale horse; but being followed by hell, (a flaming attendant,) this renders him infinitely more formidable; and yet to the believer this very same death has heaven at his back.

I see, then, that an interest in him who was dead, but is now alive, and lives for evermore, only can fortify against the fears of death. O triumphant apostle! may the *Ancient of days* put the song in my mouth, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Did I look upon myself as a sojourner below, I would often view my departure, and the longer I live, would expect it nearer and nearer. Could a strong faith in Jesus slay this lion, out of his dead carcase I should suck honey and the honey-comb.

Through divine grace, I will arm myself for the encounter with my last enemy, that I may enter the lists with courage, and come off with conquest. Sinners may dream to escape danger by being in covenant with death; but I will seek it as the leading blessing, to be in covenant with the Lord of life, and then I will claim all the privileges of the sacred charter.—Let me read it.—"All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or life, or death!" What, Death!, art thou also a part of my possession? Who would think that this haughty Haman, the inveterate enemy

of a weeping Mordecai, should carry the poor soul, in the sight of both worlds, to the palace of the great King, there to abide for ever?

Tuesday, October 2, 1764.—This night I confess before thee, who only hast immortality, that I believe myself mortal. Soon the eye that guides, and the hand that holds this pen, shall crumble into dust in the cold grave, and my soul shall go to dwell in the world of spirits. O solemn removal! awful change! eternal state! Is there not a friend to attend and comfort me through all? Ah! no: my friends, the nearest and the dearest, are at best but compassionate spectators; they may weep at my bed-side, but cannot take one blow for me in the hottest battle. Yea, the angels may minister to me on this side the river, and on that side the river, but not one of them can descend with me into the swellings of Jordan. But, O merciful High-Priest! who in my nature hast tasted of death to soften mine, thou shalt go down with me into the flowing stream, and at thy presence the raging torrent shall divide; and then, instead of being carried down the stream, I shall have a pleasant entrance into Immanuel's land. Woe to him that is alone in the hour of death! When I fight my last enemy, be thou my shield; when I walk in death's dark vale be thou my sun; and then foes and fears shall distress me no more.

One may beat a snappish cur with a rod, but to fight an enraged lion, requires other armour. It is a small thing to lie a few days under a disease, but another thing to die. What amazing multitudes of disembodied spirits stare full in my face! A cold shiver or two shall enter me among them an inhabitant of the unseen world. I start back, and recoil, but the tender thread breaks, and in a moment I am not, I see, I feel, that it is not an easy thing to die. Nature startles at dissolution, and the unprepared soul is overwhelmed with an horrible gloom, that increases through eternity itself. Where then, O! where shall I find comforts for my last moments? They must come from above, for the world will avail me nothing in that day. I will therefore have recourse to the PROMISES, which are exceeding great, exceeding precious, and exceeding proper, proper to every case a child of God can be in, more precious than mountains of prey, and great above conception and thought.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Since I last was viewing the unseen world, a near neighbour of mine has been carried thither without a moment's warning, or the least intervening sickness, but what he felt at the expiring groan; and though he

could say nothing, yet the providence calls aloud to be always ready. Then, I will take hold of the promises, and, by a firm confidence in the Divine Promiser, I shall be like Zion's stable hill, which cannot be moved by rending winds, and roaring tempests. Hast thou not said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?" Never! what a world of comfort is in this word! I claim thy pity, then, through life, thy protection in death, and thy presence through eternity itself. O thou God of all grace! I will hold thee at thy word, when the shadows of the everlasting evening are stretched out on me.

Dec. 7.—It is arduous work to die, and yet it is work that must be done, and, as the terrors of death will endeavour to make me loose my hold of this and that promise, I will take fast hold of many promises, that I may have strong confidence, and strong consolations, in the day of battle and war. As the love of God, manifested in my dear Redeemer, begins my heaven on earth, so the continuance thereof will sum my bliss above. Now, the promise is, that "nothing shall separate from the love of God;" not all the heavy affliction of this life, nor the pangs of dissolution and death; not the depth of a fallen state, nor the height of Jehovah's throne, who dwells in light inaccessible and full of glory. Then, seeing it is my heaven to be forever with thee, how should death terrify me, which, instead of separating from thee, brings me to thy very throne?—But another promise is, that "the Lord is and will be his people's keeper, and that in all their ways." Then, thou wilt keep me in my going *out* of this world, and my going *in* to eternity, which the high and lofty One inhabits. Under the care of such a keeper, what need I fear? Under the protection of such a God, what deed I dread?—Again, there is another promise of which I will possess myself, and it is, that "to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness," and that at "evening time there shall be light." However dark my case may be, I will endeavour to believe the promise. Clouds may hang over my head, storms and tempests may roar about me; but still I am travelling on to everlasting light, to eternal day, and my divine Guide leads the blind by a way they know not.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1765.—It is surely proper for a mortal, on the first day of the year, to think on the last day of his life. I think it affords me comfort to reflect, that with the last year all its toils are gone, and shall return no more; so the weary hireling rejoices to see the shadows fall that shall

flnish his fatigue. Alas ! the year begins with vanity, and ends with vexation ; but happy he who can improve both in view of his latter end. Latter end ! Ah ! how distant is this often from my mind ! And yet the time is not far off, when, with the prophet of old, my sickening pulse will stay, " An end is come, the end is come, it watches for thee, behold it is come," And when life expires, and time ends, awful eternity begins ! How shall I enter on eternity, and plunge into the dread abyss ? Fain would I make the tremendous step in his hand whose name is, the Everlasting Father, or Father of Eternity. How shall I fasten my hold, and strengthen my faith, that the dissolving pang shall not loose it ? If thou art with me, I will fear no evil, I shall feel no pain.

Now, I will assemble all the terrors of death, that I may know the strength of my foes, and see what forces will be sufficient to meet this *king of terrors*, who cometh against me with ten thousand at his feet. I see, then, that death is dreadful on these accounts 1. It separates soul and body, which have been many years in the closest friendship, not to mention the pangs and agonies that may attend my last illness. 2. It rears an everlasting partition between the inhabitants of the world and me. My dear, my Christian acquaintance, we must talk no more together, nor speak one word, even in commendation of the *Plant of renown*, in his house below. 3. I must leave my family and friends, however dear, to be exposed to the temptations of sin, the snares of the world, and the cruelty of designing men. 4. I must also go by an unknown road, to an unknown land, and an unknown company. (Is there not an adventurer who will undertake this journey for me at any sum ? No, there is not one.) Again, 5. I must stand in the judgement ; and the Judge is not a man as I am, but the great God, before whom the heavens are not clean, and in whose presence the angels cover their faces. O ! how shall I appear ! And yet I must appear, and know not how soon. 6. And to sum up all, when I go from this world, I shall never return. Now, God reproves, rebukes, and exercises patience, that I may amend ; but then my sentence will be irrevocable, and fixed for eternity itself. " When I hear, my belly trembles, my lips quiver at the account, rottenness enters into my bones, and I tremble in myself, that I may rest in the day of trouble."

Now, if I can balance these tremendous views, I may gather courage for the decisive hour ; and only an interest

in Jesus can do this. I appeal then to thee, O searcher of hearts ! that I have taken thee for my Saviour, and the covenant of thy rich grace for my salvation. Sin and hell shall not shake my faith in thee, for I desire to act faith anew on thee every day, as if I had never believed before. Then, if, on the strongest evidences, after the severest scrutiny, and plainest dealing with mine own soul, I shall find I have an interest in Jesus, terrors will flee away, and the dark step be converted into a delightful and inviting journey. As to the *first*, then, though death separate soul and body, it is but for a few years ; nor shall my sleeping dust be cast out of his care, who for my sake was laid in the silent grave ; and my deathless soul enters into the presence and into the joy of my Lord. And as to the *second*, all my Christian friends shall arrive at the better country also ; we part for a little, but meet to part no more. But O what a happy change do I make ! I leave the church militant, to join the church triumphant ; the company of men, for the society of angels ; in a word, I leave the inhabitants of the world, to go into the beatific vision of Jehovah and the Lamb, where, in the highest strains, I shall commend the Plant of renown, and never cease, and never tire ! Again, *third*, well may I commit my friends and family, however young, however helpless, to him who rules in eternity and time. A weak faith may doubt, but a faithful God, an omnipotent helper, cannot faint nor fail. His grace is not less sufficient, for them that I am no more, and the intercession of the divine Advocate before the throne, is more prava ent than the tears and prayers of ten-thousand friends. *Fourth*, what need I be afraid of an unknown road, when my dearest friend shall be my guide ? or of an unknown land, seeing it is my Father's country, and all the inhabitants are friends, who will make me welcome to the seats of bliss ? There is neither sin nor sinner there. O ! why do not I long to be in a world of innocents, when the wicked so abound here ? *Fifth*, the Judge indeed is not a man, but he is God-man ; and he that suffered for me on the cross, intercedes for me at his Father's throne, and carries my name on his breast, will not condemn me in that day. Though his eyes are as a flaine of fire, yet, when wrapped in the Surety's righteousness, even divine Omnisience shall not see a spot in my soul, nor a blot in my life. He is not a man ; indeed this is my comfort, because he cannot change, and will not deny himself. Now, if he acquit in the word of grace, in the promise, and in the court of conscience, seeing Jesus my Saviour is the same, yester-

day in the purpose of his love, to-day in the application of his grace, and forever in the performance of his promise, he will also acquit me in that tremendous day. And sixth, as to returning again to time and the world, did I ever bewail the length of the summer, and long for the return of stormy winter? Did I ever lament my continued health, and cry for pining sickness? So, were I once entered these regions of immortal joy, the thoughts of leaving them would be like death. One glance of the heavenly country would make the world a howling desert. The first sight of Immanuel's face would make me forget and misken my dearest friends, and think them none of my concerns. I will never think so little of heaven, as to desire to return to the confines of hell. To find myself before the throne, will ravish; but to know that I shall dwell at the throne for ever and ever, will fill with transport, and enlarge my joy. Now, if I can lead this lion like a lamb, I need not fear any beast of the field; if death is no more terrible, of what need I be afraid? Hence I will study to live so habitually prepared for death, that I shall never be surprised, though my friends and the world may.

I may fall in the open field, or drop down by the way-side, or die unseen in the silent night; yet I shall not die as the fool dieth. "O death! where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Indeed I must die, and must rot; but death shall be my deliverance, and the grave a bed of rest.

Tuesday February 5.—Many things may take place at my death, that may make the world look on it as a melancholy scene; it is possible I may lie on my death-bed, deprived of reason, and entertain my last visitants with nonsense; yea, and enter eternity, not knowing *when* or *whither* I go. Surely it would be pleasant to employ my last moments in commanding precious Christ; but a disordered body shall not make my sympathising High-Priest forget me. A ravaging fever may break the frame of my body, but shall not break the covenant of grace that secures my endless happiness. What needs the child, that is under his mother's inspection care whether he be awake or asleep when laid by her to rest? It will not mar his repose, that he was carried to it when slumbering; so the joys of heaven will not be less rapturous that I am possessed of them ere aware. What wonder that the inhabitants are confused when the house is falling about their heads? so wherefore should I be surprised that my faculties are in a tumult, when the union between my soul and body is dissolving? Disease may fiercely at-

tack my feble nature, but cannot touch my state. Indeed, such things taking place at death, strongly and vehemently forbid delaying the *great work* till then, when a man may be no more himself, till he is no more. Therefore, in the calm and tranquil day of life, while in the full use and exercise of my reason, I desire to prepare for every thing that is awful in the last onset of my last enemy.

But, again, I may lie long on a death bed, and become a burden to myself, and to my friends. Well, who will think much to *taste* the cup of affliction, who is to *drink* of the rivers of pleasures through an endless evermore? It well becomes the heirs of glory to wait on God all their appointed time, till their change come. It is an easy task to tell my troubles, and sum up my sorrows, which diminish every time I number, till they are finished in the last pang. I may sleep little, but time sleeps less; and with time all my temporal troubles shall end. My body may suffer long and sore, and toss and tumble, and find no rest, through the severity of my disease; but my God measures every fit of sickness, every throw of pain; and, whatever impatience and unbelief may think, he is compassionate, and will not crush under foot a prisoner of hope. Soon shall my weary dust rest sweetly in the silent grave, and my soul rise to the raptures of the higher heaven.

But I may die of some loathesome disease, and lie in such a deplorable condition, that few will think to come near me. Well, the body that has been often defiled by sin, may at last be filled with stench and corruption, yet being redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, it shall at last be raised up a glorious body. What need I care how my clay look that must perish, or my countenance be disfigured with pain, when many worthies have been so before me? Job was such an altered person, that his friends at some distance knew him not. But why mention saints, when it is witnessed of the King of saints, though fairer than the sons of men, that his visage was more marred than any man, and his form more than the sons of men! It matters not much how dust return to dust, since (O glorious prospect!) Christ shall change this vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.

Again, death may deprive me of all my near relations, so that in my last sickness I may not have a friend to hold up my head, or put his hand on mine eyes, when those that look out at the windows are darkened! What although? Is it not recorded of the glorious Sufferer, that all his followers

and friends forsook him, and fled? Though thou shouldest make desolate all my company, yet in thy favour shall I find my friends, my home, my heaven.

How comfortable to think, that those who perish least deserve the name of friends, and that my best FRIEND is the immortal God, eternal in his essence, and unchangeable in his love! Well may I put up with few friends in this world, who am going to a world of friends, where there is neither sin nor self, feud nor fraud; yea, to a FRIEND nearer, and dearer, and better than them all.

Tuesday, April 2.—O how difficult do I find it to bring my thoughts down to the grave, and to welcome my decease! Am I any more impressed with the thoughts of mortality than I was some months ago? And yet, whether I believe it or not, I am so many months nearer my latter end. Surely the tenant that will not think upon *term-day*, seems ill provided for it; and yet, what a fool must he be that will not look forward, when he is *warned away*, and cannot *sit still*? Even so, I have warnings of my mortality daily; not a meal of meat, but tells me that the building, which daily needs *propping* and *supporting*, will tumble down at last. Not a sleep I take, but might mind me of the sleep of death; indeed, the difference seems to be, that the sleep in death is *deeper* and *longer* than in the repose of night. In the one, my soul is *settered*; in the other, *fled*. In the first, I sleep for hours; in the last, for ages. The most part of people can own their mortality, and I as well as they; but if I bring my confession *home*, and ask myself, "Am I willing to bid friends and familiars, cares and concerns, projects and enterprises, pleasures and delights, in a word, *life and its joys, time and its contents, the world and its whole*, a long and everlasting farewell, and that at a moment's warning?" Alas! how am I nonplussed, and at a loss what to say? I desire to deplore my attachment to time and the things of time, and to cry for that grace by which I will be able to say, *I profess I die daily*, even to look and wait for death every day. The gay and unthinking part of mankind are of opinion, that the thoughts of death pall the joys of life; but this is a vast mistake, for he never enjoys life aright, that is *terrified* and *distracted* at the approach of death. Corrupt nature (like wicked Haman with his great eye-sore, Mordecai) would have all care and concern about death taken out of the way, that they may go merrily to their revels; but the expectant of a better world, would only have the too

great fear of death removed, like cruel Haman from his dangerous dignity; then the whole man, like the Jews in the city Shushan, would have joy and gladness, a feast, and a good day. Surely, a right prospect of death heightens the joys, and blunts the griefs of life; for if, when the storm beats against me, I can look beyond dissolution, and see an eternal calm; or if, when the sun shines upon me, I can look forward, and see all the blessings of peace, plenty, prosperity, joy, life, light, love, friendship, rapture, and complacency, heightened above thought, must not I be happy in any condition? and thrice happy in comparison of that state in which I use the enjoyments of life, as a thief would do stolen goods, under continual apprehensions of being seized by the constable or serjeant Death, of having my joys snatched away, and myself shut up in everlasting jail. David would not go against Goliath in Saul's royal mail, because he had not proved it; so, I should prove the armour I intend to use in the decisive combat; and truly nothing will do like a strong, a steady faith in mine exalted Redeemer. While philosophical and rational arguments avail nothing to the combatant, like Saul's cumbrous mail, faith, like David's humble sling and stone, will lay the grinning giant on the ground; and O to be trying it daily at lesser marks, which I cannot want in a land where I must *walk by faith*; that I may be expert at last, and, by the Spirit's aid, sink the stone in the monster's forehead!

How strange is it that the traveller should daily complain of the length of his journey, and yet walking in every bye-way that can cast him about, and lengthen his journey! How surprising that he should pretend that he never can be happy till arrived at home, and yet daily setting out for home as long as he can! Alas! even so it is with me; for though I complain of the toils of life, yet where are my sincere longings for the better life? Though I believe I will never be happy till in heaven, yet how long can I put off without my highest happiness, and completest bliss! I would gladly go to God, yet how astonishing that I would rather chuse Elijah's forty days journey through a dreary wilderness to the mount of God, than his sudden ascent to the throne of God! Now, though by adoption I belong to thy family, O Father of mercies! yet while my disposition is such, should death apprehend me, what better would my case be than a runaway son's, to whom, being brought back by force, his father's house, though a glorious palace, would in that event become a gloomy prison!

'Though I cannot say I long for heaven as I should, yet I can say I long for that day, when I shall be able to say, *I long, I pant for heaven*. Then the enchantments of life, and the terrors of death, shall detain, shall deter no more.

May 1.—This day a parent is carried to his long home, who, not long ago, deplored the apprehended decease of a child; but little thought he that death's suspended scythe should, passing the child, sweep himself away! The tragedy is continued, but the persons changed. The tears still trickle, but are turned from the parent's eye, that being shut in death, and pour down the children's cheeks.

Surely, then, the shortness of my life, and uncertainty of my death, should make me say little of the decease of my nearest relations. When death strikes at a family, and cuts off one member, every member being alike mortal, the infant with the man of grey hairs, the time that is given to the rest ought to be better employed than in mourning and murmuring at Providence.

Tuesday, May 7.—Death is the feller, and the word is the forest, and round about me every day he is cutting down. Now an old stock falls, then a young tree; the fair spreading tree and the barren shrub are laid along the ground, and I cannot long escape, for the forest must be cleared away; not one generation shall stand in the way of another: But the tree, in one sense, has the better of me, for it grows up again in the same place it was cut down; O that, in another sense, I may have the better of it, in growing like the palm tree in the paradise of God, and flourishing in a better soil than that in which I fell!

Wednesday, Aug. 1.—The value of things are best known by comparisons. Let me, then, run an imperfect parallel between this present life I now enjoy, in all its best things, as well as its worst things, and that better life I expect after death.

In this life I may have at But—in that I shall have always.

1. A mortal health,	1. Eternal vigour.
2. Some tainted pleasures,	2. Pure delights and holy raptures.
3. A few friends for a few days,	3. All my friends about me for ever.
4. Some acres of ground,	4. An unbounded inheritance in the heavenly Canaan.
5. Fine clothing of wool,	5. Robes of righteousness;

6. An house painted with vermillion,

7. Bread to eat, and water to drink,

8. A portion of the good things of time;

and garments of glory.

6. A house not made with hands.

7. The hidden manna, and the river of life.

8. The glorious treasure of eternity.

Spiritual Good Things.

In this life I *may* have,

1. Communications of grace

2. Freedom from the reign of sin,

3. Glances of faith,

4. God in his ordinances.

5. Manifestations of love,

6. Access to the throne of grace.

But in that life I *shall* have,

1. Eternal glory.

2. Deliverance from the being of sin.

3. Immediate vision.

4. Uninterrupted communion.

5. All the transports of eternal assurance, and everlasting bliss.

6. Uninterrupted attendance at the throne of glory.

Now, what a wide difference is there between my best state here, and the better, the blessed state above! But how will it still widen, when my worst condition is brought into one side of the comparison! with this melancholy addition, that I am oftenest in my worst state.

In this life, then,

1. I often sin against God,

2. I go mourning without the sun,

3. I dwell in the valley of Acher, and mine exercise is lamentation and mourning, and my daily attendants sorrow and woe,

4. Death snatches away my nearest and dearest friends, and with them crops all the joys of life,

But—in that life,

1. I shall never offend the eyes of his glory.

2. My sun shall go down no more, and the days of my mourning shall be ended.

3. I shall dwell on the mount of communion, and mine exercise be hallelujah and hosannah, and mine attendants transport and joy.

4. Jesus, my best Friend, shall for ever cheer my ravished eyes, and fill my folded arms.

5. My knowledge of divine things is very lame,

6. My graces often are baffled by prevailing corruption and a tempting devil,

7. Disease attacks me often, and death attends me always,

8. I am often too ready to say, what a weariness is it to serve God?

9. I daily see transgressors, and am grieved with self-destroyers,

10. Both vain and wicked thoughts often, alas! too often rise, rage, and ravage in my mind,

11. Often my society is among those that seem to have no fellowship with the Father nor his son Christ Jesus.

5. I shall know even as I am known.

6. All my graces shall wear the crown of perfection.

7. I shall never complain of sickness, being above the reach of sin and death.

8. I shall serve him day and night with rapture and delight.

9. There shall not be one Canaanite in all the house of God, one sinner in all the land of glory.

10. My soul shall be swept of all the trash of sin, and all my thoughts shall soar in adoration, and dissolve in love.

11. I shall associate myself with the general assembly and church of the first-born.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.— Seeing the difference is so wide, what a wonder that I am not daily longing for the better life! If Joseph's felicity made him forget, not only his toil, but his father, and his father's house, surely, when I arrive at the kingdom of my heavenly father, all the tender fondness of friend and brother, of parent and husband, will be swallowed up in nearer relations, and lost in a diviner love.

Would not the prisoner venture out at a dark passage to the bread day? So, though death be a dark step, yet the inviting glories of an eternal world lie beyond it, the dawning beams of which enlighten the dreary shadow.

Heaven has spared me a twelve-month since I began to think on death at set periods; but O what a small progress have I made!

November 9.— This day one of some rank is thought near death, and an express circulates among the relations, to hasten them to their dying friend. And indeed the friendly hand may wipe the cold sweats of death from the pale countenance; but when the chilling fears of dissolution attack me in my last moments, may my sympathising Saviour dispel

my fears, dry my sorrows, and strengthen my extreme weakness? When, in the hour of dissolution, all my friends shall stand estranged from me, may I have the presence of that divine FRIEND that sticketh closer than a brother; so close, that the stroke that breaks the union between soul and body, shall not divide my soul and him.

How am I astonished at the news of my acquaintance's death! The inhabitant of a populous city dies alone in the open field! though enriched with the nearest and most loving relations, yet neither wife, children, nor servant, are present to support him in his last pangs! though master of a good house, and a soft bed, yet under a stormy sky, and on the cold ground, he breathes his last! though not inured to travelling in the night, yet in a very dark night he undertakes his long, his last journey;—sets out for, and arrives at, the world of spirits!

I see, then, that I may, in the midst of numerous friends, die *alone* as disregarded; but let me claim thee as mine inseparable friend, and then, though all my relations were present, I shall have no use for them, or, though absent, shall suffer no loss. All the melancholy circumstances of decease, to the heir of heaven, only enhance the felicity of the better state. Through fire and water the sons of promise arrive at *the wealthy place*: and, though nature recoil, it is a pleasant flood that conveys into those rivers of pleasures that are at thy right-hand; and it is a friendly flame, though nature shrink at the sight, and friends shudder at the account, that consumes the prison, and carries the soul into the presence of God.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1766.—Though my days be an hand-breadth, and mine age as nothing in thine eye, thine eternity satisfies all my desires.

Jan. 20.—These days by gone, I have had some severe attacks of pain, whereby I may see that I am like a besieged city, against which the enemy makes nearer and nearer approaches, now opens one battery, then another; and though there be frequent intermissions, yet the siege will not be raised till the city be stormed and taken. But these observations I could not make, till mine indisposition was gone; why then delay the great work till the hour of death? May I never fall in with such extravagant folly.

Feb. 1.—David had his last words, and, swan-like, sang sweetest at his last; but I know not what may be my last words; then, since ignorant of mine *ultima verba*, may my *penultima* be a song of triumph over death and the grave.

March 1.—One great cause of earthly-mindedness is, casting death out of heart and eye. Though we were permitted to dwell on this side the grave forever, what could we do more for the world than we do? or what less thought and concern for the other world could we take than we do? How great, then, is our folly, when we are only sojourners for a day!

April 3.—Two days ago I found myself a little indisposed, but O how averse to think of going hence! Yet, did I hate sin and love holiness as I ought, I would surely long for that period that would deliver me from the one, and perfect me in the other; and death is that happy period.

The prudent warrior, that knows his enemies are determined to attack, will always be on his guard; even so death, I know, will sooner or later (and the longer the delay the nearer the attack) be upon me in all his strength and terrors; therefore I have much need to watch, that I be not plunged into eternity at unawares.

One in high life is sick; but disease and death are the same from the throne to the dunghill, and neither the kind friend, nor the careful servant, nor the skilled physician, nor the cheering cordial nor the fine room, nor the soft bed, can diminish the anguish, or brighten the dark scene; but thy love; O thou best of Friends! can pour in seraphic joys in the hour of dissolution, on the brink of the grave.

Tuesday, Aug. 5.—O how little progress do I make toward eternity! Time flies away, but I linger still; then may not I at last be surprised? Shall every thing about me make haste, but my soul, in preparing for pulling of this body? Soon it will be a burden, and yet how burdensome are the thoughts of getting quit of this burden!

Sept. 1.—While this month begins with me, an acquaintance this day has begun eternity. O endless eternity! O state unknown! Of what solemn assembly is he now a member! and time, and the things of time, are now of no account with him.

Tuesday Sept. 2.—Again I remind myself of my mortality; and whether I be prepared to meet death or not, death is prepared to meet me.

I profess a belief of dissolution, O to practice it too! Then shall my views of a future world be brighter, and present things shall sink in my esteem.

Though men should tremble before me, it would not make the *king of terrors* less terrible; but if God, who does

wonders past finding out, smile on me, I shall smile in the face of death, *and laugh at the shaking of his spear.*

Oct. 2.—If invited to a royal feast, and noble entertainment, I will not much regard the appearance of the messenger sent from my friend, whether fair and well-favoured or surly and morose; knowing that the master of the feast is my real friend, and will make me very welcome. Even so, though death should come in all his terrors, he is but a messenger to call me home; and I am assured of his favour who sends him, and may go cheerfully at his command,

25.—This day I attended the funeral of one who, returning from a visit made to his friends, expires in the open air, falls from his horse, and embraces the cold ground! Little did the family think that morning, when both the heads set out, that one of them had a very long journey before him, even to the invisible world of spirits! Had an angel whispered in this person's ear at his friend's table, 'Thou hast but four or five hours to live,' his soul must have felt an anxious confusion, which neither the entertainment nor the company could remove! The married pair, on whom forty-four annual suns had shone, are separated forever without a fare-well. Though all alone together on the way, the dying person speaks not a word, nor utters a groan.

Whatever I do, death attends me; wherever I go death follows me; Then, my friends, be not surprised though I leave you in some such way as this.

Tuesday, Dec. 2.—Kind Heaven continues my life; O may I prepare for my latter end! In this last month of the year, every thing around me proclaims mortality. The flowry family is cut off; the fields are stript of their verdure, and the trees of their leaves; the day is short and the heavens are black, and the music of the skies is no more; thus every thing points me to my latter end, and seems prepared to take its part in the mourning.

Thursday, Jan. 1. 1797.—As mortals count their time, I fall asleep in one year, and awake in another: so soon shall the sleep of death transfer me to another world. Alas! that I should think so little on my last concern!

Tuesday, Jan. 6.—One may be ready to think, why so much care and concern for a moment, for death is only for a moment; but it is a moment on which eternity depends. While viewing death at a distance, I may be ready to think, with forward Peter, that at my Lord's call I will venture calmly into the waters; but perhaps, when among the rolling waves, I may begin to

sink. What then? My gracious Saviour will be nigh, and stretch out his helping hand.

Tuesday Feb. 5.—I die by little and little, and insensibly pass away: so is the growth of the corn; one cannot perceive it increase at all, yet it arrives at harvest, is cut down, and never more shall clothe the fields. But poor mortals are cut down at all seasons, in the early bud of verdant spring, the blooming summer or mature autumn.—Hence, I see, however unprepared in other respects, I am always ripe enough for the scythe of death.

Tuesday, April 7.—The earth is putting on a new face, and nature begins to smile; but from the womb I am journeying downward till I arrive at the dark chambers of death. O! then, that, like precious grain, the glory of my resurrection may overbalance all the black prospects of corruption and the grave!

One that spends his life in a round of mirth and unconcern, might be ready to conclude, that thinking so often on death must make my life sad and melancholy; but it holds not, for it is the best balance to weigh either prosperity or adversity in, and helps to keep the soul in an even temper in every state. Therefore, not only the monthly, but the daily remembrance of death, is the Christian's duty, which needs neither divert him from his lawful employment, sadden his countenance, nor sink his spirits.

Tuesday, May 5.—When will the day come when I shall look on the approach of death with transport and delight? when I shall view him, not as a tyrant, but as a trusty servant to bring me home? The wilderness may please the beasts of prey to range in, but cannot enchant the travelling Israelite from pursuing his journey to the land of promise.—I have a fresh admonition of sudden and unexpected death in one, who, in the bloom of life, and on a visit to his friends, was hurried into the world of spirits.

May 30. The birth-day, 1766.—The man that would observe his birth-day, should always make the day of death the instructive antithesis. To feast and revel on this day, is more like a darkened heathen, than a professed Christian. I have seen more birth-days than many of my friends, and now the course of nature forbids that I should see many more; but, were my affections such as they ought, it would afford me joy to find myself so near my native country, and my Father's house.

Tuesday, June 2.—This month brings long days, but my day of life is growing shorter still. O to work hard for eter-

nity, while the day lasts ; for there is neither work nor device in the silent grave, whither I am going.

Tuesday, July 7.—O the antipathy that is between this and the unseen world ! Whenever I am much occupied about the one, I let go the other. Yet the day is fast approaching, when the things that my soul lusteth after shall be found no more ; neither can prosperity lengthen my days, nor shorten my time, which is daily wasting away.

Aug. 1.—Why should I take such fast hold of the things of time ? If grace loose not my hold of them to my comfort, death will to my sorrow. This day, the burial of an infant and of an adult, remind me of mine own. O for the art of realising future things ! I believe, and yet I cannot believe, that I am mortal ! this is no less true than strange. I am persuaded that the greater part of men, the old as well as the young, are arrested by death when least expected.

Tuesday, Aug. 4.—Truly it might make one serious to see the greater part thoughtless about death and judgment. In a little, where will the gay world be, that seem to place their happiness in admiring and being admired of one another ? However gloomy the hour of death may be to nature, yet may my soul always find delight from the prospect !

Tuesday, Sept. 1.—Where are the men that made a figure half a century ago ? They are now a feast for worms, and their names are hardly known in the very places where they made their appearance. Now death is fast approaching to sweep me off, like them that have gone before. Why, then, should I fill my mind with anxious thoughts, or fond delights, which shall dwindle into nothing in the dissolving pang ?

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—This day has brought me the heavy tidings of a dear, a beloved acquaintance, (C. B.), being hurried into the world of spirits. Indeed he was ready, which makes all other circumstances smile, though awful. The high fever was but the fiery chariot to convey him home ; the fall that fractured his skull, was but hastening his soul to be crowned with glory. Here I see, that no man knoweth love or hatred by all that is before him in this life.

Friday, Jan. 1, 1768.—While one year ends, and another begins, nothing makes the things of life sit lighter on the soul, than a firm belief of death. Here the sorrows of the galley-slave are finished, and the glory of the crowned head is overclouded for ever. Among all the essays of men, none have ever attempted to arrest time, or subdue the grave ! The Christian alone has hit upon the wonderful invention, and conquers the grave by preparing for it, and arrests time by

improving it for eternity, where hours, and days, and years, and ages, are all arrested, and stand still in an everlasting **NOW.**

Tuesday, Jan. 5.—If I should break down my whole life into days, hours, minutes, moments, I find for every moment of my life ten thousand ages in eternity; what, then, though all my moments were black with misery, since, in lieu of every afflicted breathing, I shall possess ten thousand ages, and infinitely more, of blooming glory and unfading bliss!

Jan. 16.—For these two or three days bygone, I have laboured under a short indisposition, accompanied with sharp pain; and what are these but the *advanced posts* or *flying scouts* of the king of terrors? a sure proof that neither the enemy nor the day of battle are far off. Let Saul's unhappy complaint in another case, never be mine in this, “The Philistines are upon me, (death and judgment are upon me,) and God is departed from me.”

Tuesday, Feb. 2.—Though disease should not attack me, an accident may hurry me away; and with accidents I am daily surrounded. Of this I had a double instance, both in the silent night and broad day; my horse stumbling, and I, tumbling over his head, might have tumbled into eternity. What an hair-breadth is only betwixt me and death! though I am not to distrust divine protection, yet I am never to forget that I am mortal.

Tuesday, March 2.—This last month has carried many away in an uncommon manner to their long home. Death, in the freezing storm, and tremendous tempest, has arrested some in their way to, and within a gun-shot of their homes; while neither their endeared relations, nor affectionate friends, knew of their distress, or could stir to their relief. But whether in the field, or by the fire-side, death and I must enter the lists of battle; and in no war is it more advantageous to take the wind of the enemy, by being first in the field, than here; which is only done by a due preparation for the encounter. It is much better to go forth like an undaunted hero, like a believing Christian, to the combat against this disarmed bravado, crying, “O death, where is thy sting?” than to be dragged, (for meet we must), like a desponding unbeliever, to his cruel paws.

May 30.—There is a time to be born, this I have had; and a time to die, this awaits me; the *when*, or *how*, or *where*, I know not.—What will riches do in the hour of death for me? Only embarrass me.—What will a fine house do? Verily, nothing.—What will character and name do? Only spread

the report of my decease.—But what will a reconciled God do? He will turn the shadow of death into the morning, and make me triumph over the last enemy.

Tuesday, June 7.—Few are my days; and, alas! the few are ill improved! A spendthrift of time is the most inexcuseable of all spendthrifts. One may waste his money, and a friend may leave him more; but so I cannot do with my time.

Thursday, July 7.—For these two days, how have I been chastened with pain, and the multitude of my bones with strong pain! Thus, whether I will or not, I am reminded of my mortality, and also admonished to improve health while continued, for what can one do when struggling with disease and groaning through pain?

Friday, July 8.—This day shall be memorable to me, not only for the load of distress it brought along with it, but for the unwelcome news it wasted to my ears, of the death of an acquaintance. Our profession was the same, no great odds in our ages, and our indisposition at the same time;—only on the 6th, he could walk in his garden, when I was confined to my bed; but this morning he is no more, while I remain in the land of the living.

July 17.—The *indisposition*, after an attack of eight days, is mercifully removed; but it will return again, and one day or other overcome me.

Tuesday, August 2.—What awful thunders in the natural heavens have I heard this day! O that they may mind me of that tremendous day, when nations, tongues, and tribes, shall be convened before the bar! O to be at peace with the Thunderer! then shall every thing speak peace to me, even the stones and beasts of the field; yea, though the thunder-bolt should dash me among the dead, yet on the wings of the ethereal flame shall my soul soar away to the land of peace.

Tuesday, September 6.—Nothing is a stronger proof of corruption being prevalent, than being *delighted* with a state of imperfection! Ah! then, mine own mouth condemns me, for what can be more imperfect than a state of sin and death? and, alas! how am I delighted therewith! I find vanity in the gayest things of time, and am sure, that the several objects of carnal desire shall perish in the hour of death. But the immortal part triumphs in the happy prospect of an happy eternity.

It is common to bewail one that dies young; but if he die in Christ, whatever loss it may be to his friends, to others, to the church, it can be none to himself. Did I know

the sweet employment of the church of the first-born, I would long to join the divine assembly. Had I any spiritual taste of his love, I would long to be drenched wholly in the overflowing ocean above.

October 7.—What a thin partition is between time and eternity! And who can number the windows therein, to let me look into the world of spirits? Every providence, every disappointment, bids me fix mine eye on a future world; the death of every acquaintance affords me a prospect into eternity. Yea, the headache, colic, or any touch of pain in mine own body, are as so many chinks to look through the region of disembodied spirits.

October 15.—Yesterday, a young girl, in the bloom of youth, was carried to the house of corruption. Neither the affection of a parent, nor the endearments of a suitor, can avert the fatal blow. The afflicted lover attends the dying bed, witnesses the expiring groan, where all his pleasing prospects dissolve into disappointment and pain. And from the enchanting scenes and airy dreams of love, she awakens in a world of spirits.

Let lovers, then, amidst their excessive fondness and delightful views, remember the hour of death, and the world to come. And whenever I die, may I go to a dearer beloved, and nearer relative, than any I can leave below.

Jan. 28, 1769.—This day a traveller, who on a visit to his friends was arrested by death, is carried to the house appointed for all living. What has a little time done towards him? On the first day he leaves his wife to see her no more, sets out on his journey, travels sixteen miles, and falls down by the way-side, without friend or companion.—The cold wet ground is his bed, a January sky is his covering, and the weather-beaten heath his pillow. After passing a tedious night in this deplorable situation, on the second day he is found chilled with cold, yet breathing; he is carried to an hospitable house, where, in spite of all endeavours, he expires; and on this third day he is interred.—Who can tell where I may go to die? whether in the fier flame or the flowing stream, whether on the frozen field or friendly bed? But it matters not how, or where, or when. If I die in Christ, I shall die in peace, and on a bed of down.

Feb. 16.—Anger, malice, and envy, ill become the breast of mortals. How mad to spin out the period of revenge! for ere it approach, the fierce pursuer is no more. Hence God is said to laugh at the wicked plotting and planning his mischief, because he seeth that his day is coming, that shall

hinder the execution of his well-laid plots, and fix his awful state in endless woe ! Nothing, then, should dwell in my breast, but the immortal graces ; *faith* that shall rise into vision, *hope* that shall grow into fruition, and *love* that shall dwell before the throne.

May 30. Birth-Day.—This morning of my birth-day has proved the day of death to a near neighbour of mine ; and neither a scattered family, nor a disconsolate widow, could detain him another day. What nearer could death come to remind me of my mortality, unless he had laid his hand on some of my family or myself ? How deep am I rooted in the earth ! on every birth-day, on the beginning of every month, by every providence, I would fain get myself loosed, but still I take root again. Nothing but heavenly grace in exercise will loose my affections from the earth.

June 20.—This day a young man is buried, whose last words were lamentable. “ Hell,” said he, “ is begun ; O ! death, death, death is nothing, if damnation were not at the back ! ” Indeed he was in a very high fever, and at times delirious ; but this was truth with a witness !

Tuesday, Oct. 3.—What numbers of mankind from every station have fallen in the conflict with this awful king of terrors, since I began to view the solemn period ! Now a thousand worlds to them are not worth a straw. Why, then, should I let the world so far into my heart, which, when my heart-strings break, will deceive me forever ?—How are my dearest acquaintances employed this night, and how shall I be employed when I enter the world of spirits ? If I expect to join in the hallelujah of the higher house, it well becomes me often to chaunt a stanza of the sacred anthem, ‘ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain ; ’ and the oftener I sing the sweeter, till I rise to join the song above, that is inimitable below.

Tuesday, Dec. 5.—Man has not so many teachers in any thing as about his mortality ; and the child of a span long is as good a master as the man of letters or of grey hairs.—But in nothing is man more stupid, (I speak from mournful experience), than about the mortality of the body, and the immortality of the soul. Thus I, as well as others, seem to have put the one in place of the other. Hence so much care about a transient state, and so little concern about the world to come ! But in a little, dust must return to dust, while the immortal soul flies away to the world of spirits. O state unknown ! yet certain, and fast approaching.

Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1770.—The more new years I have seen,

surely the fewer I shall see. My short life is well represented by a sand-glass, whatever adds to the one end, diminishes from the other; why, then, should my worldly cares so awfully increase about a life that is hastening to its end? It is an awful thing to be more and more glued to the world, the nearer I am to be taken out of the world.

Feb. 1.—What a strange antipathy is there between time and eternity! They cannot mingle more than light and darkness; time may be lost in eternity, but time and eternity cannot measure the same duration. So it is with the things of time, and the concerns of eternity; when the one has much place in the soul, the other has little reception there. If I am full of cares about time, I cannot have a proper concern about eternity; and if duly taken up about eternity, I will not be distracted with carking cares about time.

Tuesday, Feb. 6.—Death makes an awful change, in a fourfold respect: 1. The person's self; 2. The place; 3. The company; and, 4. The employment.—*First*, With respect to the person's self. The soul quits the clay tabernacle, and takes an eternal farewell of time; the body, lately beautiful and beloved, is laid in the bed of corruption, while its terror and utility, its envy and its love, cease forever.—*Second*, With respect to the place. Death, in a moment, translates from this world to the invisible habitation of spirits; and, according to the state of the departed, they either dwell in the paradise of God, or are plunged into the pit of despair.—*Third*, With respect to the company. Here I tremble to think on the innumerable armies of ghosts with whom the disembodied soul must mingle! with whom mine acquaintance, who was interred yesterday, is already mingled! where the epithets of honour that lately distinguished them take place no more! Here we lose and find friends and companions; but there our society is eternal. O happy saints! O happy sons of God! who, when separated from the potsherds of the earth, rise to the church of the first-born, associate with the angels of light, and dwell in the presence of Jehovah and the Lamb! But O thrice miserable sinners! who at the hour of death must part with all that is dear to you, and in a moment be classed with millions of agonized human ghosts, with legions of blaspheming fiends, and that forever and ever!—And, *fourth*, With respect to the employment. Here we trifle about dust and atoms, there we are taken up about eternal things. Here the men of the world are gay, jocund, and merry, but there

they are sad, and tormented with inexpressible anguish.—Again, here the heirs of heaven often go mourning and afflicted, but there they lose their sorrows, and forget their woes, amidst the hosannas of the higher house.

March 1.— The way to prove my own readiness and resignation to die, is by my cheerful submission to the decease of my nearest and dearest friends. Now my nearest relative on earth is dangerously ill, but how I hold and grasp, plead and implore, that her days may be prolonged, and the disease mercifully removed.

Tuesday, March 6.— Still my dear friend swims for life, but knows nothing of the danger being insensible to every thing around, human and divine : O that the soul may be secretly supported, refreshed, comforted, by the eternal Spirit of grace ! And may I, and every spectator, learn to improve time and opportunities better than before ; for often the same cup has changed hands, and the last have drank deepest.

March 7.— O how am I now distressed for the death of a dear sister ! Thou hast made desolate all my company, for I alone of all my Father's family survive. O that it be not to quarrel the conduct of the unerring providence of my all-gracious God ! Now it touches me, and I am troubled ; yet I dare not sorrow as they that never looked for the event, as *those that have no hope*. Nothing but a firm belief of the invisible world, while affection and submission struggle together, can make us let our friends go thither, where we expect in a little to arrive. Moreover, I cannot but observe, that on that very day (to wit the first Tuesday) of the month on which for some years I have revolved my latter end, the melancholy scene was realised in my sight upon my nearest friend.

Tuesday, April 3.— How soon do the impressions of a friend's death wear off our minds ! and how little impression does our own death make ! Surely, O ! grave thou art the land of deep forgetfulness ; but he that was once dead, and is now alive, well remembers all his dead members.

Tuesday, June 5.— Alas ! a person may grow formal in any thing, yea, even talk and write of death of course, without any just concern ; but proper views of death will make impressions which the world and all its vanities will never be able to shake off. To die with this world seated in my mind, rooted in my affections, is sad and melancholy ; but to live with the other world in my view, and my affections set on heavenly things, is beautiful, and like the expectant

of a world to come. When I put far away the day of death, the evil day, I am ready to cause the seat, if not of violence, yet of vanity, to come near. But the nearer the future realities of the invisible world come, the further will I chase the vanities of this transitory life away.

Tuesday, September 4.—No disappointment, and no despite from one perishing creature to another, need give much pain, because a period will be put to all in a little. But O the endearing condescension of the mighty One, to call worms and potsherds, that have so mean opinion of one another, his jewels, his crown, and royal diadem! May all my admiration be heaven-ward and God-ward, and my soul shall be filled with joy.

Tuesday, December 4.—How apt am I to forget that I must die, and how seldom do my thoughts dwell on that momentous change that must pass upon me! There is something awful and solemn in the thought, that my invisible, immaterial part, shall take possession of the invisible world, dismantled of its flesh! There we shall have no tongue, and yet we shall sing his praise; no eyes, and yet we shall see his glory; no ear, and yet we shall hear the endless hallelujah; no features, and yet we shall know and be known to one another. To go into such an unknown, unintelligible state, to mingle in such an invisible society, would terrify and trouble me, did not I know that I go to God, in whose presence I shall find every thing familiar, pleasant, and divine.

Feb. 1771.—Last night a person was removed by death, who, though feeble and infirm, had fond expectations of recovery, and strong desires to live. O what is it in this world that is so bewitching, and what in the other world that is so forbidding, that we recoil from *that*, and cleave to *this*? If life be sweet, and if a man will give all he hath for his life, should not the life of angels, in the presence of God! be a thousand times more welcome? It is a moving spectacle to see malefactors, being banished to foreign climes, taking the last look of their native land, with weeping eyes, wringing hands, and broken hearts: But it is a joyful parting, when some illustrious and agreeable stranger is taking his last farewell here of all his friends, being recalled to his native country and his prince's court. With heartfelt joy, he loses sight of the shore, to reach the nobler clime. Let me never look, then, on the approach of death, like a rebel banished to some inhospitable isle, but like a son going to his native country, and his Father's house.

Tuesday, March 5.—This day is a mournful remembrance to me of the death of my dear friend. A melancholy twelve months has not blotted out my loss, though I see that the dead go to the land of forgetfulness ; but, amidst my sorrow, I sink into the same situation. Sorrow for our departed relations is the most irresistible, and yet the most unreasonable, of all sorrow. It cannot profit the dead, but may hurt the living. It characterises the heathen, who sorrow as they that have no hope : but is foreign to the Christian, who has a future world always in view, and eternity at hand. With my better informed part, I triumph over grief, but my human feelings still deplore my loss. When *sense* looks beyond the grave, it sees nothing but inscrutable mysteries, and appalling prospects, and it *succumbs* ; but when *faith* looks beyond the grave, it sees all things amiable, inviting, safe, and tranquil, in his unchangeable love, and it triumphs. O, then, for a steady faith for that important, that approaching hour !

May 1—It is common to complain of the troubles of life, yet they are kindly designed to loosen our affections from the world. If our life were all clear sunshine, without care or confusion, jar or contention, disappointment or pain, how would we be glued to the world, and cemented to the things of time, since amidst all the disasters that occur, we are still so attached to transitory things !

May 7.—On this day, when many miles from home, I had a warning of my own dissolution in the dying aspect of an acquaintance, a correspondent. He is done with this world, and so weak that he cannot speak of the other. When my situation shall be the same, let this Monthly Memorial witness for me that I have expected it ; and that I have now and then thought on a future state, and the world to come.

Birth-day, May 30.—Why do I mention my birth day but to remember the day of my death ? And it is remarkable, that the wisest of men, and an inspired writer, makes no account of the whole of human life, but of these two grand events, to *be born, and to die*, as all the rest are either so short, or so trifling, that they deserve no notice. By the first, I am served heir of future worlds, and the universe combined against me cannot defraud me of this inheritance ; and by the last, I am put in actual possession of eternity itself where the contests of monarchs for kingdoms, appear as, the battles of school-boys for toys and trifles, and where the rust sceptres and straw crowns of children (such as I call crowns of gold, though they are set with gems) are utterly

contemned by all the immortal multitude, in either state; for there is a state of endless felicity, and of eternal torment. O to secure my interest! O to ascertain my state!

June 6.—Many things we should place over against one another; as death in opposition to life, judgment to all our actions, the dark grave to our grandest mansions, our soul to all our acquisitions, eternity to time, heaven to earth, and God to all finite existence; and then we will be at no loss to know our duty.

June 15.—This day an uncommon and melancholy providence sends a promising boy and an affectionate father to the grave together. The stripling, though heir to an estate, fevers and dies; the fond parents are overwhelmed with sorrow, yet the sorrowful sire writes the burial-letters; but who could think that he should accompany him *on the bier* to the house of silence! His life seems to have been bound up in the life of the lad; for, while giving his family good advices how to behave, after putting the lifeless, yet beloved clay into the coffin, he faints, either from some inward and unknown disease, or from some insupportable pang of grief, and excess of sorrow, that cuts the heart strings in two. I sympathise. I feel for the survivors. The tender mother laments the loss of her son, and no husband to comfort her! The inconsolable widow bewails her dead husband, and her son is not, to allay her sorrow! The tender-hearted children are lavish of their tears for their brother, and no kind father to forbid the excess! they are swallowed up of sorrow for their departed parent, and their brother is not, to moderate the mourning! What should any man, what should I, expect in the world, but disappointment, lamentation, mourning, and woe? How sudden, how irresistible, the call of death! Here one must not wait to bury his oldest son, dispose of his other children, or comfort the wife of his bosom!

October 23.—No man knoweth love or hatred by all that is before him; but to the saint, every thing comes in love. How am I kept still alive, when, lo! a labourer in God's harvest is carried hence in the very bloom of life! A desolate congregation, a disconsolate widow, and helpless orphans, make the scene very mournful! but his disembodied soul has no connection with terrestrial things; it is full of glory, full of God. Ah! what enchantment holds me, that I am not more conversant with the invisible world!

Tuesday, November 5.—When I hear of the death of a saint of God, when I think of my own death, why do I grow

pale? To go home to his native country, and his Father's house, to meet with all his dearest friends, to enter into a palace, to receive a kingdom and a crown, to put on immortality, and be clothed with glory, must give us an idea of grandeur and felicity; now, all this ensues on the death of the righteous, and may make us rather bless his situation, than bemoan his dissolution.

February 20, 1772.—Several of my acquaintance have commenced members of the invisible world, and their last possessions below are a few feet of putrifying earth. One of them dies on a visit, and in two hours illness; another sleeps out of life, yea, so to speak, sleeps himself awake through the night of time, into the broad day of eternity; while others, by acute diseases, are stript of their mortal state. It seems essential to death to come upon all mankind unawares with respect to their friends, if not with respect to themselves. Let the friends of a dying person wait on him, and expect his dissolution every day, yet when his death comes, it will be at an hour that they looked not for, at a moment that they were not aware.

Tuesday, March 3.—The truth of the above appears in a young hopeful person, who gets only a broken shin; but that brings on a fever, and the fever ends in an unexpected death.

What am I to expect in the world but lamentation? The more comforts I enjoy, the more crosses I may expect; the more friends I have, the more funerals I may fear. Why should I dwell on my sorrow? Why repeat, that on this very day two years ago, I lost a dear friend? Silence; and rejoice, O my soul! that thy Redeemer liveth.

Tuesday, April 7.—How are my departed acquaintances this night employed? Just as they were employed below.—The soul that delighted himself in God, maintained communion with God, panted after likeness to him, and longed for the full enjoyment of God, is this night ravished and delighted in his beatific presence, maintains the most intimate and nearest communion with him, expands in his similitude, and, in his enjoyment of God, presses on and aspires eternally after more and more of God. But the sinner, in none of whose thoughts God was, who slighted his love, and trampled on his law, and in every thing fled from God, is this night filled with tormenting anguish, horror, and remorse, is made to drink of the wrath of the Almighty, and is eternally separated from God, and from the glory of his power.

Heaven and hell are begun in time ; if, then, on earth I have not my conversation in heaven more or less, I may be assured that I shall never be *personally* there ; and he that ripens not for glory, must be fitted for destruction ; and to such, death is death indeed.

Birth-day, May 30.—On the day that I was born, there was joy in my father's house ; but on the day that I must die, there shall be sorrow in mine. But whatever sorrow there may be in my family, and among my friends, may there be joy in my soul, even joy unspeakable and full of glory. Many feast their bodies on their birth-day ; may I feast my soul, in the faith of being admitted to the marriage-supper of the Lamb ! I am entered on another, and, for aught that I can tell, perhaps the last year of my life. O ! then, to live every way like one upon the confines of eternity ! On this very day I attend the funeral of a person but a little older than myself ; and ere I myself be much older, others must attend mine.

Tuesday, June 2.—What satisfaction can I find in a round of vexation and vanity ? and what else can I expect in the world ? Though I should never rest till death, yet death shall bring me to my everlasting rest ; and by a strong faith thereof I enter into this very rest. Sin, the greatest of all evils, does the saint many good offices, among which this is not the least, to reconcile him to death ; for when he finds his enemies often assault him, and he himself often hurried into acts of rebellion, must he not long to pass over Jordan, that he may never more offend his rightful Lord and best Friend ?

July 6.—O that spirituality were my element ! then it would be no pain to think on death, as the door to the higher region. The fish cannot live on land, the land-animal cannot live in the water ; what supports life in the one, is death to the other. An angel could not live on earth, a devil could not dwell in heaven, nor (O strange ! O true !) a worldly man ! Every thing seeks its element, and tends to its centre : O that sacred love were my element, and God my centre ! then shall I breathe in the one, and soar towards the other.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—From this world, which has much occupied me this morning, I retire a few minutes, to think on death, and glance at a world to come. For what do I bereave myself of rest ? Could I add kingdom to kingdom, unite empire to empire, and bundle all the sceptres of princes, kings, and emperors together, and possess myself of

them, what would this do for me in the hour of dissolution, or in those awful moments when I must stand at Heaven's tribunal? Nothing, or worse than nothing, even an addition to my guilt, an aggravation of my sin!

Oct. 12.—This is a melancholy day to an affectionate father, and fond mother, who send to the house of silence, their little family. The two boys, though different in their ages, in one day are laid in one grave. Many a year the married pair longed for the blessing of the womb; it was obtained, but now all their joy perishes in the untimely tomb. More they never had, and probably never will have more; therefore they must be sorrowful to their very soul. O then, to take God for our all, that we may be comforted against grief on every side, and enriched against every loss below!

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—I am pained at my very heart to hear of the death of a dear acquaintance! Indeed, he is gone from the service of the lower sanctuary, to join the triumphant song of the higher house. But why am I surprised that a journey comes to an end, that a traveller arrives at home? What, then, is life but a journey, and the living but travellers? O to believe this, and to have mine eye on my latter end!

Tuesday, Dec. 2.—How must our dead friends who are gone to God, to glory, pity our ignorance in lamenting them as cut off for ever, from every desirable enjoyment, when indeed they are only carried to be possessed of their utmost wish, and to be blessed above their widest hope! This is the ease with my dear acquaintance; he is above all sorrow, and satisfied with the abundance of every good, even with the exuberance of God himself.

Jan. 6, 1773.—It is often fatal to grow remiss in important points. So has an army been many a night under arms, and kept the strictest watch, but growing at last secure, has been surprised and overthrown. Some die so openly profane, that hell, in the eyes of the world, opens her flaming mouth to receive them; others descend by a back passage to the pit: so, among the saints, some, as it were, steal *incognito* to glory, while others rise in the broad day, amidst a cloud of witnesses, to bliss. Oh! to carry as much of heaven in my conversation, as to let the world see that I am travelling heavenwards; and as much of death in my meditation, as will remind me that I am travelling to the tomb!

Tuesday, February 2.—If I am travelling to the land of promise, to the Canaan above, it will afford me comfort, that I have gone so many days journey through the desert, and am now almost within sight of the better country.

April 1.—The whole employment of a well-spent life should be to prepare for death, and improve for eternity. If, then, I have a mortal life, why am I thus glued to the things of time? And if I have an immortal soul, why am I not more enamoured with the *realities* of eternity, with the joys of heaven?

Tuesday, May 4.—As this is the month in which I was born, it may not be improper to ask myself a few questions: 1. How many years have I lived in the world? 2. Can I say that I find myself either more willing or more ready to leave it, than I was many years ago? 3. Do I relish earthly things less, and heavenly things more, than formerly? 4. In a word, do I believe myself really nearer death now than ever?

If the spirits of just men made perfect, and holy angels, be my friends; if heaven be my home, and God be my Father; why do not I long to join my friends, to arrive at home, and to be admitted into my Father's house, and into my Father's presence?

Birth-day, May 30.—While I would sanctify this day, being the Lord's, it may be proper to put myself in mind, that as children are born on every day of the week, so we may expect to die on any day; but O to be the happy person, who, whenever death comes, may expect to enter on an eternal Sabbath of rest! Death may deprive me of the ordinances below, but then it shall bring me to the temple above, and to the more spiritual worship of the inner house. If my life be hid with Christ in God, then the very prospect of death, which shall usher me into his heavenly presence, shall be like life to my soul.

June 12.—There are two seasons in time in which the whole world are put on a level, the hour of birth, and the hour of death: Thus one of some rank among men pants in his last pangs like one of the common people, and gives up the ghost like any other son of Adam.

Though death is of great moment to a person's self, yet, a few friends excepted, what a trifle is it to the rest of mankind! What a faint impression will it make, and how soon will the event be forgot! for how should those remember that monitor of mortality, the death of their acquaintance, who forget that they themselves shall die? And it is nothing

to the other parts of creation though all the human race should fall into the grave, as the leaves fall thick on the field in autumn. I look through the window, and see that the lilies in the garden hang not their head, though their master is no more, nor the tulips lose their sparkling variety of colours, though their proprietor is pale in death ; and yet, surprising to tell, precious in God's sight is the death of his servants, his saints.

How should I dwell now in the day of health at the throne of grace, since I may be so fast held of death for days before my dissolution, that I may not be able to pour out a prayer !

Friday, July 9.—Why do not I rejoice at the thoughts of death ? Shall it not be the day on which I am discharged from all my burdens, freed from all my foes, crowned with my highest expectations, and carried to the very throne of God ?

Tuesday, November 2.—However terrible death may be in itself, yet what a change does redeeming love make therein to the saints ; for at this awful hour they are only said to *fall asleep* ! When the sick or fretful child, which has long kept its mother in motion and pain, falls asleep, she encourages its tranquillity, and rejoices in its repose : why should we then disquiet ourselves so much when our friends fall asleep in Jesus ?

Tuesday, December 7.—We counteract the kind design of Providence ; he keeps the time of our decease hidden from us, that we may be prepared to meet it every day ; but because we know not the precise time of our departure, we forget that we shall ever die, and indulge the oblivion.

How shall all heaven dilate my soul, in the very moment I shall enter into the invisible world ! A change, sudden, sweet, transporting, shall pass upon me, and earthly cares, and worldly concerns, and carnal delights, and temporal pains, and corroding sorrows, shall never more be known. Such views may balance the fears of death, and make me meditate on the decisive moment with composure and peace.

Birth-day, May 30, 1774.—How short is the span, and how brittle is the thread of life, the experience of numbers can tell. Two days ago, a person sits down without any complaint of sickness or pain, and expires without a groan. And who can tell but my decease may be as sudden and unexpected ? Should not such events be caveats against revelling and feasting on our birth-day ? May the day of my death in all respects be better to me than the day of my

birth! In a word, I must either bless God for being born again, or curse the day that ever I was born.

July 1.—One thing that renders the disembodied state awful, is appearing in the immediate presence of the great God. Now, were my soul sweetly and intimately acquainted with God, and admitted into heavenly communion with him, I would have no pain nor perturbation at entering on the nearest presence of my dearest friend; death would change my place, not my company.

Tuesday, Aug. 2.—As a person may have the form of godliness without the power, so may I have the form of remembering my latter end, without a right practical remembrance of death. To say something of mortality by course, and to believe myself a dying man, are quite different. O to have such a belief of death, as to make me walk circumspectly whatever I do, every day moderately careful for the present world, and earnestly careful for the world to come!

Tuesday, September 6.—A prospect of my latter end may make me less careful about all intervening concerns, of whatever moment. The king needs not to be much in love with a crown, nor the slave much lothe his chain, since both are to be removed to-morrow.

Tuesday, Oct. 4.—Cares without, and corruption within, make my situation here but melancholy; yet, like the worst of all slaves, I am in love with my chains, and solace myself in my bondage.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—Come from a long journey, let me remember, that I have a much longer journey before me. This has been to no purpose, and might have been avoided; but that journey cannot be avoided, and, I hope, shall be to the noblest purpose, in bringing me home to my native country, and my Father's house. Why beats not my heart with joy at the thought of home?

Dec. 1.—O king of terrors! what havock hast thou made, what numbers led to prison, since I appeared in life! If thirty year's measure the life of man, I have seen the world wholly swept, and well nigh half spent again, of all its inhabitants! For though numbers, as I have done, arrive at forty-four, greater numbers die at fourteen; and should hundreds see sixty years, thousands never see six moons; or, should one now and then see ninety or an hundred suns, yet greater numbers never see the sun at all. But, O death! however thou mayest appear to the wicked, know that thou shalt only perform the drudgery of a conquered, a captive king, to all the saints of God; even draw them in their clay chariot

to the gate of glory, and open the chariot-door, that they may step into the immediate presence of God.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—This day death has brought to the house appointed for all living, a youth, who two days hence was to have presented his sister to her bridegroom on her marriage-day! How is sorrow, and mourning, and woe, inlaid and wrapped through all the affairs of human life, that we may never forget ourselves, but be serious even when permitted to be most cheerful! The friends, if they have any feelings of humanity, must make but a mournful appearance on the wedding day, since so near a friend is no more.

Jan. 2, 1775.—Not a year ends, or begins, but with lamentation, mourning, and woe, to many. And this should moderate the mirth of all, since the lot of one may be the lot of all. The case of the young man who was interred two days ago, rouses up all the tender feelings of my soul. In his last illness, he has the use and exercise of his reason, and is extremely solicitous about his eternal state; begs his friends to hold up his case to a throne of grace; cries out, that he is willing to be an eternal debtor to free grace; but withal deplores that he has not the least assurance for the dreadful step! What diligence, what care, can be too much, to make our calling and election sure, and make us go triumphing off the field of battle!

February 5.—When I see a person wasting under an inveterate consumption, I am ready to say to myself, how soon must that soul mingle in the world of spirits! But is not every man, am not I, as surely under the sentence of death as he? A few weeks, and a few years, make no difference to candidates for eternity; therefore may I say, how soon must every man, how soon must I, mingle in the world of spirits! And what proofs of this just now surround me! There an infant, that can scarcely be said to have seen the sun, dies, unseen, in the silent night; and there a sister, that a few weeks ago performed kind offices about her dying brother, is laid in the house of silence; there one acquaintance, who had betrothed one of his children, must not remain to see the nuptials solemnized; while another acquaintance is hurried off by a few hours illness, and leaves a young family and a bed-ridden widow. These are lessons from every quarter, from every situation of life; they are loud, and are all directed to me. O to hear them for my good!

Tuesday, March 7.—This is the melancholy day that robbed me of the last of my near relations; but were I assured that all my dear friends were some time very soon to make

me a visit, and have nothing terrifying in it, but converse with me a few hours on the most pleasant and improving subjects, how would I forget my mourning in expectation of the longed-for meeting! Well, then, though they shall never return to me, I am certain that I shall go to them, and as certain that, when we meet in the heavenly presence, we shall be better company to each other, than we ever could be below, and the perfections and love of God shall be our inexhaustible theme through endless day!

March 24.—A few days ago, my horse being frightened, jumped from under me, so that I fell to the ground, and fell on my forehead; had it been on a stone, or with greater force, it might have proved mortal. Wherever I go, or whatever I do, there is but an hair-breadth between me and death; but happy I, if I be still nearer to thy love than to dissolution itself.

Tuesday, April 2.—There is a time in which we account ourselves young, and there is a time in which we ought to think ourselves growing old. What is in youth, that we are so fond about it? or in old age, that we are so averse from it? It is life we seek in the one, and death we shun in the other; but in every period of life we *may* die, though in old age we *must* be dissolved. From this time, then, I will look upon myself as in the afternoon of life, and as uncertain when my sun may set to rise no more: But, O' that then a better day and a brighter sun may arise on me, never to be obscured, never to set again!

Tuesday, May 2.—As I would wish to enjoy the society of saints and angels after death, so would I eagerly wish for the company of saints in life. Death can never separate the happy members that are united to the glorious Head, and can never hurt the happy person that is interested in Jesus. Twenty years ago, I was full of schemes about my future life; but should not my care, concern, and anxiety be diminished now according to that great deduction of years? for while I know not if there remains a year or two to forecast about, I am sure there are twenty years gone that I shall never have more concern with.

Birth-day, May 30.—This day, one in high life is to be laid in the silent grave, and another lies silent in death. Now distinctions cease for ever, and the disembodied soul of a sovereign carries no nobility with it into the world of spirits from the purple and the sceptre. O! then, to put on the righteousness of the Saviour, by which I shall shine when the sun and moon are extinguished. Many a birth-day have I seen,

it would be folly to expect to see many more ; but may I see a better day, when days, and months, and years are no more.

It is work sufficient for our whole life, for every moment of our time, to prepare aright for death ; and yet any other work gets easily the ascendant of this with us. If in the course of a week, one were to secure to himself as much as should make a livelihood to him as long as he should live, with what constant care, unabating eagerness, and vigorous anxiety, would he attend to the acquisition ! But when eternal happiness is to be secured in the few years, months, or days of an uncertain life, what madness is it to slip the golden opportunity till all is lost !

Tuesday, June 6.—A person deceased has left immense riches to a near friend ; some envy, others wonder, and all talk of it ; but what can the bequeathed sums do for the survivor ? Alas ! the shining heap cannot procure health, and banish sickness ; cannot give peace of mind, and secure against anguish and disquiet ; cannot defend against the wrinkles of old age, or bribe devouring death ; what advantage then, shall the seeing of these sums do to the possessor, who also in a little ~~must~~ be stript of all by death ? How happy, then, to have my treasure laid up in heaven ! for death, instead of tearing me from my possession like the men of the world, shall bring me to the full enjoyment of mine everlasting all.

Tuesday, July 4.—Such, by nature, is my attachment to life, such my aversion from death, though I cannot always live, but must at some period die, that it is highly needful *periodically* to fix my meditations on death. He is in a melancholy case whom the prospect of death makes melancholy ; but thrice happy he who rejoices in view of dissolution. What are riches, honours, titles, family, and friends pleasures and delights, in the hour of death, in the day of eternity ? Again, what are poverty, disgrace, disappointment, solitude, pain, and anguish, in the hour of death, in the day of eternity ? Then, whenever the vanities, or vexations of time, swell and bulk big in mine eyes, I will look to the hour of death, to the day of eternity, and see them decrease and forever disappear.

Tuesday, Aug. 1.—How am I like an old tree, that, while near the time of being felled, strikes its roots deeper, and spreads them wider, and thus takes a faster hold in the ground, which it must quit so soon ! O to have the carnal mind removed, the affections set on things above, and this world kept under my feet ! Just now, since I began to write,

a letter is arrived, informing me of the death of a friend ; and this is giving me a recent instance of the truth which I would fain imprint on my mind, *that I am but a sojourner below*. O to be much conversant about that world where all live unto God, for in this world we die to one another very fast. Those that to-day mourn over a dead friend, in a little die themselves, and transfer their lamentations to the disconsolate survivors ; hence, mourning shall never be out of the world, till suppressed by deeper astonishment at the resurrection of the dead, and the coming of the Judge.

How mournful the condition of my friend ! The husband has lost the wife of his youth, the wife of his bosom ; and his children have lost the knees that dandled them, the paps that gave them suck ; so must all the tender relations be torn asunder by the iron hand of death. O ! then, to have a relation that will bid defiance to dissolution itself

Tuesday Sept. 5.—A right belief of death will moderate every passion, and every expectation. Why should we excessively love what we must loose so soon ? Why greatly fear foes or afflictions, which so soon shall be no more ? Wherefore expect any felicity on this side the grave, where death renders every joy uncertain ? But God we should reverence with filial fear, love with glowing ardour, and in his plenitude expect all satisfaction.

Nov. 12.—How miserable wold our life be, if often visited with sickness, or attached with such acute pain as I felt last night ! a pain so intense, that I cannot have a full idea of it now that it is gone. What language, then, can describe, or what thought comprehend, the wretched state of those who feel pains infinitely more excruciating, and tortures infinitely more agonizing, than any thing in time ! while the soul, in every power and faculty, feels anguish and distress, torment and despair, in a superior degree to the body ? And, alas ! how many are on the gallop to this dreadful state ?

O for gratitude to my kind Deliverer ; and O to improve the rosy hours of ease and health in preparing for the world to come !

Tuesday Jan, 2. 1776.—The year is ended, and another begun ; so must my life end, and I enter on another state. O to begin the heavenly state in time ! O to bring eternity near by faith and meditation, since it is drawing nearer every day ! The patience of God is not exercised, the kindness of Providence is not poured down, to make me forget that I must shortly go hence, and be no more seen, but to

bring me nearer to himself, even by the way, with whom I would hope to dwell for ever.

Tuesday April 2.—Last night, four hours sleep departed from me by a slight pain in my head. What then, thought I, must their situation be, who are tormented through the endless night of wrath ; who cannot wait for the morning-light, because the day is fled from them forever ! O it is sad to take up Saul's complaint at our latter end ? " Health is departed from me, time is departed from me, opportunities are past, friends and I must soon part for ever, and the Philistines are upon me ; sickness is upon me, anguish is come upon me ; and, which sums up all, God regards me not, but is about to depart from me for evermore."

Tuesday, May 7.—Amidst a world of uncertainties which daily beset me, of this I may be sure, that death will not disappoint me ; and since I cannot shake myself free of vanities and vexations, (like an abnoxious person in the midst of an enraged mob, who no sooner gets free of one impudent fellow, but he is attacked by another,) death will come and set me at safety from them all. It is a change that is daily going over some of the men of the world, and yet is a stranger to the meditation of the greater part of the world.

Birth-day, May 30, 1776.—It is the custom of people in high life to feast on their birth-day ; may I also feast my soul in view of that state of eternal glory, towards which I hope I am going ! This is the day which brought me into the world, and that day is fast approaching that shall bring me into the world of spirits ; which is a change awful and interesting, and yet cannot be avoided. Here I accuse myself of the most consummate folly, that I am so anxious about a few moments, when my future state is so near, and a whole eternity before me. To grow in grace, and ripen for glory, should be the main employment of a life that is daily drawing nearer its end. I adore the providences of this last year ; I accept of the chastisements, and mourn over all my sins and shortcomings.

Tuesday, June 4.—Death, in some respect, comes on all men unawares, but the saint never shall be greatly surprised. He is just like a man going to sea, who, while waiting for a fair wind, entertains himself agreeably, contracts acquaintance, and mixes with company ; but the wind shifts, and he is sent for : though surprised with the sudden message, he springs to his feet, bids all his friends adieu, and with alacrity hurries aboard. Thus I know I must die, but when I cannot say ; I expect it some time, but may meet death at a

time I did not expect it. O to be watching for the heavenly morning, as the sentinel watches for the morning-light!

Tuesday, July 2.—What a poor thing is funeral pomp! the silent grave devours up all. But what a sweet thing is hope in death, and consolation in my last moments! And my last moments are daily approaching; O that they may be my best moments, and bring me to my endless rest.

July 16.—When any of our friends die, at what pains are we to place them in paradise! how fond are we to believe, that though we saw their failings, yet their heart was good, and their grace was real; and we collect every thing about them, to render it probable that they are in heaven. From all which, what I would infer is this, why should not every man, why should not I, give all diligence to make our own calling and election sure while alive? It is sweet to have the evidences, scriptural evidences for heaven, in our own breast, shining through our conversation, and dropping from our tongue in our last moments. We wish to secure our friends in heaven when they are dead, why not to secure heaven for ourselves while we live? If it is comfort to us to think that our friends are in heaven, should it not be our consolation to see ourselves going to heaven?

Aug. 24.—I see some men, though arrived at the verge of life, and emaciated with disease, still fond to protract life, which, if much longer protracted, must become a very burden. This folly I condemn in others; and when I arrive at the same period, which is fast approaching, I wish I may not be guilty of it myself. Had I bright views, through a strong faith of the heavenly glory, I would rather long to be dissolved, that I might be with Christ, than to dwell enthroned on this dunghill, where crowns totter, sceptres break, and war and confusion overwhelm the nations, and where sin and corruption make continual inroads into my soul.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—As our harvest-work is over, (and this is a harvest month,) our cares subside; and when all the fruits of the field are gathered in, our whole concern is turned into another channel, to provide food for our households, or prepare the ground for another crop. Just so, since much of my time is over, why is not my concern about the things of time greatly lessened? Since eternity is the approaching period, why do not I make provision for a world to come? Again, to weary reapers, what can be more agreeable than a soft bed, and a sound sleep at night? Such is the death of the happy soul that dies in Jesus; his toils are finished, and his weary dust shall rest till raised up immortal. Why should I startle at my couch more than they?

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—How soon must life, and all the scenes of life, come to an end! But, happy heir of heaven! if all the fulness of God, if all the glories of eternity, be mine when time is no more. I wish to enjoy God in his gifts, in his creatures, in his ordinances, in his graces, and in his Christ here; but in his glories, in his Son, and in himself hereafter, in the highest degree of perfection.

Tuesday, December 3.—When I come to a bed of languishing, may my comforts flow rather from the prospect of a better life, than from my hopes of recovery. But this I see, that he that is not serious in the hours of health, may be sad and sorrowful, but will not be serious in the day of trouble, at the hour of death. To live careless about our soul, is the way to die under stupidity of soul. Conscience may sometimes be awakened, yet the man die unconverted. O to be kept from a false hope, and a faithless fear! then shall I rejoice in prospect of dissolution.

This day the man that was once bitterly mine enemy is in trouble; but I behave as he were my brother; and before him who searches the heart, I desire to send my prayers to the throne of grace for him. He that rejoices at the calamity of his enemy, has a disease in his own soul that may cause him to mourn.

Dec. 19.—This is a melancholy day with some; O that it may be a day of reflection with all! for to trifle on the brink of eternity is terrible; and where but on the brink of eternity does every living man stand?

The widow and her daughters weep in the house, and the boys weeping attend the bier; but the husband and father are lost in death, and nothing but a lump of insensible clay is before us: But, O happy orphans! whose father is God; and happy widow! whose judge is the Lord.

Dec. 22.—Whether shall I be most astonished at the stupidity of the dying sinner, or of his surviving friends? Here an intimate acquaintance of mine expires, and his relations send him straight to heaven; and yet, O strange! and yet, though convinced that his death was at hand, he drops not a single word in commendation of religion; he has nothing to say in praise of free grace. Though the great apostle Paul could say, *Brethren, pray for us*, yet he asks not one petition to be addressed to the throne of grace for him, either by ministers, or Christians that come to see him.—He has no complaint of indwelling sin, or the errors of his life. He has not a word of advice to give to any around him. The best of saints have had their fears at death; but

this man has no fear, and yet no exercise of grace, or acts of faith. He is never observed to have prayer or ejaculation. Jacob on his death-bed could cry, *I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord*; and Paul, *I know in whom I have believed*; but he says nothing, and yet fears nothing!

Dec. 31.—Last night, through pain, admonished me, that my life, like this year, must have its last day. But what must the anguish of a soul in pain be, when it may not complain, or has none to complain to! Death lays the saint as well as the sinner very low; but there is a noble balance here, for when my mortal frame is almost dissolved, my heavenly state is well nigh begun. When my friends, sad and disconsolate, cover my dust in the grave, my soul, glad and triumphant, is crowned with unfading glory. You, my friends, may weep on my account, but it should be for joy at my felicity, and not for sorrow at my departure. If the dying saint was never in such an humbled state before, he was never so near a state of such heavenly exaltation.—Then, though there may be a mourning and lamentation in my house on the day of my death, there shall be joy and acclamation in my Father's house, in the hour of my ascension; and in the general hallelujah, I shall forget all my sorrow, and be filled with unspeakable joy. The sorrow of relations must diminish, (the sooner the better), but my joy shall be on the increase through eternal ages.

Jan. 1, 1777.—I have begun another year, but cannot be certain of another day; yet I have a whole eternity before me, and to prepare for that may well employ all my time.

Death in itself is a melancholy dispensation to all; but the death of some has something in it very afflicting to friends. Thus my acquaintance, alone in his room, and come to warm himself at the fire, is seized with a fainting-fit, and falls into the fire, where he is roasted to death before any person enters the room. And who but the poor mother that had suckled him comes first in, and finds him in this deplorable situation! What she feels, I own I dare not attempt to put in words; but who can tell in what manner I must die? O to die in Jesus, and I shall be safe whether drowned in a stream, or devoured by the flame!

Jan. 13.—What sad aggravations have the sorrows of some! My school-fellow and acquaintance, who has been many years far abroad, and by the fond parent long expected home;—ah! poor parent, how often has thy fancy, with heart-felt joy, acted over the auspicious meeting, arranged the kind embraces, and the mutual endearments,

with all the subsequent scenes of happiness on the reception of thy son ! But while the happy day is expected, the youth forgets to write his dearest friend ; then the parent writes, chiding the ungrateful silence, and at the same time breathing parental affection. Well, what is his answer ? None ; but an acquaintance come from that country informs that he is no more. O how many arrows must pierce the tender heart ! She, like the mourner of *Main*, is a widow, and has lost her only son. Then, may the compassionate Saviour, though he raise not her son now, yet comfort and support her soul, and say, *Woman, weep not !*

Tuesday, April 1.---Whatever disappointments we may meet with in time, death will not disappoint us at the end ; and we may think the less of all lesser disappointments, in view of this great change. I have lessons of mortality every day, and admonitions to remember a world to come, and yet how little do I think on these things ? This is a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation.

May 1.---The more pleasures we possess, the more pains we may expect. He that has the dearest relations to heighten his bliss, may fear the severest anguish in losing them ; just so, this day my near neighbour and dear acquaintance, who of his flourishing family has one son that shines in the world, and trades to foreign lands, gets the melancholy news that he is no more ! The affectionate mother, who longed to embrace her son, whom she had not seen for many years, and whom she had expected very soon to see, feels in the most tender manner, and is drowned in mourning and woe, while the father feels all the severity of a manly grief. But the invisible world calls off my attention from lesser things, to ask (but who can tell ?) the state of the soul. O ! then, to die in Jesus, and all shall be well !

May 24.---Some men are threatened with death through some severe disease, but a compassionate God pities them as his creatures, not as his children, and girds them anew with strength, as he did Cyrus of old, though they have not known him ; but it is melancholy to see the sinner go to the very gates of hell, hang over the pit, and very near plunging into it, and yet, when pulled back by the hand of Heaven, run on to perdition and woe.

Birth-day, May 30.---This day, come from a long journey, I am arrived at my home, or rather inn, where I only lodge a few nights on my journey to my long home, the silent grave. Now, as a traveller is thankful, though not over solicitous, for a good night's lodging, so I desire to bless H ea-

ven for the conveniences of life which I enjoy, while I would wish to fix in my mind, that I must soon remove from every thing below. But O what a noble habitation is the heaven of glory, the temple of God !

Tuesday, July 1.—I have now finished a part of my house that has long stood unfinished ; but I desire to remember, that death can as easily find his way into my house now as before, and that, though snatched away from it, I shall neither be surprised nor disappointed ; not surprised, for I dare not boast of to-morrow ; not disappointed, for I shall lose an earthly cottage, and find an heavenly palace. In the mean time, I bless God for my habitation here, and much more for the hopes of a better habitation hereafter.

Tuesday, Aug. 5.—I desire to believe that I am daily approaching a world of spirits ; and that from gospel-solemnities, as well as from my ordinary vocation, I may be summoned to the awful tribunal of Heaven, to give an account of every word I hear, as well as every work I do. Alas ! what inattention to the truths of God stares me in the face ! And O to hear as a dying man, and for eternity !

Tuesday, Sept. 2.—The daily disappointments I meet with in the world should loose me from the world, and prepare me to leave the world. O to believe that every thing below is vain, and to long for the better country ! To him who is to bless me at the end of my journey, well may I commit the guidance of my journey ; and though some part of the road be rough, I will walk cheerfully on it, not because I do not feel pain, but because my heavenly Guide is pleased to lead me along it.

Oct. 1.—A young man, while marrying a wife, is losing a parent. How is his joy over his bride mixed with sorrow for her that bare him ! To-day the son is married, to-morrow the mother dies ; on the third day the young folks are churched, (as it is called), and on the fourth day the old woman is interred in the church-yard. This is a scene exquisitely mixed, and extremely moving.

Tuesday, October 7.—Vexation and woe are inscribed on human life. Here the children lie on sick beds, but their moans and complaints disquiet not their poor father, for he is fallen on his rest, and is fast asleep in death ! The poor wife is just recovered from a fever, to do the last kind offices to her husband and her sick children, of whom some are so concerned about their own decease, that they have scarce time to deplore their departed parent. Amidst the sick groans of his little family, he yields up the ghost and is no more.

Tuesday, November 4.—Four weeks ago, the aged parent lost his son, and attended him mourning to the grave; now he has lost his wife, but being in a fever, and having lost his reason, cannot be persuaded that she is dead. He seems also on the very verge of the invisible world. O the sad disasters, the heavy crosses and calamities, that waylay us in our journey through life! but happy if they all end at death, and happy soul that is prepared for death, and pants for heaven!

Tuesday, Dec. 2.—While thousands are apprehended of death unawares, O to be prepared for death! O to be ready to remove to the world of spirits! O to go hence with cheerful alacrity, like one going home to his father's house, and to his dearest friends! If I would be thus prepared, I must not have two homes, but I must account myself a stranger here, and heaven must be my home.

Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1778.—We may end the year in excess, and begin it in vanity; but we should end it as we would wish to end our life, and begin it as we would wish to begin eternity, that is, with God. In this how often do I fail! but O to be wise in all time coming!

Tuesday, March 3.—Time is one of the talents put into every man's hand, and is more precious than we are well aware of; and to prepare for death, and to improve for eternity, may well employ our time, though ever so long. O! then, how may my heart bleed to think how much precious time I have trifled away! O to be wise in all time coming! Lawful recreations are allowed by heaven; but in this how soon may we offend! Too much pleasure in them, too much time spent about them, spoils all. When our amusements become a part of our employment, or call us away from something more necessary or noble, it is high time to drop them altogether.

April 4.—The eye of day, as it were, sees better, and shines brighter, in the opening spring; but there is a period, when I must daily see worse and worse, till mine eyes are closed in death. Now, when minute objects are beheld with difficulty, may faith, the eye of my soul, see heavenly objects with delight.

Tuesday, April 7.—Our life may be happy in the enjoyment of the good things of time; but we can never be truly happy, till we can hope to be more happy in the days of our death, than we have been since our birth-day. O how near am I to the day of death! Should not I, then, let go the things of life in view of eternity?

Tuesday, May 5.—Is it possible that a man may live till he forgets that he must die? Yes; the greater part of the world has forgot it; alas! how often am I like to forget it myself, and that amidst all the admonitions of mine own mortality, in the daily death of acquaintance and friends.

May 12.—We cannot chuse the day of death for our friends, but we can chuse the day of their interment. How unlike Christians, then, to profane the Lord's day with the pompous funerals of our friends! In some cases it may be a work of necessity, but that very seldom happens; but when matter of choice, it must be a sin, and all that countenance it partake of the sin. O how unbecoming to see young and old assemble to survey a hearse, or stare at a coffin and a few strangers? This is neither to keep the day holy, nor to remember their latter end.

Birth-day, May 30.—I have seen many birth-days, and I am uncertain if I shall ever see another. But there is one day which is awaiting me, a solemn, an awful, an interesting day, that shall change my company, my state, and my employment. Every event, the nearer it comes, is the oftener in our meditation; but death, which is the cardinal, the crowning event, often comes like an enemy, by surprise, and seizes us while thought to be at a very great distance.

Tuesday, July 7.—Confined to time and sense, I lose the sight of a future state, though it should be my whole concern. But O to have my views widening for eternity, all my powers opening for glory, and my whole soul panting for God! If I have a monthly interview with death, I should also take a monthly farewell of every thing below. Farewell, then, all that I possess, all that I expect to possess in time; but welcome all the treasures of eternity, all the fulness of God.

Tuesday, August 2.—The shorter my time grows, the brighter should be my views of eternity; and I should feel the less for troubles or disappointments, as the very sphere in which they move (time) is so soon to be removed. What sparkling glories cheer while eternity opens before me, with all the unknown joys of paradise! What can one feel in time that has such a prospect? O to live in view of that world where I shall be, and possess whatever I can wish or desire, and more than I can conceive.

Aug. 27.—Alas! from the nearest friends rise the sharpest sorrows and grief to all the godly! A woman, long renowned for religion and sense, meets with some worldly losses, (what else should we expect in this world?) and turns peevish, repining, and discontented. The poor husband shares

in the misfortune, but keeps his temper, while she sees every thing going wrong, loses all peace of mind, and hangs herself, and that on the Lord's day ! O how changed the scene ! In that house religious acquaintances used to meet, and prayer to be made ; but now Satan walks along in triumph. In whatever form death may come to me or mine, let not Satan be the attendant.

Sept. 18.—A man may have few comforts and many sorrows, but he that has any comforts must have some sorrows. Thus the parents carry their young child in perfect health to bed, and in the morning the mother rises, and leaves it, as she thinks, fast asleep ; but how surprised, when, after a good interval, she looks, and finds the infant stiff in death ! I sympathise, but cannot conceive the astonishment, the terror, the grief and anguish, that must overwhelm the mother's soul.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—Why have I loads of cares on my mind, when in a little I and they must part for ever ? And what need I regard the stuff of this life, if the good of the land of glory be before me ? O to be weaned from this world, and to have my affections set on high ! Whatever is before me, it quiets and comforts me that I am under the government of heaven.

Tuesday, Nov. 3.—He that has appointed the bounds of my life, has also regulated all the changes thereof. O what tranquility and comfort may it yield me, that my lot is at his disposal, into whose hand I shall commit my soul at death ! Nothing that can take place with me can prevent or postpone death ; but death may prevent many things that I expect or fear ; therefore, I should never be too anxious or too fond of any thing below.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—How various are my cares, many mine enterprises, how constant my struggles, and how numerous my fears, about a life that is short and uncertain ! It is natural to be wise for this world, but to act the arrant fool about the world to come. O to believe, that as sure as I am now alive, a little hence I shall be dead ; and that as sure as I dwell now among men, I shall go in a little while to dwell in a world of spirits.

Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1779.—One year is ended, and another year begun ; so soon shall my life's short year be finished, and eternity begin. O that my heart could leap at the thought of eternity ! What proof shall I give that I am born from above, if I have no desire to arrive at my native country, at my Father's house ? I must depart hence, for this is not my

rest. But whence is this, that I am so averse from entering on mine everlasting rest, and joining the general assembly and church of the first-born? An acquaintance who has been long in trouble, is this day a lifeless corpse, and a near neighbour appears nearly to be so; and I cannot promise myself another night's lodging in this inn, that has entertained me for many years. O to meditate much! O to converse often with the invisible realities of eternity! Thus shall I shake myself free from the incumbrances of time, and long to set out for the other world.

Jan. 26.—How low may I be brought at death, like my dear acquaintance, who cannot speak! He attempts it, but the word dies away before it can be understood. O! then, to speak much for God while I can be heard; and that my soul may speak to God in aspirations of faith and love, when I can no more converse with men; for God can hear me, and be near me to the very last.

Tuesday, Feb. 2.—My neighbour is now no more, and in a little my neighbours shall also say of me, he is no more. I cannot positively say how he is employed, for the state of the dead is only known to the living God; but this I can say, that in a little I, my very self, shall know the employment of a world of spirits. O to prepare, O to improve for that fixed, for that final state!

Tuesday, March 2.—Still some are dropping into the grave, to keep us always in mind of our latter end; but some sail with full assurance to glory. We see a saint laid on a bed of languishing, and confined there for weeks, months, or years; we see him also suffering great sicknesses, and tossed with sore pain, and are ready to wonder at the conduct of Providence; but O how one moment of the heavenly glory balances all! In these ages of uninterrupted communion, all the moments of misery are forgotten. And no matter how low I be brought at the hour of death, since I shall be exalted to supereminent glory. Verily, the sufferings of this present time, the anguish of a sick-bed, and the pangs of dissolution, are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us. O for steady views of that triumphant state, while travelling through this land of trouble and anguish!

Tuesday, April 6.—Amidst the uncertainties through which I press, death will not disappoint me; and the certainty of my approaching dissolution may make me smile in the face of all intervening deceptions: the more so, if my great concern is secured. When wisdom and kind-

ness characterise the conduct of my friend, it would be unfair to complain of him ; how much more so, then, to arraign the providence of God, when infinite wisdom and tender loving kindness are conspicuous through the plan, and will finish the scene in my happy death, and triumphant entry into the world of bliss !

Tuesday, May 4.—Every time I add a line to this *Monthly Memorial*, I should do it as the last, for some line must surely be my last : O ! then, to write a hearty farewell to time, and all the things of time, and a cordial welcome to eternity, and the world of spirits !

Birth-day, Lord's day, May 30. 1779.—It is my duty to be wholly in the spirit on the Lord's day ; yet on the day of my Saviour's resurrection, who is the first-born of the dead, it may not be amiss to remember my latter end ; and if I be risen with him my own death may afford me joy.

This Memorial, since begun, has seen two weeks of birth-days, and my life has numbered seven such weeks ; and so I am entered on my jubilee : and who can tell but I may soon enter on my eternal inheritance, and bid farewell to all below ?

Those who devote their birth-day to feasting, rather than to serious reflection, must either pass by their birth-day, or profane this blessed day. Now, I should work hard, because the day is far spent, and the night is approaching ; and I should walk fast, because my sun is low.

Tuesday, June 1.—There is but one change of great moment, death ; there is but one thing needful, salvation ; now, if salvation is secured, my change will be pleasant, and all intervening vexations will disappear. I am so near another world, that I ought to give myself very little concern with this, where I am so soon to be no more.

June 26—A minister of the gospel, an eloquent preacher, is called home. In prospect of his approaching change, he built nothing on what he had taught to others, on his high attainments, on his sweet experience ; but quitting with all, he came as a needy sinner to an all-sufficient Saviour, held forth in the gospel of free grace ; and thus chose to take his last hold for eternity.

Wednesday, Aug. 4.—A belief of death is a noble balance for every thing in the world ; nothing need exalt, nothing need depress, that soul that is in a little to bid farewell to every thing below.

Wednesday, Sept. 1.—This day a near neighbour lies a lifeless corpse ; and to-morrow I get home my wife. In my

house there is hurry and confusion, but festivity in every face, and cheerfulness in every heart ; In his house there is hurry and confusion, but sadness in every countenance, and sorrow in every heart. I well remember his bridal day, and may see his burial too ; so, many who see my bride brought home, may see us both carried to our long home. A scene so mournful, sent so near me, is a caveat against excess of joy in a scene to me so delightful.

Sept. 2.—This day the bell tolls for the interment of my neighbor, and his state is fixed for eternity. O to remember this in the midst of all my mirth and rejoicing ! When our life draws near its end, one day spent in vanity will gall us greatly ; nor will it excuse me to neglect closet or family duties, that it was my wedding-day. I must not forget God, or myself, because my house shall be crowded with genteel guests.

Tuesday, Sept. 7.—I am entered into another relation, but I am not out of the reach of death. Death will tear asunder every tie, and separate the nearest and dearest friends ; but if united to Christ, it will not separate from him.

Tuesday Dec. 7.—This day an acquaintance is to be interred, whose last illness lasted only a few hours. O how sudden was the call to appear at the great tribunal ! he must not stay to send for wife and children, brother or sister ; but the first account of his sickness is, that he is no more. O ! then, as I am walking on the brink of eternity, may my meditation soar toward eternal things, and may my latter end never be out of my mind. Again, if my friends go abroad from me, or I go abroad from them, if death arrest us by the road, let us not be greatly surprised ; but if we meet in safety, let us be thankful to the kind Preserver of our life.

Dec. 16.—Some days past I have been tossed with pain, and then how long did the nights and days seem ! But I reprove myself for not being filled with gratitude, while I enjoy health of body, and serenity of mind. It were folly to wait for the short winter-day to begin my journey in ; so, to defer being serious till my body is broken with disease, and my spirits flattened with melancholy, is folly and sin.

Saturday, Jan. 1. 1780.—I have ended one year, and begun another ; but O to loose my grips of time, and fasten them on eternity ! The nations that walk in his heavenly light, are happy this night ; and it cannot be very long ere

I join the disembodied multitude! O that it may be the church of the first-born!

I confess that my cares grow; but I may cast, not only a few, but all my cares, upon him who cares for me.

Tuesday, May 2.—Approaching dissolution has something awful in it; but it surely need not much move me to quit a clay cottage, and go to dwell in a splendid palace; to drop an house of mortality, and go to dwell in a house not made with hands.

Birth-day, Tuesday, May 30.—The day of death to the saint shall be the birth-day of his soul into the glorious world of spirits! O! then, how happy I, if this event, that is so melancholy among the sons of men, shall be my better birth-day, and join me to the general assembly and church of the first-born.

Four days ago a man is abroad on business, and the next day is a corpse. A sudden call! Upon one day, being term day, he clears with an earthly landlord, and next day appears before the Judge of all the earth. O! then, to be waiting for death, like one that watches for the morning-light, that I may commence my heavenly journey to my Saviour's throne.

Tuesday, July 4.—Amidst the kindness of Heaven, who has been pleased to send a living child into my family, I desire to remember that the mother who bore it, that myself and the child, are mortal, and that I may expect death to come the oftener into my house. O! then, to prepare for death, not only in myself, but in my nearest and dearest friends.

Tuesday, Aug. 1.—Heaven has been pleased to send trouble, first on the child, and then on the mother, to keep us mindful that they are mortal; but has been pleased to rebuke it in both, that we may not forget that he is gracious. I am now a broader mark for the arrows of death, while she who is my other self, or she who is a part of myself, or my own self, may be shot at and fall; but if none of us be hurt of the second death, it will not matter much who fall first. Yet he who can preserve one alive, can with equal ease preserve any number.

Tuesday, Oct. 3.—I praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made, and I shall be wonderfully raised up anew in the resurrection. My substance shall not be hid from thee, when I am laid up in secret in the silent grave; thou wilt still have a concern for me, though concealed in the lowest parts of the earth. My members shall be written

in thy book ; though, being dissolved into dust, they shall be so imperfect, that there shall be none of them ; yet, by thy divine power, they shall be fashioned anew, and put on perfection and glory. How precious are these thoughts of thy kindness unto me, O God ! how great is the sum of them !

Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1781.—This day I would desire to take farewell of every thing below, for the day is fast approaching that I must part with all below. I have friends that are near, dear, and engaging, and to lose them, or leave them, I confess, must give me pain ; but there is a nobler and higher relation, in which I would wish to lose all inferior ties, and with fortitude meet final dissolution ; for if I and mine belong to the household of God, I can suffer no loss, though death should tear my family to pieces, and not leave one alive.

Tuesday, April 3.—Some time ago death had carried off all my near relations ; and now, when kind Providence had given me new connections, death is thinning them very fast ; my wife's father's cousin is to be interred to-day, and her own cousin to-morrow ; her affectionate mother is lying on her death-bed, and she herself labours under a dangerous disease. In the midst of all, I desire to have mine eye towards the Lord of life.

April 5.—My mother-in-law is also gone to her rest ; and O how sweet the heavenly rest is to one that has had a toiling time below ! No more solicitude or care about family affairs, no more tempestuous passion, or mental tumult, no more anxious concern about the things of time : O happy change ! O triumphant state ! But, alas ! that saints, eminent saints, should be so silent on the borders of eternity, and so full of fears and doubts, as if religion were just a golden uncertainty, a delusive dream. Indeed, she had the sweet assurance of heavenly bliss.

Tuesday, May 1.—Some days ago, a son so far advanced in life, that he promised to be a comfort to his parents, is carried off by death : how sad the stroke ! for, besides him, they had neither son nor daughter. O divine sovereignty ! that passes by many a flourishing family, and takes a poor family's all, and still does no wrong, because he can do what he pleases with his own, and none may find fault with him. In another quarter, a child falls into a well, and perishes ; add next day, in another quarter, another falls into a kennel, and also perishes : O the severe reflections ! O the tender feelings of these poor parents ! But in every thing sovereignty must still be adored.

My wife still labours under her complaint, a long lesson of our mortality.

Tuesday, Aug. 7.—I have a memorial of mine own mortality still in the continued distress of my dear relative. O how averse to think of parting with my friend! but part we must, one time or other; though I hope we shall meet when time is no more, to part no more for ever.

Tuesday, Sept. 4.—In the work of the season I see a memorandum that the world shall have an end; that the angels, those heavenly reapers, shall clear the whole field, when the righteous, like the good grain, shall be laid up in the heavenly granary, and the wicked, like the worthless tares, cast into everlasting flames.

Sept. 21.—My wife, who has been long in distress, is now delivered of a dead child; and, though the infant's eyes have never seen the light, yet the soul has a full view of the eternal world; and though the little boy is buried with very little ceremony, yet the immortal part has made its solemn appearance at the bar of God, and entered as fully an heir of eternity as the oldest that ever died. O how short while in being, before the state is fixed for ever!

Tuesday, Oct. 2.—A memorandum of death in mine own house, from mine own bowels, should be a lasting memorandum. And the soul of my little infant is as actively employed, as the soul of Methuselah. Let this be fixed in my mind, that it cannot now be long till I arrive at the fixed state.

Oct. 8.—My dear wife, who has long been in bodily trouble, seems now on the borders of eternity. For a husband to lose his dear wife, is the sharpest affliction that can befall him; but it is a sweet reflection, that so near a relation is going to such a triumphant state. As my grief may have an excess in it, as my loss is very great, I will bring an excellent antidote against it, even what she shall be and enjoy in that state.

1. Then, though she has been long detained from public ordinances, yet there she shall be so perfect, that she shall need neither sermons nor sacraments, because God and the Lamb are the temple there.

2. Though a dropsical body was a burden here, yet there she shall see the face of God, and serve him with heavenly alacrity and immortal strength.

3. Though her prayers sometimes astonish me, (as it was her custom, when laid to rest, to pray night about with her husband,) yet there her views shall be seven times brighter, and her praises seven times sweeter, than they were below.

4. Her society shall be those who, like herself, have come out of great tribulation, washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are for ever before the throne of God; neither sinner nor imperfect saint shall be there.

5. She shall be so full of God and of glory, that to lament her loss would be unfriendly, as it would be wicked to envy her felicity. To get our friends advanced to such heavenly honour and unfading joys, is worth the tears, the prayers, the fasts, the wrestlings, and supplications of our whole life. Now, when my nearest friend is going to the actual enjoyment of it, is it not a contradiction to be dejected or sad? How soon is she to be, like the angels of God, above sin, and above sorrow! and could I see the glorified soul of the wife of my bosom, I would take it for the spirit of some being more than human. And O the heavenly employment she enters into on the back of all her dying pangs, and is ravished with for ever in the divine presence!

October 10.—For some days she has not spoke a sentence, nor lifted her eye, so that she has now no more to do with earthly things. O! then, to improve time while it is mine, health while it is mine, speech while I can move my tongue, sight while I can lift mine eye.

Oct. 14.—Yesterday, in the hopes of a happy resurrection, I buried the dust of a dear and beloved wife, but have not words to express my sorrow.

Oct. 22.—On a back-look, I find that my wedding and a neighbor's burial were on the same day. The reflections I then made are now, alas! realised; and it is some satisfaction, that amidst scenes of mirth, and seasons of joy, our latter end was not quite forgot.

Tuesday, November 6.—Two weeks ago, I took off a poor patient's leg, with a view to preserve life and recover health. The operation was painful and much dreaded, but now, seeming to do well, is approved of. Infinite wisdom, then, in cutting off from me my *other self*, has noble ends in view; to wean me from the world, to loose my affections from the creature, to preserve the graces in my soul alive, to prepare me for death, and ripen me for glory.

When we make a nosegay of the flowers of this earth, and hold them in our hand for beauty or for smell, they soon wither, lose their beauty, and stink. O! then, that our faith may smell as these flowers of paradise, the perfections of God, the love and grace of the Saviour, the stability of the covenant, &c. these are flowers we may carry with us down

to the chambers of death, and prevent ourselves from suffering in the putrefaction of the grave.

Nov. 22.—There is one error that universally prevails, and that is, to hide from mortals their mortality, and that even within a few days of their dissolution! The cause of this conduct is, that natural desire all men have for life, and, may I call it, in-bred horror against death? The patient is deceived on all hands, and, what is odd, does not wish to be undeceived. The physician flatters him; the friends conceal their fears and their tears from him; every good symptom is magnified, and every symptom of danger is concealed or diminished; and thus he is buoyed up with hopes of recovery, and hindered from thinking seriously on death, till the disease seizes on the brain, and deprives him of reason, that he can neither speak nor think of that awful change that is just at hand.

Thus I have dealt too much with my dying friends, and thus my friends may deal with me when dying. But, O! to be so habitually prepared for death, that I may not be surprised when it comes; and though nature may shudder and shrink in prospect of dissolution, yet let faith in him who died for me, and now lives for evermore, triumph over this king of terrors.

Nov. 28.—If the saints in glory know one another, as no doubt they do, there I shall see the dear person whose death I now lament, looking vastly fair with heavenly beauty, not the beauty that can be wasted by sickness, or lost in death, but the beauty of holiness. And as I shall then be more susceptible of the charms of heavenly beauty, I shall love her in another manner than I did before, and not only her, but all my other glorified friends, and all the church of the first-born.

Tuesday Dec. 4.—I desire this day again to recal my thoughts to serious and solemn things: for this purpose I am afflicted; to this end God sends death into my family; and will I yet say, in the hand of him that slayeth my dearest comforts, *I am a god, I am immortal?* I shall soon go to my deceased friends, they shall never return to me; and I know not but, like some of them, I shall be deprived of speech at my death. O! then, to recommend religion by my daily walk and conversation.

Dec. 22.—For some days past, I have complained of a violent pain in my back, a disorder new to me. I could not stoop, I durst not laugh nor incline to either side; yea, it would awaken me out of my sleep, when I attempted to

move. But, alas ! it has not awakened me out of my security ; for, instead of expecting death, which every disease is a memorandum of, how did I hold fast by life, and anxiously wished to recover ! Had I such a share in my prince's favour, that he had promised to send for me soon to dwell with him in his palace, would I not look like a madman if I was afraid that every letter that I received from him contained an order to come to court, and wished it might rather be about any thing else ? The application is easy, and to make it is terrible. O ! when shall I long to change my dwelling, and to come to the courts of my Lord and Saviour ! My pain is greatly removed ; and, O ! that my stupidity may not remain.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1782.—Though I have ended the last year with grief and mourning, I would wish to begin the new year with God, and plead for the comfort of his Holy Spirit while below. I reprove myself for one thought, that death deals with saints as an angry sovereign, banishing them to the wilds of Siberia, or the desarts of Arabia, when it only brings them to their Father's house. Of old the prophets used similitudes, and our Saviour himself taught by parables ; then, let me use a simile familiar to all : A man possesses a farm from a great proprietor, which lies on the confines of the country, and therefore exposed to the frequent incursions of enemies ; and situated on the cold mountains, and so continually harassed with storms and tempests. Besides, the soil being barren, the increase is small, the water brackish, and the comforts of life few ; add to which, from the unwholesome marshes that lie around, sickness is seldom out of his family. But the proprietor, having conceived a kindness for him, has promised him another farm, pleasantly situated in the heart of the country, where an enemy was never heard of, and where tempests never blew ; where a river of the most wholesome water washes his fields, and trees of every fruit adorn the banks ; where health and long life characterise the climate, and the increase of every thing exceeds his expectation ; so that he has not only all the conveniences, but all the comforts, all the luxuries of life, and, besides all, the mansion-house of the proprietor stands in the neighbourhood, whither he is invited as often as he will. Now, in the mean time, the proprietor intimates to him, that his wife and some children must come to the new farm, till he think proper to send for him, which he assures him will not be long. Well, the wife and children remove ; but what would his neighbours think,

should they find him in tears at the event? especially those poor tenants, who, having displeased their landlord, were in a short time to be sent to the most inhospitable clime, where eternal tempests dash, and enemies dwell of the most savage disposition, and without any hopes of ever changing their situation!

Tuesday Feb. 5.—I confess I am still much in the dark about the state of disembodied souls; but I know that the communion between God and the saints shall be most intimate and uninterrupted. Though I have ocular demonstrations of death daily, yet the world of spirits is an unknown world to me, were it not for revelation, and faith in that revelation, where what is told is not so much to satisfy curiosity, and remove all doubts, as to support the soul, and exercise faith. And may not my soul be supported in view of dissolution, when told, that death shall not separate from his love; that in his presence there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand pleasures for evermore; that the saints shall be set down with the Lamb on his throne, that his servants shall see his face, and his name be on their foreheads, and thus, in the enjoyment of all possible happiness, shall be forever with the Lord?

Tuesday April 2.—When one that is going home to his father's house, sees that his journey is near finished, he may address himself thus: "As I am now not far from home, I need not have much concern about any thing that can befall me. A bad road, or a boisterous day, shall not discourage me, who have but a little way to go. It gives me no pain that my pocket-money is almost spent, who am so near my father's treasures; nor shall the unkind usage I may meet with in my journey, from friends or foes, embitter my spirit who shall soon enjoy the endearments of the best of fathers and though some of my dear companions in travel, whose company sweetened the way, be called aside from me, I will comfort myself against sorrow, because I shall have the sweet society of my father's whole family shortly." Just so, I apply all this to myself, and am silent; for fellowship with the heavenly assembly, and communion with God and the Lamb, will counterbalance all afflictions in this world.

Birth-day, May 30, 1782.—While I confess myself mortal, I also desire to acknowledge the many undeserved mercies I enjoy. How is it that the eternal God should care for a clod! but if he has given me his Son, what will he with-hold? I lament my attachment to the things of time, and yet I would not wish that the shadow should go so many degrees back on the sun-dial of my life.

Tuesday, June 4.—My birth-day from my mother's womb, brought me only into an infantile state; but I have another birth-day before me, the day of death, that shall usher me into the world of perfect men. As the mother's sorrow is forgotten for joy that a man is born into the world; so the sorrows of death, and the pangs of dissolution, shall be lost in the joy of a soul entered on the triumphant state, the state of glory.

June 14.—My child is this day distressed with the measles; and, as a parent, it is natural that I should have my fears that she may die; but, as a Christian parent, how should the salvation of her immortal soul lie near my heart! Death now may deprive me of a pleasant pretty child, and fill me with sorrow; but the second death is misery in the extreme, and calls forth sorrow beyond description. O that her soul may live before thee! In the mean time this is my comfort, that my God is the supreme disposer of all things, and will either give me himself along with my comforts, or himself in place of all my comforts.

June 21.—It has pleased the Father of mercies to recover my child, but I would wish not to forget that she is mortal; and above all things, still to plead for her immortal soul. It is good to give all things into God's hand, who will deal well with his people, and make them sing of his mercy.

*Tuesday Aug. 7.—Why am I thus averse to die? Why not leap for joy at an invitation to go to my Father's kingdom, my Father's court? Sure am I, the troubles that attend me and the sins that attack me, may make me weary of *this* life; and the joys that await me may make me welcome *that* life. O! it is a sad proof that I know not the emptiness of the creature, nor the sinfulness of sin, nor the nature of the heavenly bliss; nor the excellency of communion with God, that I loathe not the one more, and long not more for the other.*

Tuesday Nov. 6.—As a flower border planted round a house, where, while we walk, we may look in at this window, or that window, and converse within, or step in at one or other door, and are always within a few paces of the house; so is human life to the house of silence.—Why then bewitched with the beauty of the flowers that grow on the margin of the grave? I know not at what door I must enter, but I have friends within; and though they cannot talk with me, I may converse with death and them;

and their naked bones command me to prepare for my latter end.

The children of Israel seemed to have a mighty bar at last to their entering into the promised land, even Jordan overflowing; all its banks? but when the priest's feet, who bare the ark of the covenant, touched the waters, they divided and left their channels dry, so that they had as sweet and safe a passage here as any part of their whole journey. Just so, though death be terrible to me, terrible to nature, yet Jesus, my great High Priest, who carries the ark of the everlasting covenant, can make death as safe a passage to me as any in all the course of my life.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.—The words of dying men have some weight with their friends; and if heaven would please to open my mouth on my death-bed, O how much I have to speak on God's behalf! but if tongue-tied in religious matters all my lifetime, can I expect a miracle at death? And indeed, what am I now but a dying man, only not confined to my room or my bed? and so I should open my mouth on spiritual themes.

Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1783.—The heir of an eternal world should not care much about a world that passeth away; and such oceans of bliss, such rivers of joy and spiritual delight, such wonders of glory, and overflowings of love, shall be revealed to, and pour in on the soul, on the back of death, as shall quite blot out the remembrance of all the trifling distresses of a transitory life.

Jan. 16.—A few days ago, being at a sacrament solemnity, I rose in the night, and was seized with such a fit, that I thought I should immediately expire. I made no noise, so that the person that slept with me did not awake; in a minute a sweat broke, I returned to bed, and had no more complaint. What an alarm had my death been both to my friends, and to the family where I was. Shall God speak once, yea twice, nay often, by the death of others, by the decease of mine own dearest friends, and by such an attack as this, and I not be instructed that I am mortal.

Tuesday, March 4.—This very day I labour under an indisposition, and every disease is an anti-chamber to the grave; so not only the return of the day, but what I feel on the day, is a memorial of my dissolution. But with what folly am I chargable, who, from the anti-chamber, instead of looking into the house of silence, am looking on this side, and that side, to the flowery banks, in fond expectation of health and happiness, of long life and prosperity? Is it any

wonder that I shall one time or other be disappointed, and, instead of reaching the fragrant banks, find myself shut up in the house of silence?

Indeed I have a dear child, that is but an infant, and who, in the event of my death, must become an orphan; but well may I commit her to my heavenly Father's care, who can do for her what no parent can. I may teach and instruct, but he only can teach to profit, he can give grace in the inward part; I may feed and dress the body, but he can array in the Surety's righteousness, and make her soul to feed by faith on the heavenly manna. And if thus clothed, and thus fed, it matters not how coarse her food, and how tattered her array, in other respects be.

Tuesday, April 1.—I have often condemned in old men their fondness for life, and their averseness to death; but, as Eliphaz said to Job, “Now it is come upon me, and I faint; it touches me, and I am troubled.” To talk with death at a distance, and to welcome him when he seems far away, is a kind of farce; but when labouring under some disease, and laid on a sick-bed, then to welcome death would display the fortitude of faith.

Kind heaven has recovered me from my late indisposition; O to have this plague of mind removed, *A loathing of the heavenly felicity, and a delighting in the things of time!*

Tuesday, May 6.—So vast is the heavenly bliss that the saints enter into at death, that it is surprising that any, who have the sweet assurance thereof, should be averse to leave a vain, a weary, and a wicked world, to enter upon the full, the eternal enjoyment of God. If my faith had bright views of the celestial glory, and some fortastes of the joys of his right-hand, instead of bewailing my wrinkles and my grey heirs, I would rejoice in seeing myself in the better country, and my father's house.

Birth-day, May 30, 1783.—How mistaken is the world in their estimate of things! Many keep their birth-day with great pomp and festivity, while the prospect of their death spreads a gloom on their whole soul. Would not I condemn those for madmen, that would dance for joy at a ship, in which they were to sail, being launched into a stormy ocean, and exposed to tempests every day, and be dejected and sad when the ship appeared to make her destined port, her desired haven? Just so, has not my birth-day ushered me into a world of woe? Do not various storms agitate the sea of life? And yet how averse to enter into the port of Death, where the weary are at rest!

Tuesday, July 1.—All nature is but a memorandum of my latter end ; even the sun that shines so bright in a cloudless sky, sets, and proclaims, “ So, mortal, thou must set in death.” The fields that are covered with a luxuriant crop, are announcing the approach of harvest, when they shall be made naked and bare ; and every night my sleep is the image of death, and my bed of the grave ; and yet, in the midst of all, I am apt to forget my mortality and my approaching change.

Tuesday, August 5.—He that is only a wayfaring man, and far on in his journey, need not take care much for his accomodation for the few last nights, since he is almost arrived at home. This is the very case with me ; I cannot be far from home. O that heaven may be my home ! and the sooner there the better.

Tuesday, Oct. 7.—The prospect of approaching death should cut off all my superfluous cares. When my journey is but a step or two, why should a load of solicitude about it sit down on my mind ? O how soon must I take farewell of all below ! Did seven years of toil and labour, sweat and fatigue, seem but a few days to Jacob for the love he had to Rachel ? And should not my love to mine incarnate God, and the prospect of uninterrupted communion with, and full enjoyment of him, make a few weeks, days, and hours of sickness, and death itself, as nothing ?

Tuesday, Nov. 4.—The king of terrors approaching to destroy my mortal frame, the Judge standing at the door to sit in judgment on me, and eternal ages opening before me, are views that might fill my soul with terror and despair ; but if faith can see death only as a servant bringing me home, the Judge as acquitting and bestowing the crown, and eternity as an endless summer of love and light, communion with and fruition of God, then may my soul be filled with transport and joy.

Tuesday, December 2.—If I am an expectant of glory, I should, like Elijah, walk in constant expectation of my change ; for though I cannot, like him, descend on the day of my translation, yet I may be assured that the time of my dissolution is not now far distant ! And no matter whether a fiery chariot in a few moments, or a fever in a few days, or a consumption in a few months, waft me away from the company of mine acquaintance, from the converse of my friends, and from the endearments of my nearest relations, since it shall join me to the general assembly and church of the first-born, who dwell in the heavenly presence, always

behold the face of God, and sing the praises of redeeming love.

Tuesday, Jan. 6.—What amazing changes take place in the natural world ! Storms and tempests distress the country, deluges of snow threaten the death of man and beast and in some places it is impossible to travel from town to town. But the road to death is still patent, and the highway of the king of terrors can never be *drifted* or *blown up*.

Wednesday, March 8.—In comparison of eternal realities, what are they but mock pleasures and mock pains which we meet with in the world ? Not one of them can pass the door of death, or attend me to mine eternal state ; why then am I such a fool as to grasp at shadows, or to suffer in mine immortal part at transient afflictions ?

Tuesday, April 6.—It is a melancholy sight to see any person evidently dying, without one serious thought of death. But this rises from a sight equally melancholy, so many persons living without one serious thought of God. But the prospect of a happy death is the best cordial against the troubles of life. O sweet period ! when sin shall vex no more, when tempests shall yield to an eternal calm.

April 22.—How melancholy when we dare not follow the soul of our dead friend to his final state ! or how stupid to believe him gone to bliss, because his lifeless carcase lies at rest ! What trifles are crowns and thrones below to the salvation of an immortal soul ! Yet for what trifles will we go to the ends of the earth, curtail our life, and cast our soul away !

April 29.—Might we suppose the soul of a sinner permitted to spring from the pit, and attend his own funeral ; well might he be surprised to see among his friends so much care about his perishing dust, where there had been so little care about his immortal soul. How astonished to see so much gaiety in the countenances of all his acquaintances, who seemed to have forgot that they were attending an interment ! And even to his near relatives might the agonized ghost cry out, “ To me you seem like those that go forth in the dances of them that make merry, while I am employed day and night in the dirges of the damned. Is the death of a son, a brother, a friend, so soon forgot by you ? Has a change so awful, a state so terrible, no deeper impressions on your minds, O monsters of cruelty ? And have you no fearful forebodings of following me to the same place of torment, where I must dwell, and roar, and blaspheme, and howl forever ? ”

Birth-day, May 30, 1784.—I acknowledge the heavenly kindness that I am still alive; and all my soul is filled with joy, that on this day my Lord rose victorious from the dead; and in virtue of his resurrection, I may cheerfully welcome dissolution and the grave, because, being united to him, I shall also rise to a glorious immortality, and an eternal Sabbath of rest.

Tuesday, June 1.—It is pleasant in declining times to hear of a young person dying in Christ; but it is sad that I, an old person, should be averse to die. It is sin that makes death terrible, it is sin that makes the desert frightful, and darkens the heavenly state; for did my faith see the glories, and believe the bliss of paradise, I would leap in prospect of going thither.

June 29.—Some weeks ago, the mother of a large family lay so ill of a fever, that all hopes of life were lost. A son arrived at manhood, distant almost fourscore miles, hastens to see his dying parent, but expects, ere he can arrive, that she shall be no more; but to his sweet surprise, she is getting better, and her affectionate husband is overjoyed at her recovery. The youth, with cheerful step, returns to the place of his employment, till a second sad message calls him to see his father in his last moments; but ere he arrives, his father is no more! He minglest grief with his disconsolate mother, and piously proposes to come and carry on his father's business, and rear up the younger part of the family, and nourish his mother in her old age. After going to that far distant part to settle his affairs, he returns to settle in his father's family; but, O adorable providence! whose path is in the mighty waters, and whose footsteps are not known, the fever that had afflicted the family seizes him; and to-morrow he is to be laid by his father's side. Well, one prop after another may be removed, one comfort after another may perish; but still God lives, and is the widow's judge in his holy habitation. In this providence, God says, "Let the widow trust, not in a son, but in me."

Tuesday, Sept. 7.—In the midst of my various views and lawful schemes, O to remember that I am mortal, and not now far from the house of silence, and that the heavenly bliss will not be heightened by all the enjoyments of time, nor impaired by all the crosses and disappointments below. What traveller can pursue his journey backwards? So, if my affections be still towards the world, I will but make poor progress heavenward. O to come up from the wilderness, like the spouse, leaning on my Beloved, looking to

wards the land of promise, and longing for the heavenly rest!

Tuesday, Oct. 5.—While I am in the world, I must be laying lawful plans and schemes for futurity, and yet I cannot promise on a day; I will therefore lay my account with two things; 1. That my plans may all misgive; 2. That death may take me away from all; and in neither shall I be disappointed; for while I attend to the affairs of life, which is my duty, I desire not to forget, that I am not far from the other world, and that God is the sovereign disposer of all things in this.

Jan. 1, 1785.—On the first day of this new year, I would wish to put pen to paper, to impress myself with a belief, that I shall shortly put pen to paper no more. O how foolish! that while my years diminish, my cares should multiply. Hence, let me cast all my concerns into the hands of a gracious, wise, and powerful Governor, and possess my soul in patience.

Tuesday, Jan. 4.—How inconsistent in a disciple of him who died, and rose, and revived, that he might be the Lord both of the dead and the living, in an expectant of immortality, to recoil from dissolution, to cling to life, and quarrel with his physician for not recovering him! This I have seen; and O to be able to act the noble opposite! to part pleasantly with my dearest relations, to quit with life with mental serenity, and my ravished soul feel an holy impatience to fly to the embraces of my Saviour.

Tuesday, Feb. 1.—When a ship has set sail for some far distant shore, then, though she sees no signs of land, yet, by the time she has been at sea, by her reckoning and observations, she can know assuredly, that she cannot be far distant from her desired haven; just so, though I know not the hour of my departure, (nor would I wish to know), yet, when I reflect how long I have lived, I may be assured, *that death cannot be very far away.*

Birth-day, Monday, May 30, 1785.—I mention my birth-day only to keep me in mind of the day of my death. Some have been dead before they were born, but never one was born alive but had death to meet with; though, at the burial of a friend, too often we behave as if we had nothing to do with death and eternity; the very occasion of our meeting is forgotten in our conversation and our cups. And were it not that the guests are in mourning, we would seem rather convened to the nuptials than the funeral of a friend. Now, since we behave so in health, no wonder that in our

last sickness we have not a word to speak in honour of religion, or about a world to come. O my soul! to their assembly be not thou united!

Tuesday, June 7.—Of late, many people have gone from this country to settle in the American colonies, but not one of them without making inquiry about, and obtaining some knowledge of, that colony to which they were to go. How terrible, if I go into a world of spirits without the least knowledge of it! And, alas! how many die who have never had one serious thought about a future state, or in the least prepared for their change!

Tuesday, Aug. 2.—When I have thought and thought again on death, I remain much in the dark about the disembodied state; but I have no complaint, for the darker the scene, the stronger must my faith be; and the stronger my faith is, the more God is glorified. No matter *how*, or *when*, or *where* dissolution take place, since the promise secures the heavenly presence in the vale of death. No matter how tremendous and unknown the regions of eternity appear, since the promise secures that I shall be forever with the Lord. And with equal confidence and faith, may I leave my family behind on the divine providence and protection, having clusters of promises made on my behalf.

Tuesday, Nov. 2.—Every change of lot is bringing me so much nearer my great change. When kind Providence builds up a family, let it not be forgot, that death will pull it down, by removing pleasant children, or tearing asunder the nearest connections. But, if I and my family be taken by adoption into God's family, every change shall be to the better, and death itself perform the office of a friend. And the person who first quits the stage may address survivors in the words of the divine Redeemer, "I go to my Father, and your Father; to my God, and your God."

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—Let me remember that every change is bringing me so much nearer the great change that awaits me. If the bride forsake her friends, and her father's house, to dwell with her bridegroom, and if the bridegroom rejoices over the bride, how cheerfully should I forsake my dearest friends below, to dwell with my heavenly Beloved, ravished, and astonished that such a glorious Bridegroom will rejoice over me as his bride, his spouse! Here discord may embitter the life of husband and wife, and death must separate them at last; but in the heavenly state, discord is never known, and the mystical marriage is for eternity.

Tuesday Jan. 3. 1786.—A few days ago, a poor man (rich in this world, but poor for eternity) was carried to his long home. From the confusion of a fair, from the company of jolly companions in an ale-house, on his way home he is summoned to the great tribunal. The very missing of his way leads him to the house appointed for all living. The waters of a small river waft him to the ocean of eternity, and in a moment he lost all that world about which he had toiled so much for so many years. Worldly wisdom I may learn at any hand, but O that from their spiritual folly I may learn spiritual wisdom!

Tuesday Feb. 7.—My body is ripening fast for the grave but my soul is but slowly ripening for eternity! How terrible to mispend time, to sport with death, and to trifle with eternal things! O how sad is it, that the longer I live, I should grow more unwilling, and less ready to die?

March 23.—O how short is the race, and how pleasant the death of some! In the bloom of youth, and but a few months ordained to a charge, while the hopes of friends and flock are opening with every pleasant prospect, behold, behold, a whole heaven of glory opens and takes him in! And so sure is his hope, and so bright his views, that forbids his friends, in their prayers, to be instant for his recovery! Last time we were together, was at a sacramental solemnity; and when we first meet again, (if I be so happy,) it shall be at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Tuesday, April 4.—Though I have now lived so long, that I cannot expect to live much longer, yet, alas! how backward am I to believe my approaching end! O to have my love to the world slain, my carking cares and concern about created things diminished, my views of heavenly glory brightened, and my affections set on high!

Tuesday May 2.—If any thing could make a man immortal, would not every endeavour be used to obtain it, and crowns and kingdoms be bartered for it? An interest in Christ, then, is both immortality, and heaven and glory.—Though death come to the sinner in every ghastly shape, in every terrible appearance, yet to the saint it performs every kind office, scatters all his anxieties, finishes his cares, delivers him from all troubles, sets him above temptation and sin, and translates him to everlasting bliss.

Tuesday, Aug. 1.—Death is a day that puts all men upon a level; for distinctions drop in death, and rank and precedence enter not into the world of spirits.

As a mortal man, I am walking on the brink of eternity.

but as a member of Christ, as an heir of God, I am in eternity already, being raised up from a state of spiritual death, and made to sit together with Christ in heavenly places; why, then, should I in the least be afraid of natural death?

Tuesday, Sept. 5.—It is common to look towards the day of death with a sore heart and a sad countenance, as the most melancholy event that can take place; and indeed, to the greater part of mortals it is such, because then every created felicity is finished, and eternal anguish is begun; but if it is to me the day in which I shall not only be brought out of prison, delivered from every trouble, from temptation and sin, but in which I shall be brought into the courts of God, be crowned with immortality and glory, made perfect in holiness, and ravished with the full and eternal enjoyment of God, should I not rather sing for joy at the approach thereof, than be overwhelmed with sorrow?

Wednesday, Nov. 7.—Life and health continued to me and mine, I acknowledge, and would fain have my heart filled with gratitude. O! in such a long and pleasant seed time, may I sow to the Spirit, that of the spirit we may reap life everlasting.

21.—Some days ago, an acquaintance of mine leaves his wife and family in the morning, but returns no more. I saw him that day mingle in a great multitude, but that night he joins the millions that inhabit the invisible world. The day begins with a fair to him, but ends in his funeral; for he is not only deprived of life by the river, but buried below the stream. The horse that carried him to business, carries him to his latter end, and dies in honour, as it were, of his master. The widow and her offspring wander all night by the banks of the river, but in vain, the corpse is not found. Well, the soul is in eternity, and the body shall be raised at the last day. O that the day of death and the day of judgment were oftener in my mind, when I go to a fair, as well as when I go to a funeral.

Tuesday, Jan. 9. 1797.—Being far from home on the first Tuesday, I desire to remember on the second my latter end and with all to consider that death will never call and find me from home, or, in other words, that wherever I am death will find me out. A life spent in sinning makes a hopeless death. We mourn for dead friends, why not mourn for those that are spiritually dead, dead in trespasses and sins?

With how little concern do we change the figures on the commencement of the new year! and, alas! even so do we spend our years as a tale that hath been told.

Tuesday, April 3.—This day I have seen an old acquaintance on a sick-bed, or on a death bed, and though arrived at the age of threescore and ten, yet as anxious to recover, and as fond to live, as if in the bloom of life! at this I seem surprised; but am not I myself arrived at a greater age than thousands that die around me? and am I *willing* and *ready* to depart? O henceforth to be waiting for my change!

Tuesday, May 1.—How near is death many a time, and we think not of it! A daughter attends her aged parent, healthy and young; yet after three or four days illness, dies on the same day, is carried in the same hearse, and buried in the same grave, and thus literally attends her sire to the chambers of death.

Btrth-day, May 30.—When I consider how many birthdays I have seen, I may expect the day of my departure to be at hand; but, O happy if it be a departure from sin to perfection in grace, and full possession in glory! a departure from earthly cares, to uninterrupted communion with God.

Tuesday, June 5.—Because I have lived a long time here, shall I never expect to be called hence? Nay, I may expect to be called home shortly. O to live so, that when death comes I may have nothing to do but die!

Aug. 6.—It is no wonder that the traveller that has nothing in his own country but poverty and enemies, has no desire to return home; but he that has a fine palace fitted up for his reception, and who, on his arrival, may enter on the possession of a kingdom, and has every endearing relation waiting to give him a hearty welcome, and congratulate his return, and yet can loiter in dreary wastes, amidst unsocial mortals, secret enemies, and open foes, without a longing hope for home, will not every wise man account him a madman and a fool? Alas! then, out-of mine own mouth am I condemned, that have dwelt so long on the confines of hell, and so much of hell within, without longing for the heavenly state!

Tuesday, Nov. 6.—Whether the seasons be good or very bad, whether Providence smile or frown, death approaches; and in the hour of death it will not be of much moment, whether the things of life have been prosperous or adverse; but to meet with death unstinged, and to see him who was once dead, but is now alive, and lives for evermore, waiting to receive me to his glory and presence, will make me forget all my afflictions, as the waters that flow away. A belief of death at hand, and heaven on the back of death, may support under all present disasters.

*Tuesday, Dec. 4.—*Death takes all his prisoners by surprise. If we have any degree of health, we expect not to lose it; if in sickness, we expect to recover; thus we always expect to escape death but die we must, in spite of all our vain hopes. And O to die in hope of being ever with the Lord! As I should daily set mine own death in view, so should I the death of my dearest relations. But the hopes of their felicity would turn my sorrow into joy, and dry up my tears.

*Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1788.—*I would wish to begin the year with a view of the end of my life. I have assuredly begun the one, and shall as surely end the other. And now I may look on myself as standing at the very door of the house of death. O that I may be also standing at the gate of the New-Jerusalem, that when the one shall open for my lifeless dust, the other may open for mine immortal soul!

*Tuesday, Feb. 5.—*I know not how long I shall live; I know not how, when, or where I shall die; I know not the length or the kind of my last sickness; but this one thing I know, that on the back of death I shall cordially approve of every step of holy providence in my life, and of every circumstance about my death.

*Tuesday, March 4.—*Around me every day saints and sinners are carried to their long home; but, O! the happiness of the one, the misery of the other, is so vast, that all the bitterest afflictions of human life are lost in the felicity of the godly, and all the good things of time are wholly forgotten in the anguish of the damned?

When death comes into a family, and carries off father or mother, sister or brother, son or daughter, or the wife of our bosom, how familiar to us for a while are the thoughts of death! Now, death comes every day into the family of mankind, and carries off every relation; and though the sorrow cannot be so sharp, yet the instruction is equally strong, to remember our mortality.

*Tuesday, April 1.—*It is owing to corruption in the sinner, and carnality in the saint, that death is such an unwelcome guest; for the man that has his conversation in heaven, will not start back from the messenger that comes to carry him to heaven.

*Tuesday, May 6.—*Now I see the fields putting on verdure, but by autumn the crop shall be cut down, and the fields made quite bare. Just so, the human race may all expect to be cut down by the scythe of death, and that at all periods, the infant as well as the man of grey hairs. O

to look forward to the heavenly state, where death is known no more, but where the saints shall flourish for evermore !

Birth-day, Friday, May 30.—I cannot complain, with Jacob, that I have not attained to the years of my fathers, for this day I am as far advanced in life as my dear father was when he finished his course. When I look to my concerns in life, it appears needful that I should be spared a little ; but when I look to the sovereignty and sufficiency of God, I say, Here am I, let him call me when he pleases.

Tuesday, July 1.—A few days ago, a child was added to my family, and this day one is taken from the number of my friends, and laid in the house of silence. The decease of my relation who was about mine own age, seems to say, *Arise and follow me to your long home* ; and the birth of my boy seems to add, *Retire to your long home, and make room for me !* Admonished thus on every hand, by old and young, let me earnestly prepare for my approaching departure.

Tuesday, Aug. 5.—All that is frightful about death flows from our being sinners ; for if we were not sinners we would not be afraid of death, which is the wages of sin ; and if we were not carnal, we would not be so reluctant to change the earthly for the heavenly state. Then the saint, according to his growth in grace, and fitness for glory, will long for his change, and triumph over his last enemy.—Alas ! then, how little of the saint do I find in myself, who am so lost in the cares of this life, and so unwilling to go hence !

Tuesday, Dec. 2.—Emptiness is written on riches in many respects, but in none more than this, that the greatest sums cannot defend the possessor from death. But the heavenly favour is life in death, and light in darkness, though I should have a small portion of earthly things.

Dec. 24.—How pleasant the death of some saints ! My dear acquaintance, in his last illness, does not wish to live ; he seems both ready and willing to meet his change. And, indeed, well may the guest go to the banquet when the king invites him ; well may the child go home when his Father calls him.

Thursday, Jan. 1, 1789.—Many of my dear acquaintances are this day in the house of silence, and it is all eternity with them. I know that I am also near the end of my life : O ! why should I be in the middle of my concerns and cares ? If I am near death, like the tenant that is near term-day, I should often think on death ; if near eternity, I should

be weaned from the things of time, and my meditations much on the eternal world; and if near heaven, my conversation should be in heaven.

Wednesday, March 4.—The spring advances, but it is winter with me! O that in old age I may flourish like the palm-tree, and be verdant like the cedar, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and a world to come!

Tuesday, April 7.—Long time have I had to prepare for death. The mercies of my life are many and sweet, but let me remember the day of death, that it is approaching; and the days of darkness, that they shall be many. Can it be believed that there should exist such infidels with respect to death, where death makes such havoc every day? But if I had a solid abiding impression of my approaching dissolution, (how near none can say, but I can say it cannot be very far away), the things of time would not bulk so in mine eyes, and the world to come would find proper room in mine heart. O to rise superior to the trifles of time, and be daily laying up my treasure in heaven!

Tuesday, May 5.—Why should I be anxious about futurity, either with respect to myself or my family, since I cannot promise on a day? But O how vast, how constant, how heart-felt, should my care and concern be for myself and them, in view of eternity! where very soon some of us, and in a little all of us, must arrive. To lose a round sum, an estate, a kingdom, a world, is but a trifle; but to lose the soul is ruin, is misery, is bankruptcy, through eternity itself!

Birth-day, May 30.—This day I acknowledge the kindness of heaven, in sparing me so long, till, according to the common computation of thirty years to an age, the world is near twice swept of all its inhabitants, and fifteen hundred millions of souls entered on their eternal state! Have not, then, thousands fallen at my side, and millions dropped down around me? O what a glow of gratitude should warm my breast! But if I shall never be hurt of the second death, what a flame of love should kindle through all my soul!

Tuesday, June 2.—How pleasant to see one from a death-bed mounting to glory? but how sad the latter end of some! To look backward, nothing but remorse; to look forward, nothing but horror and anguish!

Tuesday, Aug. 4.—While I live at home in the body, I am absent from the Lord; and, alas! careless about communion with God, or arriving at the heavenly presence! Then, if death brings me home and presents me in the heavenly presence, it will do me a great kindness; but O to be preparing

for the glorious change ! for every one that hopes to arrive at heaven, should have his conversation in heaven.

Tuesday, Sept. 1.—Many wait for the morning-light, I am waiting for the evening-shadows, for the shadow of death ; but it is in hope of a succeeding morning without a cloud, and of a day that shall never decline. If I am assured of such an heavenly morning, of such a glorious day, no matter though the intervening days of darkness and nights of sorrow be many. If I can rejoice in hope of the glory of God, I need not tremble in prospect of death.

Tuesday, Oct. 5.—A few days ago, a servant was taken sick, and next day, while carried home to her father's house, expires by the way. The sky is her roof, and a dung-cart is her death-bed, and no attendants in her last moments but the boy that guided the horse ! yet in the silent grave none shall be able to distinguish her dust, nor in the world of spirits her soul, from those that have died in kingly courts or royal palaces. How trifling, then, all the things of this world, riches, honours, pleasures, great connections, and numerous friends, and affectionate relations, which can do nothing for us in a world to come ! No matter whether at sea or on land, in the open fields or in our father's house, we breathe our last, if death brings us home to our heavenly Father's house.

Tuesday, Nov. 3.—How trifling are all the things that we can lose in a world, compared with a world to come ! If the earth must employ our hands, yet heaven only should have room in our hearts ; yet how often do I give my heart to that which deserves only my hand. When a traveller has almost completed his journey, and a long journey compared with that of many around him, in what light would he appear, if, during the last two or three, or four or five days of his journey, he made himself uneasy by an anxious solicitude how to finish them, though in safety he had travelled almost threescore days before, instead of being taken up in thinking on his glad arrival, and cheerful welcome home ? Just so, I am near (I know not how near) the end of my journey of my pilgrimage below, therefore the cares of the world, the affairs of life, should not sit heavy on my mind, while the bright glories of the other world open in my view.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—I believe that both the hour, the place, and manner of death, are fixed in the decree, and that whatever my dangers are, my safety is the same. He that dies in Christ need not care whether he be drowned in a wave, or buried in a grave.

Jan. 1. 1790.—With what indifference do I let go a whole year! I change the figures with the same unconcern as I go from one chair to another in the room! But O how deep a year's account at the bar of God! in the book of conscience! To 365 days; *item*, to 52 Sabbaths; *item*, to such and such sacraments and sermons; *item*, to such a state of health; *item*, to such a multitude of common blessings; *item*, to family blessings; *item*, to food and raiment; *item*, to such opportunities and calls to private and secret prayer, &c. Then what must be the account of my life, a life so long, that I cannot expect it should be much longer! O to improve what remains, like one that must soon render an account for all!

Tuesday, April 6.—Heaven has kindly given me another son; and, as a dying person, I may say, that if he depart before me, he shall increase my mourning; or, if he survive me, he shall increase the number of mourners at my decease; but as a Christian parent, I devote him to God, to serve him while he lives, and at death to enter into the full enjoyment of the heavenly bliss. What a comfort is it to a parent advancing into years, and that knows not the day of his death, that my heavenly Father lives, and will be a Father to the fatherless!

Tuesday, May 4.—Though every creature avoids death, yet death hunts the whole creation, man and beast, and shall throw his dart at all. But how melancholy and mournful the death of some! My female acquaintance, surrounded with fears, and harrassed with faithless forebodings about the loss of relations, and provision for helpless children, in defiance of the laws of heaven, and the law of nature, takes away her own life, and rushes without thought on the eternal state! What must the first reflection of such a soul be in the world of spirits? Here thought succumbs, and conception fails. If I have a faith of eternal salvation, I need not fear about temporal provision; the power that has created, can be at no loss to support; and the mercy that has redeemed, and gives grace and glory, cannot be exhausted by giving a few of the good things of time.

Tuesday, Sept 14.—The memory of some stinks after death, and the good name of others is dead before themselves: but the saint shall never die. By his holy conversation, he speaks even when his tongue is silent in death; and being united to the Lord of life, he shall never feel the sting of death. If such be my happy situation, dissolution shall do me no harm.

Tuesday, Oct. 5.—The young child walking under the tender eye of its mother, may catch a fall, but suddenly she takes it up in her arms, embraces and caresses it, so that the pain is lost, and the fright forgotten, in the endearments of so near a relation: yea, its fall issues in more abundant felicity than it had before, when only under her affectionate eye. Just so, if I am a child of heaven, though death trip up my heels, and I catch a severe fall in this dark valley, yet anon my heavenly Father will take me up in his everlasting arms, embrace and caress me so kindly, that I shall for ever forget the fears of dissolution, and the pangs of death; and I shall find myself enriched by my loss, for I shall only lose dust and dung, trash and trifles, but find all the riches of glory, all the fulness of God.

Dec. 9.—It is a serious thought to think, that I, who am now entertained with the kindness of the wife of my bosom, with the endearments of my children, with the correspondence and acquaintance of friends and neighbors, must shortly change my company, and find myself in a world of spirits. When my clay tabernacle, like the earthen pitchers in Gideon's army, is broken to pieces, anon the heavenly spirits, like so many luminaries, shine around me, and God, the fountain of essence, and Father of spirits, blazes full on my soul. Now, as such a change will come, as such an event must take place, I would wish it not to come unlooked for, or to find me unprepared for it.

Jan. 1, 1791.—When I consider the flight of time, I see that all created things must soon be concealed in impenetrable darkness, and then the worldling's heaven must dissolve in smoke; but as the rising sun gilds the tops of the mountains, so at this period the heavenly glory shall spread a beauty on all around, and then the heaven of the saints shall unfold with every felicity that finite souls can enjoy, or God can bestow.

Tuesday, Jan. 4.—Winter with its storms is a picture of human life; but days, however dark and stormy, pass away; so life, however much afflicted, will come to an end. Now, if the end of life be the end of all my afflictions, I am one of the happiest persons alive. O how pleasant to meet an unstinged death, and to have the hope of heaven on the back of death!

Feb. 27.—What a sudden and astonishing transition awaits me from time to eternity, from the material to the spiritual world! To-day engaged in the affairs of life, and conversing with my friends, and to-morrow surrounded with mil-

lions of spirits, associated with angels, and employed in everlasting concerns! It will therefore by my wisdom daily to take farewell of the things of time, and get more and more acquainted with the eternal state.

July 20.—To live separated from our dearest friends, to dwell at a distance from God, to have the world rolling in our minds, and created concerns engrossing our thoughts, is not like an heir of God, an expectant of glory; and such a situation may make us long for the happy period of our departure, when we shall flee into the immediate enjoyment of God, and in our adorations rise to the ardour of angels, and the glow of seraphims. Had I any right apprehension of the eternal enjoyment of God, I would meditate more on it, and long more after it, and, in midst of all present disasters, rejoice in the prospect of it.

Dec. 20.—Now, the last of my grandfather's family is gone to their long home, and I cannot say how soon I must go to my long home, who have long been the last of my father's family. But this I see, that old and young, rich and poor, great and small, die, and disappear for ever. What comfort to have hope of our friends at death! What would the general opinion be of the feelings of those friends who had lost their nearest and dearest relative, carried off by ruffians, and yet felt no disquiet; who could feast cheerfully at their sumptuous board, while their friends were destitute of all the comforts of life; could sleep pleasantly on their downy beds, while their friends were denied the least slumber, by the torturing hand of their cruel foes; could quaff and carouse with sparkling wine, while their friends could not procure a drop of water to their scorched tongue? Now, to apply, where are ruffians like the infernal fiends? Where is a state so utterly destitute of all comforts, as the state of damnation? Where are tortures like the torments of hell, and the insults of damned devils? And where, but in the burning lake, are sufferers so completely miserable, who cannot command even a drop of water to cool their tormented tongue? And yet the death of those sinners, who lived without God, and died without hope, makes no impression on their surviving friends.

Sabbath, Jan. 1, 1792.—The last year ended with the cares and toils of the week, this year begins with the rest of the holy Sabbath. And as my present life has been, and is a scene of troubles and anxieties, (not that I complain), so let my life beyond the grave be an eternal Sabbath of rest. Moreover, as I may be assured that this life will end, so may I

have the sweet faith that such a life will then begin ! O for a glance of heaven, a glimpse of glory, and I shall not shrink from dissolution, or be dismayed at death, but long to be forever with the Lord !

Thursday, Jan. 5.—O now to have a real belief of my approaching end ! And indeed, for what purpose would I live much longer ? To see earthly good is not worth the while, and I cannot expect to see spiritual good in perfection, but in the light of glory. As for family-concerns, my faith can commit them all into the hand of an omnipotent, all-wise, and gracious God.

Jan. 28.—It is the duty of every living man to acknowledge the goodness of God in continuing him in life, and crowning him with blessings ; and still more of the Christian to have his heart full of gratitude, if enabled to live a life of faith on the unseen Jesus and his graces, like the fire of the altar, always burning heavenward. But O what glowing gratitude, joy, and rapture, will fill my whole soul in heaven, to find myself enjoying a life of communion with a three-one God, and that through all eternity.

Tuesday, Feb. 7.—The day is fast approaching, when I must take farewell of all created things, and enter on mine eternal state ; and though I have been these many years *seemingly* preparing for death, yet death may at last come upon me unawares ; and the reason is, though I believe that death is on his way, yet I put him still at some distance, a week, a month, or a year, when in truth I should expect him every day, and so, like the apostle, "die daily." I would wish to be like the cautious soldier, who, while in the enemy's country, though he may sit down at times to rest himself, yet never puts off his armour, and so, whenever the foe appears, springs to his feet, and is in a posture of defence.

Tuesday, March 6.—How near am I to the eternal world ! and should a world, a vain world that passeth away, give me any vexation ? How soon may I mingle with holy angels and spirits of just men made perfect ! and to enter there with my arms full of earthly cares, would make me appear a monster indeed. O ! how sad to see some going into the eternal state without a serious thought, but their sins going before them to judgment !

April 21.—Though I am travelling through an enemy's country, beset with dangers, and surrounded with difficulties, yet, owing to the wisdom of my heavenly guide, and the omnipotence of my divine guard, I am always safe, and

shall finish my course with joy; and when my race is ended, I shall obtain the crown. O how comforting this! when I see many that started fair for the heavenly prize, stumble and fall in their race, have their bones bruised or broken, and hard to say whether they shall ever rise again, or run any more. But, O! what shall I say when I reflect on this, —that the nearer any body comes to its centre, its motion is always swifter; and the nearer a river comes to the ocean, it is always larger and larger? But though *now* near the ocean of eternity, and the centre of everlasting rest, alas! how slow is my motion heavenward, how torpid my love, and how languid my desires after the eternal enjoyment of God! But, O happy day! when, in the blissful state, I shall approach nearer and nearer to God; and the nearer I approach, my motion towards him shall be swifter and swifter; and the more I know and love him, my soul will be enlarged and capacitated to know and love him still the more.

Tuesday, July 4.—It is said of the saints in the future state, *Neither can they die any more.* In the faith of that triumphant state, I will submit to diseases and death. And O how low a poor mortal can be brought before death! To look on a near neighbour may every way humble me, and convince me of this. But after death I shall die no more: nor do I understand this negatively, that I shall never more feel pain, or diseases, or death; but positively, that I shall be possessed of the most vigorous immortality, and enjoy a life of the most uninterrupted communion with God, of unclouded glory, and inconceivable bliss!

July 14.—What a sudden and surprising change shall the saints undergo at death! From the deepest abasement, they shall be raised to the highest perfection of glory; from a long and lingering death, to life everlasting. No matter, then, how or in what manner I die, if I die in Christ.

July 28.—How uncertain my present life! how near to a future state am I at all times! but how happy, if the day of my dissolution be the day of my glorification! Then, though the call may be sudden, my passage shall be sweet, and I shall forget, not only my afflictions, but all present things, though crowns and kingdoms, as the sports of children, and the amusements of school-boys. Two days ago my youngest child seemed dying to all that saw her. I resigned her to God, and he has graciously recovered her; but henceforth I would wish to remember, that all my children are walking on the very brink of eternity, and may be called

thither in a moment; but O may it be to the eternal enjoyment of God!

Aug. 7.—I had the near prospect of death in mine own family lately; but Heaven prevented my fears; and blessed be his name. “The time of my departure is at hand,” said an apostle. I say the same; and O that I may finish my course with joy!

Tuesday, Sept. 4.—When a person, through age, begins to decline, how do all his acquaintance condole with him! But we may rather congratulate the saint who thus is on his near departure to his native country, and his Father’s house.

Sept. 30.—The children of Israel were typical of all the children of hope. They were not only delivered from the iron furnace, the brick-kilns, and the cruel task-masters, but were brought into a land flowing with milk and honey, blessed with the liberty of a free people, allowed to sit each man under his vine and his fig-tree, and none to make them afraid; so the saints are not only preserved from going down to the pit, delivered out from the lowest hell, forever set free from the anguish of damnation, and the agonies of consummate despair, and the powers of darkness forever bruised under their feet, but planted in the heavenly Canaan, in the full possession of all good, and in the beatific vision and full enjoyment of God and the Lamb. Thus the poor sinner has one hell in the punishment of sense, while the billows of divine wrath roll over his soul forever; and another hell in the punishment of loss, in being banished forever from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power; but the saint has one heaven in being rescued from such a hell, and another heaven in being raised to such a glory, and possessed of such inconceivable bliss.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—It is now time for me to be taking farewell of the things of this life, since some of my dear acquaintance, by their death, have bid their last adieu to me. O now to get my mouth opened in commendation of Christ and religion, since some dear saints are deprived of the use of speech in their last illness! While I would wish to lose sight of the thicks of time, I would wish to get better and better acquainted with the heavenly state, for every expectant of heaven should study to have his conversation in heaven.

Dec. 5.—Every thing is melancholy in the sinner’s prospect of death; but the saint has a noble counterbalance for every thing distressing in dissolution. Indeed the saint at

death loses all his friends ; but he mingles in the general assembly and church of the first-born. His body is laid in the grave, and crumbles into dust ; but Jesus is the resurrection and the life. In a word, he can call nothing in the world his own, but takes an everlasting farewell of all below ; but he is ever with the Lord ; and this is all in all.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1793.—Whatever I do, time flies away ; and, O ! how soon must years, and months, and days, be no more mine ! How sad to see men, because privileged with a new year, forget that there is another world, and that they are hastening fast to a future state ! I cannot say that I shall see another new year, but I would wish to have mine anchor fixed within the vail, and then whatever storms may blow, or trials come, my soul shall be safely towed into the heavenly harbour.

Feb. 4.—This day my youngest son is dangerously ill of a fever ; and I would desire to act faith on the one hand, that he may recover, and submission on the other, should he be taken away. He has an immortal soul, but knows nothing of immortality or eternity, being a child ; therefore I desire to plead the promise, “I will be thy God, and the God of thy seed.” And, encouraged by thy permission, I bring my little child to thee. Thou knowest the affection of a parent, and permittest me to apply the comfort, “Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear him.” Now, a father pitith his children in distress, still more than when in health ; so let thy compassion be extended according to my affliction. When I reflect on the endearments of my child, my passions struggle, and my bowels are stirred ; but when I consider thy wisdom, thy goodness, and thy unchangeable love, I would wish to be all silence and submission.

Tuesday, Feb. 5.—My dear boy is still alive, but I have given him away to God ; and when he has no more connection with me as his earthly parent, may he be admitted into the presence and enjoyment of his heavenly Father.—If in this life only I had hope for myself or child, I should be miserable ; but the faith of an happy immortality wipes the tear from mine eye, and sorrow from mine heart. The death of my child will make no impression on the country around, only in mine own family ; but dear in God’s sight is the death of his saints, however young. I desire to act faith on the blessed Saviour for the salvation of my dear child.

Feb. 13.—After continuing some days in such a state, that all that saw him looked on him as past recovery, it pleased a gracious God to rebuke the fever, and restore him to health, and this day he is in a good way. O to make a right improvement of such kindness!

Feb. 24.—With what surprise will I lift up mine eyes on the heavenly glories, and gaze with wonder on the ravishing displays of infinite perfections! It is my shame and sin to know so little of that triumphant state that I am so soon to enter upon; and the reason is, the things of time so engross my meditations, that heavenly things are strangers there. O to be crucified to the world, and to get the world crucified to me! It will be sad, and unlike an heir of heaven, to die with the world in my heart, and die shortly I must. I have nothing to do with such a load of cares, since allowed, yea, called and invited, to cast them all on God; but my whole soul may open to the joys of heaven, and the eternal enjoyment of God.

Tuesday, March 5.—I adore divine sovereignty; for since my boy began to recover, a near neighbour, in the vigour of life, the head of a family, is taken off by death! O that my child may live to serve God! and may I never forget that *I cannot now live long!*

Aug. 9.—A neighbour of mine has got such a sudden call into the invisible world, as calls aloud to be always ready! He visits an acquaintance, and stays till ten o'clock at night returns home, goes to bed, and early this morning he mingles in the world of spirits. O to be wise, then, and to do every thing as it were my last action, and to have nothing to do at last, but to depart and be forever with the Lord! As interested in the affairs of this life, as connected with dying creatures, I may be surprised; but as an heir of God, as an expectant of glory, I shall never be taken unawares by death, being in a state of immutable security, and dwelling under the wings of the Eternal.

Oct. 6.—Sometimes I have promised myself, in such an ordinance, and at such a season, that I should enjoy communion with God: the season has come, and I have been disappointed; but I have one sweet prospect, that there is a period not far distant, when I shall enjoy full, and free, and uninterrupted communion with God. In the heavenly state, I shall not be vexed with one distracted thought, not a meditation shall be barren of God.

Jan. 2, 1794.—When heavenly wisdom has pronounced all to be vanity, how can I expect but to find abundant vex-

ation? But when the days of my mourning are ended, in the state of glory, I shall find superabundant consolation.

Tuesday, March 11.—O to prepare for death in good earnest, for death is a matter of the last importance! Mistakes in every human thing can be mended, or ended in death, but a mistake in death is fatal. When I hear some talk of death with so much ease, of whose state I have mournful forebodings, I am afraid I also deceive myself, and go down to the pit with a lie in my right hand. But I beg the Searcher of hearts to try me, cast out every wicked thing in me, and lead me in his way everlasting.

Tuesday April 1.—I have long been conversant in this world, but it is now high time that I look forward to a world to come. I may expect changes here, but the prospect of my last change may silence me under all. If the heavenly glories blazed in mine eye as they ought, if uninterrupted communion with God was esteemed by me as it should be, the prospect of my departure would fill me with unspeakable joy; but I am carnal, sold unto sin, a slave to sense. But he who is the author, is also the finisher of faith; and this is my comfort.

April 23.—Friends and acquaintance are dropping into the grave around me, and call to me, “you must follow soon.” But what shall I say of a departing soul? It is easy for friends to believe their deceased relations gone to glory, if they had any thing of the form of godliness. Yea, it is easy for a soul to deceive himself, and to have false hopes of heaven, when not far from hell. A partial reformation, honesty, and sobriety, and a performance of some duties, though the heart be never changed, fosters the delusion. However he may shine in the eyes of some men, still he is a stranger to the plagues of his own heart, is a stranger to communion with God, and knows nothing of living by faith on the Son of God. On the brink of eternity, let trifles never raise my spirits, but the near prospect of the eternal enjoyment of God; and when I come to die, if I have the use of my tongue, let me not be ashamed to speak of religion, and for God.

Tuesday, May 6.—I cannot but be much astonished at that fatal stupidity in which some men die. But since the scripture pronounces the sinner spiritually dead, why should I be surprised to find him insensible in the midst of danger, and thoughtless on the brink of hell? Nothing less than the Spirit of God can convince us of our sin and misery; and where his divine power is never felt, no wonder that the soul be insensible, under a weight that might grind the creation to

powder ! Therefore, to see so many persons enter on their eternal state, without any concern at all, is rather a proof of their desperate situation, than of their triumphant entry into glory. But the day is not now far distant, when I must enter on mine eternal state ! O that I may not die with the foolhardiness of the Roman, but with the humble faith of the Christian ; and knowing in whom I have believed, and to whom I have committed the keeping of my soul, smile in the face of dissolution itself.

May 18.—On my entrance into heaven, I shall find a sweet change, not only of my state, but of the frame of my soul : every faculty shall be full of God, and every power of soul shall centre on God. What a pleasant prospect this to the poor saint, who is daily harassed with worldly thoughts, and a wandering heart ; and at his best times sorely buffeted by the grand enemy ! But rest on the back of such toil, and victory on the back of such a conflict, will be doubly sweet ; and of such a rest, and such a victory, every saint may rest secured.

Birth-day, May 30.—Every birth-day brings me nearer to the day of my death ; but how sad, if still the soul and the affections are indifferent, or averse to the state of glory ! O to know something of *looking* for, and *hastening* unto the coming of the day of God ! Let me be loosening my affections from the creature more and more, as I am nearer and nearer my last farewell of all created things.

Tuesday, June 3.—The shortness of life, and the certainty of death, take off something of the bitterness of some afflictions that befall us in life. But O ! the blessed prospect of an eternity of glory, and that almost at the door, may make us sing through the whole vale of woe !

Tuesday, July 1.—To be guided by the heavenly counsel through life, and afterward received to glory, makes our pilgrimage pleasant, and our death comfortable ; but to have the creature only for our portion, and time to measure the duration of our felicity, gives us a melancholy life, and a miserable latter end !

Tuesday, Aug. 5.—Two days ago I was seized with a looseness, which detained me from our sacrament ; and every attack, however trifling, is a forerunner of the grand attack, which shall end in death. And thus I am reproved for not improving, and highly esteeming, former opportunities ; called to gratitude for so many opportunities, and for such a good state of health so long enjoyed ; and admonished to embrace every opportunity to commemorate my Saviour's death,

and nourish my own soul ; and, finally, to go about every duty as it were to be my last. Nor can I say how soon the time may come, when I shall be no more able to attend the public ordinances. But here is a counterbalance to all that can happen in time, that it cannot be very long till I shall worship day and night in his temple ; and, being fixed as a pillar there, shall go no more out.

Sept. 7.—My heart this day is filled with gratitude to my Divine Preserver ; and when a few days more are given, how should they be spent in preparation for death, and improvement for heaven ! Two days ago I received a kick from my horse, which had very near proved fatal ; but he keepeth all my bones, that not one of them is broken.

October.—He that gives his people an easy death, can bring them in safety through all the storms and tempests of life ; for in the roaring of the sea he rules, and stills the swelling waves.

Tuesday, Oct. 7.—Afflictions, uncommon and trying afflictions, may do us much good, by loosening us from the world, and making us welcome the hour of our departure. It gives me some comfort, that my journey through the howling wilderness, the thorny path of life, is another month shorter, and that I shall shortly reach the promised land.

Oct. 24.—Though I should not wish for death out of a fit of discontent, or for heaven only because greatly afflicted on earth, yet when surrounded with distressing spectacles of sin, when griefs, heart-piercing griefs, pour in on every hand, when persons we are interested in seem under the dominion of Satan, and afflictions, like waves of the sea, dash on us from every quarter, then the faith of the eternal enjoyment of God will support the soul under all.

Tuesday, Dec. 2.—To what purpose is long life, unless we live to God, and do good in our generation ? O ! with what awful wastes of time do I charge myself ! O to work hard in the evening of my life, for the night is fast approaching, wherein no man can work. Die we young, or die we old, nothing should be left for a death-bed, but to die. The experience of thousands confirms this. And to be prepared for death like a Christian, (but O how little is this thought of, and sought after !) is a nobler attainment than the conquest of kingdoms, or the dominion of the universe.

Friday, Jan. 2, 1795.—Yesterday, being the first day of the year, my neighbour of long standing was removed by death. We all expected the event, but it is a change that baffles description, and exceeds all our conception. Lately

he had none around him but friends and acquaintances, now he mingles with an immortal and innumerable multitude. From the midst of all his temporal concerns, he is carried to the tribunal of the great God, to have his state fixed for eternity ; and O the wonders that must rise around him ! Indeed he wished to meet death, as conquered by his Saviour's death; and no other way can we look this king of terrors in the face.

Tuesday, Jan. 6.—The mercy that has supported me so long should be the burden of my song, and the support of my hoar-hairs. And though the dead cannot praise thee among the living here, yet the soul of a departed saint can praise thee better than below ; can praise thee with full bent of soul, with every power enlarged and elevated, without sinning and without ceasing. The men of this world make a figure in the things of time ; but when I look into eternity, I find a terrible reverse of circumstances. The most afflicted saint is happy above conception, the most aggrandized sinner is miserable beyond description ! What then are a few moments of sorrow to an eternity of communion with God and the Lamb !

Tuesday Feb. 3.—This day, oppressed with a great cold, I find my lungs stifled, and not able to perform their functions with ease as formerly. But, alas ! while I am thus admonished of my departure, how do I cleave to life, and long to continue my pilgrimage below ! But though thirty years preparation for death cannot make willing at every time to die, yet strength in time of need, and grace for a dying hour, will make death easy at last.

Wednesday, March 4.—From a most dangerous situation, in which I continued for two or three weeks, I am now greatly recovered ; but I am ashamed before my heavenly Father, that I should in the least dispute his holy will. O how rich is his grace, and how tender his love ! He has kindly restored me to health ; may I never forget my resolutions, nor for what I wished to live a little longer. I see that past attainments can do nothing in new difficulties. I must daily and hourly receive grace from Christ for what I may be daily and hourly called to.

Tuesday, April 7.—When good Hezekiah was in the near prospect of his dissolution, he turns his face from all his courtiers, and towards the wall ; so, in view of my departure, I should bid farewell to all, not only to my acquaintance, but to my nearest connections, to the wife of my bosom, and the children of mine own bowels. And while I foresee a sepa-

ration among all these, I from them, or they from me, may I have an interest in the best of friends, from whom even death shall not separate me !

Birth-day, May 30.—This day I acknowledge the goodness of God that has preserved me so long alive, even till I am old and grey-headed. I also desire to look on myself as on the brink of eternity, and that I must soon associate with a world of spirits ; but while my connections and relations may cause me sorrow upon sorrow, not one of all the heavenly assembly shall cause me feel the least pain.

Thursday, June 4.—I am admonished of my departure every day, while my acquaintance, and all younger than myself, are carried off the stage. A moment is little to a year, but sixty or seventy years are less to eternity. While I am in the valley of tears, it is much that I am not always mourning, but have now and then a song in my mouth, while Providence deals kindly, and a gracious God prevents my fears.

Tuesday, Aug. 4.—The fear of natural death has been distressing to some who were ripe for glory, and panting for God ; but he who takes away the sting of death, can support under the pangs of dissolution ; and though the battle should be sore, it will be but short, and the faith of victory may well support the combatant. But, above all things, having such a second on my side, from whose love death cannot separate, may fill me with Christian courage in my last conflict.

Tuesday, Sept. 1.—Death closes the campaign to the soldier, and even sets the Christian at eternal rest from all his foes and all his fears ; so that this king of terrors, under the direction of the king of glory, is the Christian's best friend.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—The Governor of heaven has been pleased to bestow summer-days on the end of harvest this season, which is an uncommon kindness. So when death, which is commonly a day of trouble and distress, a day of clouds and thick darkness, comes upon me, who can tell but my kind Lord may make my day bright with his heavenly beams, and so shed his love abroad in my heart, that I shall walk singing in the solitary vale, and shout, “ O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ? ”

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—How many persons die that never have one serious thought of death ! But a leap in the dark here is dreadful, and to die in uncertainty is truly terrible ! A strong faith in him who can forgive all my sins, who is the resurrection and the life, and who can take away the sting of death, only can support me in prospect of death, judgment, and eternity.

Tuesday, March 1, 1796.—Well may the grave be called the land of forgetfulness; how soon are our near neighbours and dear relations forgot! but no matter; they are happy in the company they enjoy, and in the communion they maintain with God in Christ Jesus forever.

Tuesday, April 5.—Threescore and ten years measure the life of old men, (for millions die before); then, how few years do I want of that number! while another inspired penman forbids me to boast of to-morrow, because I know not what a day may bring forth! Then, I see that eternity is at hand! But how happy if death delivers me from all evil, from sin, and from Satan, and puts me in possession of heavenly glories, and eternal communion with God!

Birth-day, May 30.—This day again I acknowledge the divine kindness, that has preserved me so long in being; and I desire to fix it in my mind, that the time of my departure cannot be far away. O that I may walk as an heir of heaven, as a candidate for glory! I commit all my concerns to him who is the Living God, when I am no more.—And I approve of his all-wise providence with respect to the time and manner of my death.

Tuesday, June 7.—Like Isaac, I may say, “I am old, and know not the day of my death;” but, like Job, I will say, “All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.” O to be meditating more on the heavenly state, on the glories of the unseen world, as I must soon take farewell of this!

July 11.—It has pleased Heaven to increase my family, and I plead that he may put them all among his children, and give them the Spirit of adoption, whereby they may cry, Abba, Father. They may soon lose their earthly, but they can never lose their heavenly Father; and that is my comfort.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.—Is it possible, that the nearer I approach to death, death should be more seldom in my view, a future state more seldom in my meditations? In a little I must bid a final farewell to the whole creation, and enter on my eternal state; and O what trifles are all the affairs of life compared to this!

Tuesday, Oct. 4.—Were I in a right frame, I would long for the day of my departure from vexation and vanity, from disappointment and pain, in a word, from temptation and sin; yes, and long for my arrival at my Father’s house, and for my entering on the enjoyment of all divine blessings, even on eternal communion with God!

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—For a long time I have believed that I might die, but henceforth I wish to believe that I must die. He that is arrived at threescore and six, does not want much of fourscore, but less of threescore and ten.

Tuesday, Dec. 6.—When attacked with any complaint that seems to bring death along, why am I unwilling to depart? I desire to put death and life into thy hand, and to say Amen to all that thou dost. But if the lengthening of my life may advance thy declarative glory, besides my other views as a parent, with submission I would plead for it.

Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1797.—For some time past I have had a near interview with death, and it is serious work to die, but I know in whom I have believed; yet, in view of preparing some things for the press, and for the sake of my young family, I have implored my heavenly Father to spare me a little; but I wish to be resigned to his conduct that cannot err, and whose love will give what is good. Henceforth, I wish to be crucified to the world, and the world to me, and henceforth to look upon myself, by this dangerous complaint in my lungs, like a tenant that has got a summons of removal, so that nothing remains but to be finally cast out. As afflictions sometimes come not alone, so five children had the measles almost at once; so mercies come not alone, for these children are all recovered. What shall I render to his name!

Tuesday, Feb. 7.—Though my recovery be slow, yet this day I am much better, and am going abroad again. May I never forget this long lesson of mortality, but walk like an expectant of a blessed immortality, all my short life.

Tuesday, March 7.—Our youngest child for some weeks past has been getting teeth, and seized with a fever; and though sometimes a little better, yet the fever returned, and cut her off. Yesterday she was interred. On recollection, I find that the spring has been a seed-time of sorrow to me. For in the beginning of this month, twenty-seven years ago, died my sister Margaret; and in the beginning of the same month, my daughter Margaret is mingled with the dead.—Here sovereignty shines; I am spared to many years, my pleasant infant is taken away. In a little it will be eternity with us all, so that survivors have little cause either to boast or to mourn. Our best wisdom will be, to hold a loose gripe of every comfort that can perish, and to fasten our gripes of eternal things. The more we have our conversation in heaven, the less will the changes of time distress us.

Tuesday, April 4.—I am still kept in the furnace, and have often releases, and though still walking about, yet, when I walk any distance, I am greatly fatigued. On the one hand, I would wish to be resigned to death, if appointed at this time, and would commit all my cares and concerns into my heavenly Father's hand, who does all things well. On the other hand, as there is no remembrance of God in death, nor can those that lie in their grave praise him among the children of men, I would fain exalt his name among my fellow-creatures, ere I go hence and be no more. But as I cannot judge for myself, so I desire not to chuse for myself, but to commit the whole matter to my gracious God.

April 29.—For a fortnight I have been better than at any period since I fell ill: What shall I render to the Lord for all his kindness to me! But while I am spared, my acquaintance is called hence in the morning watch. He goes to his bed in his usual valetudinary state, but he awakes with spirits, and in the invisible world. He gets no time to give a parting advice, and departs without a spectator.

Birth-day, May 30.—Those who observe their birth-day only by feasting, when it happens on the Lord's day, must, for common decency, defer it till Monday; but the child of God, the expectant of glory, may, on this holy day, have a spiritual feast, and bless God for his loving-kindness, that has followed him, like Israel's stream in the wilderness, for threescore and seven years. O now to be willing and ready to leave the desert, and to enter into the heavenly Canaan, and the eternal enjoyment of God and the Lamb!

Tuesday, June 6.—How soon are dead friends forgot! but my divine Redeemer will not forsake me in death, will not forsake me in the grave, but will, at the great day, come and call me home to his kingdom and glory; and death shall make no inroads into the heavenly family.

Tuesday, July 4.—Already the day begins to shorten, and summer flies away,—emblem of mine own decline; but what a sweet scene, what a bright prospect, opens on the back of death! complete deliverance from a worldly mind, from all sin, temptation, and sorrow, from pain and death, and full communion with God and the Lamb evermore!

Tuesday, Aug. 1.—I find myself a dying creature, I carry disease in my body; O to prepare for my departure, and to improve all my time for thy glory, and the good of souls! I wish to have mine anchor within the veil, and then shall I be safe in spite of all the storms and tempests that can blow!

Tuesday, Oct. 3.—Alas! how seldom do I think on death! how little do I prepare for my latter end! and yet I walk on the verge of the grave, on the borders of eternity.—There is no folly like spiritual folly; but it is high time for me now to be wise, and to prepare for my approaching change.

Tuesday, Nov. 7.—Our acquaintance, if gathered together, would be a great multitude, but nothing to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which the saints join immediately after death. At death I must leave my family, and lose my friends; but I shall sustain no loss, for I shall join the heavenly, and find myself in a world of friends.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—As I am far advanced in life, I would wish to be like one of those faithful servants, who with loins girded, and lights burning, wait their Lord's return from the wedding, that when he knocks they may open to him immediately. So would I wish, when death comes, to be both ready and willing to die.

Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1798.—May I never forget that I am walking on the brink of the grave, on the borders of the invisible world; and O how near was I to eternity three weeks ago, when thrown from my horse! I had my collar-bone broken, and my side bruised; it was a kind providence that my skull was not fractured, or I killed outright. I have been confined to my room, but am now much better; and even in my distress I have had kind providences to remark. Henceforth, may I improve time in view of eternity; and whatsoever my hand findeth to do, do it with all my might, for there is neither work nor device in the silent grave, whither I go.

Friday, Feb. 6.—I have had so much trouble on my body lately as might give me views of approaching dissolution; and nothing can be more fit for me than to review my evidences for heaven; but whatever clouds may overshadow me, upon this rock will I sit down, “Whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.” Thus shall I be safe in the trials of life, safe in the jaws of death, and safe through the ages of eternity.

Tuesday, April 3.—As I am walking on the brink of the invisible world, and know not how soon I must enter in, to think of that state, so awful and unknown, is a distressing thought. But he that is my God, my Guide, my Portion, and my Comforter here, will be my God, my Guide, my Portion, and my Comforter there; for I may change my

place but not my company. Wherever I am, I am still with thee, whether on thy footstool, or at thy throne.

Tuesday, June 5.—I need not go abroad the world, to the death of my fellow-creatures, to seek admonitions to expect and prepare for death, since in mine own frailty I have a daily monitor of my approaching end. If I go up hill or up stairs, my throbbing breast says to me, that I must shortly go down to the chambers of death.

Tuesday Oct. 2.—I feel my strength fail, I feel my frailty increase, and yet how difficult to have a belief of death in my mind! It is easy to confess with the lip that I am mortal, but does this belief run through my conversation, and wean me from the whole creation?

Tuesday, Nov. 6.—Many an interview have I had with the king of terrors, but now we seem to come to close quarters; I find my natural strength greatly gone, and disease attacking my lungs. This is like engaging with the van of the enemy, and none can say how soon the main body may be upon me. The conflict may be sore, but the victory shall be sweet; and though the river be rapid, and the passage boisterous, yet the land of promise is on the other side.

Tuesday, Dec. 4.—Now when in the decline of life, and in prospect of approaching dissolution, what an unspeakable privilege is an interest in Jesus! The friendship and company of the great is always trifling, sometimes sinful; but this friendship is light in darkness, and life in death.

22.—When I began these thoughts more than thirty years ago, death and I might be said to be like two enemies on the field of battle, uncertain when they would engage; but now, every thing considered, we may be said to be like two armies just shouting for the battle.

A father calls home his son, whom he finds engaged in some favourite play with his young companions, dear to him from their infancy: the boy obeys; but comes away grumbling and murmuring at his father's call; but he no sooner is entered into the house, than he is dressed in a fine new suit of cloathes highly to his taste; and he learns that there is to be a vast concourse of friends, for whom is provided a sumptuous feast; and that there is to be music, and every thing grand at this banquet, where he is to be admitted a guest. His thoughts run all in another channel. He chides himself for murmuring at his father's call, and blesses the voice that called him away. Just so, when I am called into the invisible world, I shall be cloathed with the white linen of Christ's righteousness, with the garments of glory. I shall

join the general assembly and church of the first-born, sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and hear the song of songs above. Then shall I be dead to all concern with the affairs of this life; to the endearments of friends; to the relations of husband and parent; and wholly taken up with that high, that eternal state.

Tuesday Jan. 1, 1799.—I am favoured with the dawn of another day, with the first day of another year; but how soon the shadows of the evening ~~may~~ fall on me, I cannot say: but let me walk in the light of thy countenance, and the darkness of death shall not terrify me.

14.—The disorder that formerly attacked my lungs, and for some time past made me quite out of breath by walking a short way, is this day greatly gone! What shall I render to my heavenly physician?

Wednesday, Feb. 6.—The great mistake I and many of my fellow-creatures fall into, is thinking this world our home, and that death is a casting us out of our dear home into a foreign and unknown land; whereas, we should look on ourselves as sojourners and pilgrims, travelling through a wilderness to our native country. Then, we should not always look on death with a fallen countenance, but with a cheerful face.

May 7.—If I find delight in visiting a select company of friends, surely no where have I more or better friends, than in the invisible world: There have I beloved acquaintances and companions, dear brothers and sisters, my honoured parents, the children of mine own bowels, and the beloved wife of my bosom. Now, immediately on my entering on that state, I shall have the sweetest fellowship with them, being delivered from all sin, and raised above all infirmity.

Birth-day, May, 30.—My birth-day brought me into this world, but the day of death will be my better birth-day into a more noble world, more noble society, and more noble employment.

Tuesday, June 4.—What majestic and glorious prospects shall open to me on the back of death, I cannot tell; but they are all summed up and included in this, I shall see God.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.—I should go about the affairs of my family, the duties of my station, and the concerns of this life as the children of Israel did eat the first passover in Egypt, with my loins girded, and the staff in mine hand, ready to commence my journey at all times, being assured that the command will shortly come. And with what joy may I look forward to my departure, since I shall not, like them,

travel to a Red Sea, or to a waste and howling wilderness, but to the land of promise, the heavenly Canaan, the paradise of God !

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—I am now so far advanced in life, that I should expect death to attend every indisposition ; but let me commit the hour of my departure, as well as the salvation of my soul, to God. To be habitually prepared for death, and willing to be gone at any time, will not bring my removal a moment sooner ; but when it comes, will make it comfortable and easy.

Tuesday, Nov. 5.—How kind is God to his people, that when the world is of little comfort to them, and they of little use in the world, he takes them to himself ; and in the mean time, compass them about with his favour as with a shield ! How sweet to a person whose brow is full of wrinkles, and whose hairs are grey, should that promise be, “Even to your old age I am he, and even to your hoar-hairs will I carry you !”

Tuesday, Dec. 2.—This day I have so much trouble on my body, as may convince me that I am a dying creature ; and to my gracious Redeemer I commit the time of my departure, whether the present distress shall issue in death, or if he shall be pleased to add a little to my life ; but while I live, let me never be ashamed of being on the side of heaven.

SECRET SURVEY

INTO

THE STATE OF THE SOUL

Plymouth, Sept. 14. 1760.

NOTHING is more incumbent on a Christian than to make his calling and election sure ; and when this is cleared up, nothing can be a greater comfort ; and every man should try his state, and walk accordingly, even hold what he has attained, or reach forward to apprehend what he has not yet apprehended.

Should I be ashamed to confess to God the great things he has done for me, at which I am astonished ? but let the praise be only his. However I have gone after vanities, yet I can, through grace, say with the psalmist, None for me but God ; heaven and earth are shadows without him, but he is my portion, and my all ; I love him for himself, for his holiness, for his love ; I set nothing above him, I seek nothing beside him, but count God reconciled in Christ a treasure sufficient to enrich eternity itself. All my fear is lest I offend him, all my desire is to please him, all my ambition is to be like him, I dispute not his will, I repine not at his providence ; for when repinings arise, as too oft they do, I represent to myself his love, his wisdom, his promise ; whence I infer, that he cannot order wrong for me. True, I daily fail ; but I daily bewail myself, and daily dip myself in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.

My graceless companions are my daily grief, and I bewail over those to God, who never bewail themselves. I shun the company of the wicked, and where necessarily cast into it, I am uneasy all the while. I esteem the saints very highly, even the excellent ones of the earth. Prayer is my dai-

ly exercise ; and though too oft formal and full of destrac-
tions, yet it is the joy of my soul. I make the sins of the
land my burden, and the sins of the whole world my con-
cern. Jews and Pagans, deluded Turks and Papists, have
a part in my supplications, and all the churches of the Re-
formation in my prayers. When religion suffers, I burn ;
when it triumphs, I rejoice. I have not an enemy in the whole
world but I desire to forgive, as I expect to be forgiven. The
rising generation dwells on my mind, and I plead with God
in their behalf. Above all things in the world, were I qua-
lified, I would fain serve God in the gospel of his son. O ! I
esteem it more to win one soul from hell, than to sway the
sceptre of the universe. I dare not seek learning now, though
I have done it too long, to be learned, but to be useful. I
dare not cherish vain schemes about future times, but com-
mit my lot to God. I count that day idly spent, wherein I
have not some divine meditations. I rejoice in hope of the
glory of God, and wait for Christ from heaven. I count the
Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honourable. I
have joy in believing on the unseen Christ, whom the highest
heavens contain till the restitution of all things. I have had
a turbulent spirit often, when misused as I thought ; but now
I desire to bear down pride and self-conceit, to overlook re-
proaches, forget affronts, and forgive injuries. When I awake
in the morning, I am with thee, and my meditation of the
Most High affords me sweet thoughts. The light of thy coun-
tenance makes me exceeding glad, and gives me greater joy
than those whose corn and wine increase. Some sins, I con-
fess, more easily beset me than others, but these I desire to
guard against ; and I allow not myself in any known sin.
Hence I see, that what I am, I am by grace, and not by na-
ture. But my daily vain thoughts and errors who can under-
stand, for they are innumerable ? yet my daily complaint is
against them, "O who shall deliver me from this body of
death ?" and my continual struggle is to oppose them.

As to manifestations, I dare not build on them, but on the
solid promises, which in Christ are yea and amen ; yet do I
desire to walk always with him, and in the light of his coun-
tenance to go on rejoicing, and mourn when I go without the
sun. My daily fear is, that I am growing worse, and not bet-
ter, going backward, and not forward ; and my cry is, O that
it were with me as in months past, as in former times ! I de-
sire to rejoice in the gifts and graces of others, as if they
were mine own, and not to have an evil eye, because God is
good, and gives others more than me.

Of all changes, death is the most shocking ; of all trials, judgment is the most tremendous ; of all states, the other world is most unknown : yet let my soul bless his name for ever, when I have seemed in the arms of death by sickness, I could, with a sound mind and unshaken faith, knowing in whom I had believed, say with the psalmist, " Into thy hands I commit my spirit, O God of truth ! who hast redeemed me." And when an event happened in the heat of an engagement, which made me think that I should go to the deep in a moment, with a serenity of mind which yet refreshes me, I commended my soul into his hand, in view of passing into the world of spirits.

Sept. 24. 1760.—Alas ! I have sometimes odd thoughts arising in my mind, which I can scarce think are mine ; but if they are mine, I immediately bewail them, and myself for them, and beg both pardon for them, and preservation from them for the future ; and if they are injections of Satan, I strive to suppress them, and reject them with all haste, as we would quench fire without delay ; and sometimes I get them smothered in their formation, praise to sovereign grace ! These things make me humble, and a daily suppliant to free grace, and give a continued demonstration of mine own abominable vileness. O ! what a mass of hell is my corrupt nature, on the one hand ; but how prevalent is true grace on the other, through which I hope I can say, Thanks be to God that giveth me the victory.

Another thing I condemn myself in is, a too great delight in the creature, and having pleasure in the possession of any worldly thing. But as in the day of adversity I am to consider, so in the day of prosperity I not only may, but should be joyful ; so, that I might not err, I resolved these things : 1. To accept every blessing with a cheerful countenance, and thankful heart, from God. 2. To see that my thankfulness, both to God and my fellow-creatures, increases with the increase of worldly good things, as he that farms much land pays more than he that farms less. 3. To look on all creature-enjoyments as common mercies, promiscuously dealt to saints and sinners, of which the last have often the largest share. 4. To fix their fleeting nature in my mind, and neither boast of, nor build upon them ; remembering, that he who was one of the greatest men of the east to-day, was a poor naked Job to-morrow. 5. Not to have an exceeding joy in any thing beside Christ. 6. And, therefore, to hold all things as it were at a moment's warning, even friends and relations, which are the dearest of worldly enjoyments, to be

delivered back at his call, even with Job's benediction, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." 7. That any thing which may ever fall to my lot in the world, through grace, shall no way justle itself into the seat of God in my soul, or take off my meditation from that purchased possession, that inheritance of glory which fadeth not away. 8. To use common things with Christian caution, and as one that must answer for all things in the day of judgment, even to my meat, my drink, and mine apparel. Thus would I wish to use the world as not abusing it, because the time is short till I am no more. And such an one should be, if he weep, as though he wept not ; if he rejoice, as though he rejoiced not ; and if he buy, as though he possessed not.

At sea, south lat. 26°. May 21, 1761.—For some time past, though the iniquities of my heels have been many, yet God has done wonders for my soul. Grace lives within, and there is a longing kindled in my breast, that I hope will never abate till I see my beloved face to face. The sins of my secrecy cause both my shame and sorrow before him who seeth in secret ; and his wonderful, triumphant, victorious love, (let every saint commend it, and eternity continue the encomium), that will not be provoked to depart from me, increases my grief for sin. O how can I sin against his goodness ! how can I forget his love, or offend his holiness, and abuse his fatherly kindness ! I desire to keep conscience always awake, that it may roar aloud against my sins, and give me no rest, till, by fresh acts of faith, I apply the blood of him that speaketh better things than that of Abel, even peace to them that are afar off, and to them that are near.

In my studies I find a dryness, and can toil hours together on an Hebrew Bible, and yet, while only seeking the meaning and roots of words, not behold the beauties in the oracles of truth ; and this is a misfortune always attending the young student, or studies lately begun. But, in view of future advantage to the soul or the church, this burden is to be borne, and I therefore appoint so many hours for such studies, and some time for meditation and reading on other subjects or studies. I try to refresh my soul by spiritualising the subjects in a momentary meditation ; but O how happy that golden age of eternity, when God and Christ shall be my whole study, and not one distracting thought !

Sept. 6, 1761.—As the traveller Zionward should be always making progress on his journey, so should he still examine his state for the present, and see how matters stand

with him. In like manner, I should ask my soul the following queries, and let conscience, as in the sight of God, make the answer.

Have I seen myself lost by nature, an heir of wrath, and child of hell?

Have I seen God's equity with respect to the covenant of works, and condemning a fallen world in the loins of our first parents?

Have I been convinced of the depravity of my nature, the lethargy of my conscience, the darkness of my understanding, the hardness of my heart, the stubbornness of my will, and the deadness of my whole inner man, and consequently of my utter inability to help myself?

Have I seen the vast demand of the divine law, that will take no less than complete satisfaction for offences, and requires perfect, personal, and perpetual obedience, with the superadded curse for the least failure?

Have I then looked upward, and seen an angry God? looked to the scripture, and seen a fiery law? looked inward, and seen a deformed, guilty, ugly monster? looked forward to futurity, and seen wrath the portion of my cup, hell the hot of mine inheritance, and so in all respects seen myself lost and undone?

But then, have I seen, with exceeding great joy, help laid on ONE mighty to save, and have I run into the arms of this gracious Redeemer to be saved from sin and wrath? Have I taken his complete righteousness, his spotless life, and meritorious death, for my complete righteousness, and sole title to justification and eternal life?

Do I endeavour to walk as under the law to Christ, in all holy conversation and godliness, and account myself, though freed from it as a covenant and its curse, yet bound by the strongest bonds to walk as he also walked?

Does my admiration of created excellencies daily diminish, and mine estimate of heavenly things daily rise and grow?

Do I frequently converse with my own heart, survey my inner man, and examine the state of my soul?

Are my meditations on things that while I view them vanish, or on a precious Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever?

Do I watch against sins of omission, as well as sins of commission, against the iniquity of my thoughts, as well as the iniquity of my heels?

Am I not only burdened with corruption that rises within me, but with sin that rages around me, and zealous for the Redeemer's glory, both in my own breast, and abroad in the world?

Are religious exercises my continual delight, and more esteemed than my necessary food?

Can I forgive mine enemies, even the most cruel, with the greatest alacrity, and sincerely seek the prosperity of my inveterate foes?

Do I resign myself wholly to the divine disposal of providence, and welcome its most unwelcome dispensations, because of him that sends them?

Am I, under the rod, more desirous to be refined from sin, than brought forth out of the furnace of affliction?

Do I esteem the meanest saint more precious than gold, even such an one than the gold wedge of Ophir, and make them my companions, while I shun to sit with the carnal and profane?

Is my delight in the house where God's honour, yea, where the God of glory dwells? and are the public ordinances, where I hear the glad tidings of eternal things, as refreshing to me as cold water is to the thirsty soul?

Do I keep a court within, and often sit judge on myself, that at last I may not be judged and condemned?

Is it my daily endeavour to grow in the knowledge of God my Saviour, and draw nearer and nearer to his throne?

How do I stand it, when I see myself ill used, contemned, affronted, or hear that I am ill spoken of, and my character wounded, though without a cause? am I then humble, meek, patient, peaceable, and silent? or turbulent, angry, passionate, contentious, and clamorous?

Am I conscientious in the discharge of all Christian duties, public as well as private, in my family as well as in my closet, in my station, and among my relations?

Is death no strange theme among my meditations, nor I altogether unacquainted with the dark apartments of the grave?

Do the forethoughts of that eternal communion which all the elect shall enjoy above, afford me a joy superior to all the anguish which ever presses on me?

Am I not only a daily penitent for all my sins and shortcomings, but also denied daily to all my gifts and graces, my most heavenly frames and highest attainments, and daily seek, that all I have, all I do, and all I am, may be accepted ONLY in the BELOVED?

Nov. 20, 1763.—Through various changes my natural life is preserved ; but O where is my growth in grace, and the daily renewing of my inner man ? My cares multiply, my business fills my hands, and my fond enterprises fill my head ; but why is not my heart still sacred to God ? Return to my soul, O my God ! that my soul may return to her rest. Surely, in the midst of all my declinings, grace prevails within, for I find no peace but in peace with God, and praise, and prize, and would fain pursue after likeness to God. Sometimes there is a deadness on my soul, and a straitening in prayer : but even here I have hope ; for, 1. All my wants are known to God ; 2. Christ presents the imperfect prayers of his people with his own incense ; 3. I am driven out of all my self-confidence, and wholly lean on him ; 4. I am made to lift mine eye to him, in whom the fulness of the new covenant is treasured up ; and, 5. I am taught to trust nothing to my best frames in time coming.

I desire to set death daily before me, by which I may put a proper estimate on the things of time, and therefore write the Monthly Memorial.

Sept. 23, 1764.—I would fain find God in all things. If he prosper my undertakings, I magnify his goodness ; if he dash them, I own his justice, and adore his sovereignty. If he lead me heavenward in the even way of prosperity and peace, I desire to walk there with gratitude and circumspection ; if in the rugged way of trouble and affliction, I desire to walk there with faith and submission ; having the full assurance, that whatever way he lead me, I shall at last arrive safe at mine eternal home.

For many years I think I have loved God ; and yet, alas ! I find not my love going out on him who overcame the world, as it should. The things of time deserve my loathing, not my love, and yet how often are they like to steal the heart, and love, and all from God. O ! avenge me on mine enemies.

Nov. 24.—I pray for heaven, and expect it at last, and yet I am often surprised that I long not more for it, and wonder if I can be one of those happy Israelites who shall enter into the holy land, the heavenly country, when so content to dwell still in the desert. O to be crucified to the world, and the world to me !

Jan. 4, 1765.—Amidst all my changes, still I hope grace lives ! and though I daily condemn myself, I acknowledge thy goodness. When thou liftest me up and castest me down in some things, I desire to honour thee by an entire

resignation. O to get the stubborn will and rebellious affections bowed to thee, and to have every cross in the world driving me nearer God, and fitting me more and more for heaven! Alas! that my thoughts are so much on the things of time!

21.—In all things I desire to see thy love; if thou castest down in one thing, thou liftest up in another. A little mercy in the world, is a great mercy to one who has a world of mercy to come. I dare not think, that because I love thee and fear thee, it should go so and so with me; but I think, if thou lovest me, it matters not how matters go with me in the world. Well may he that is going to dwell with the King in his palace, put up with a dirty road, and a rainy day.

April 27.—I desire to have this motto in my heart, "Be angry, and sin not." I have sometimes cause to be angry with the men of the world, and yet I would rather chuse to seem, than to be really angry. Thus, by passion under the government of grace, I may prevent the same injury being done to me again and again; thus shall I be wise as the serpent; but I must not repay injuries with injuries, else I would not be harmless as the dove. Yet I think, where the peace of God rules in the heart, there will not be much room for wrath or revenge. I would rather envy the meekness of Moses, and the patience of Job, than the command of the one, and the possessions of the other. O to be daily imitating Jesus, who, when his worst enemies were doing their worst, cried, "Father, forgive them." Forgiveness will be no grief of heart to me, when I arrive at the heavenly throne; and the only way to get the better of a perfidious world, is to be as like God in the world as possible!

Sept. 22.—Many a sad struggle I have, among other things, with vain thoughts, which, like the Canaanites of old, will dwell in my heart. I blame myself, for I lodge them all the week as harmless, and then, on the holy Sabbath, they will neither remove nor be at rest. O! how dangerous to let my mind go too much after the world!

Nov. 14.—This day I essay a fast for sin; but, alas! I know the name, not the nature of sin, and my flinty heart can hardly sorrow for that for which my Lord suffered.—Oh! that I should not only give room in my house, but lodging in my heart, to the crucifiers of the Lord of glory! The blind man sees no faults; so the less I see of sin in and about me, the more blind I may believe myself. The room I sit in just now, is the very picture of my heart; I

see not the least floating dust or wandering atom. But were the clouds scattered, how would the solar beam be loaded with dust above computation, beyond, far beyond belief! So, should the Sun of Righteousness shine into my soul, what reeking abominations and secret sins would be revealed in his ray! Such a sight cannot fail to humble me; and the less I see, the more cause I have of humility, because, to all my other sins, that of spiritual blindness is added. When I look into my heart and practices, how am I driven out of myself! O I think a great sinner must be a great believer! The man that is wrecked on a sand-bank despises help, and thinks to plod to the shore on his own feet, but perishes in the undertaking; he that is drowning in deep waters, catches at the rope thrown in for his relief, and never quits with it till out of danger.

Feb. 8, 1766.—Though I trust not in frames, yet, blessed be his name, my heart has been enlarged for some time past. O hold me by the right hand, then shall my soul follow hard after thee; and not otherwise.

I still lament that I cannot drop some spiritual word *properly* in discourse, when the conversation of all is so vain.

April 12.—O how the day is changed! I pray without the spirit of prayer and supplication. The world is got into my heart, and is the worst enemy to divine love, because it is lawful to give it some part in my concern; but to give it but its own part, and no more, is the hardest lesson in Christianity; and the heaviest curse to exceed; for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

Sept. 14.—Again I sing of his mercy, and O to dwell under the shadow of the Almighty all the days of my life! Alas! I confess I know not whether I grow or not; for if in a thriving condition, why is not every grace stronger, and every corruption weaker than I find them?

Dec. 3.—This day is appointed for a thanksgiving-day, for public mercies being continued in the midst of our manifold sins; and O what double cause of gratitude have I! that I am not made a scandal to religion, a terror to others or myself, that I am not in hell, and have the hopes of heaven! O that my practice, my conversation, my pen, could praise thee for all the mercies, the benefits, the pardons that burden yet support, that load yet relieve, that oppress but comfort, my whole soul!

April 7, 1767.—Many are the wounds the souls of the saints smart under. The foes, the Canaanites, even wicked and horrible thoughts, (whether thrown in by hell, or spued out

by that fountain of uncleanness and corruption in the heart, is hard to say), are numerous. Among which some are like the *Anakims*, of great stature and terrible appearance; by reason of which the poor Christian is but a grasshopper in his own sight. This was mine own case, and a sad one it is; but faith in the God of heaven shall defy not only those giants of hell, but the king of the bottomless pit.

Oct. 22.—It is strange, yea terrible, that an expectant of heaven should be with great difficulty reconciled to go to heaven. I would take it ill if any should tell me, I shall never go to heaven; and yet would be startled if one should tell me, I shall go to heaven to-morrow! Am not I carnal, sold under sin? for if one would give me an estate, I would not defer one day to accept. Has earth thus with me the ascendant of heaven? O for the heavenly mind that will never rest, never be satisfied till in heaven.

Nov. 13.—In what a dangerous situation am I! While I think all is well, the enemy is at the door; for though I think I can say, I hate sin and love holiness, yet I am not aware of the idols that divide my heart from God; and the more harmless, the more dangerous, for the error lies not so much in the act of loving, as in the excess of my love. How sad to find my affections centering on the creature, and delighting in perishing things!

Feb. 27. 1786.—Now and then, for some months past, I have written a few lines, in a poem called *Heaven*, with a view to wean my affections from the world, and that divine things may triumph in my love. But what darkening, diminishing, disadvantageous views of heaven have I, whose words are lost in ignorance, and whose thoughts are swallowed up of inconceivable glory? When I arrive at the state of perfection, my most elaborate performances will be but childish prattlings to the language of glory, and my sweetest numbers but harsh and insignificant sounds to the eternal hallelujah!

July 24.—Nothing is so terrible than by sickness to be brought to the brink of eternity, and the soul eagerly recoiling back to time. I am afraid this was too much my case in my late illness, else why did the world retain its bewitching charms with me, even when my beauty was wasting like a moth? O to be enabled to quit the world at the hour of death, as easily as Elijah let his mantle fall, when he ascended up to everlasting day!

Dec. 21.—Whatever my state be, I desire to lay hold on the promises, that the righteous shall grow as the cedar in

Lebanon, and flourish like the palm-tree. When I seem like the heath in the desert, this shall refresh me.

March 5. 1769.—Discord and contention about trifles with the men of the world, alas ! for some time, has taken off my attention to earthly things ! O how am I to blame ! Though the earth should be removed, and the ocean roar ; though the mountains tumble among the dashing billows, and the rocks tremble before the mighty waves ; still the soul that makes God his refuge and his strength should not in the least be dismayed. When the creator of the ends of the earth rules not in the midst of the earth, then let me feel pain. Like the hedge in the garden, the more I am clipt and kept down in the winter of affliction, even to the apparent spoiling of utility and beauty, yet the more comely, equal, and flourishing shall I be in the summer of glory. Then under my winter-prunings, let me not complain till the sweet summer make amends for all.

Sabbath, April 16.—When I compare past and present times, how am I pained ! Once my time was a time of love ; my meditation of him was sweet ; his candle shined on my head ; and by his light I walked through darkness : but, alas ! for some time past, how have I been sighing and going backward ! a bewitching, in its cares and concern, in its profit and pleasures, in its sorrows and uncertainties, in its projects and plans, has too much tossed my mind like a rolling thing before the whirlwind. Return, O Lord ! how long ? and cause my soul return to her centre, her rest.

Did a pleasant paradise spring up in the wilderness, I might be ready to sit still ; but when Satan, like the fiery serpents,—the world, like the cruel Amelekites,—and corrupt nature, like the barren desert,—all conspire to make my situation dismal and deplorable, no wonder that I long to pass over Jordan, and go in to take eternal possesion of the land of promise.

Jan. 15, 1770.—In all things I should seek communion with God, in his providences, as well as in his ordinances.—I admire, I adore, and would fain doubt no more ; for he that gives me one mercy to-day, can give another to-morrow, and will give what seems good in his sight.

Jan. 28.—Though there is always a real communion, though not always sensible, as well as vital union maintained between the renewed soul and God ; yet at some times, for a few moments, I am favoured with such displays of his love, communications of his grace, glimpses of glory, and foretastes of heaven, that all the powers of my soul are both

refreshed and ravished. Nor dare I challenge this as a delusion, for it comes in a scriptural, rational way ; and always then God is most adored, the Redeemer more endeared, grace more admired, death more welcome, sin more abhorred, earth more despised, and heaven more longed for. Yet this attainment is but of short duration ; for God will have me, even in spiritual things, to walk by faith, and not by sense. What, then, must heaven be, where the joys of God shall pour into the soul through everlasting day ! Hence I may see that vicissitudes await my life below. If I ascend mount Tabor, it is to come down to the valley of Achor ; and if weeping endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. But as on the mountain I should be humble, because the valley lie below ; so in the weeping watches I should hope, because the day shall break, and the shadows flee away.

April 15.—The righteous Judge of all the earth has been pleased to remove a near and dear relative by death ; and O how stupid am I under the stroke ! I see affliction reveals us to ourselves ; for did I think that the loss of my friend would have made a want in my soul, which refused even to be filled with God ? Why did I dream of immortality in the region of death ? This is not my rest ; why, then, take it so much amiss to be disturbed in the land of trouble ?

June 18.—Many a time has a kind providence prevented me with blessings beyond my expectation, and above my faith ; and trials, which in appearance seemed insupportable when approaching, have been light and easy when pressing on me.

Aug. 6.—O how good is it to take God for all ! ! his providence for my treasure, and I have never yet wanted ; his promise for my charter, and I shall never be cheated out of my inheritance ; his Son for my Saviour, and I shall not perish ; and himself in all his fulness for my portion, and I am enriched for eternity.

Nov. 20.—What comfort to the poor buffeted believer, that his High Priest intercedes for him, and in the hour of sad temptation, when like to succumb, sends him such fresh supplies of grace, that he not only stands his ground, but triumphs over his foes ! As I have no strength, why should I have any confidence in myself ? But why should I despond, seeing in Christ I am complete ?

Feb. 14, 1771.—The nearer any comet comes to the sun, the nearer any body falls to its centre, the motion is always the quicker, and sometimes amazingly rapid. How sad, then, is my case, that the nearer I come to the Sun of Right-

eousness, the centre of my soul, my motion is more dull, and my progression more slow! There must be some false centres that draw my soul aside from God ; O to have them all removed, and fly to him alone !

March 23.—Instead of being surprised when disappointed by the world, I should wonder that disappointments come not oftener, and they are not of a more disconsolating nature. Sometimes I am tempted to envy some flourishing men ; but I have three antidotes against this mental disease, when my soul, returning to herself, has time to apply them. 1. I see but a few that I envy, but I see many who may envy me. 2. It is but when seen in such and such a point of view, or in such a certain circumstance ; for, completely taken, I would change lots with none. 3. The love of God makes up all.

April 21.—Vexed with wanderings, and distressed with impertinent rovings, I bewail myself, that I should not wait with more stayedness of heart on God in his own ordinances ; but if I have pleasure in religious duties, in spite of all the pain and tumult that is raised by indwelling sin, what pleasure, ecstasy, and delight, shall I share in the glorified state—where nothing around shall disturb me, nothing within shall distress me, but God be all in all.

April 4, 1772.—The soul is never disappointed in any thing, who may claim God as his portion. In every thing I offend, but in all things the God I serve is gracious ; therefore my offences shall be forgiven. The lot that God appoints for me, will account good, and cheerfully accept of merely because it is his appointment. In a word, I condemn myself, I acquit God, and am resigned, in the sweet hopes that better things are in reserve for me.

June 28.—This Sabbath how have I been oppressed even with infirmity, so that I could not properly attend to the things that were spoken ! If wanderings one day, and weariness another, distress of body, and distractions of mind, thus attack me—shall not I be compelled, not only to welcome, but to long for death, to translate me to the perfect state ?

Sept. 26.—Careful about many things, I have much cause to fear that I forget the one thing needful ! O that I could shake myself loose of the world, for I cannot carry the world with me to heaven ! O ! then, to carry heaven with me through the world, the heavenly mind, the heavenly conversation, and the heavenly speech !

Feb. 2, 1773.—If the path of the upright be like the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day,

what shall I say or think of myself, who seem to be sighing and going backwards ?

It is customary to complain, and we are apt to think, that to condemn ourselves will prove us to be saints indeed : but, alas ! my stroke is heavier than my groaning. I have privileges, and golden opportunities ; but O that it were with me as in months past ! as in the days of old ! I desire to set some time apart for fasting and prayer, to implore compassion, and deprecate spiritual judgments.

Oct. 4, 1773.—I condemn myself for being too earthly minded ; yet I can say, that I never allow myself to fall asleep, without some heavenly theme in my thought. O that it were my meat and drink to meditate on God !

Dec. 25.—He who knows all things, knows that I dearly esteem the persons that have his image ; and that I always wish my family may consist of such, and of none but such.—In this respect, then, I wholly rely on an omniscient Providence with profound resignation, and then, as the events may be, I know whom to praise, and where to complain.

April 7, 1774.—I have this to remark of providence, that sometimes afflictions have been sent, when, in all respects, I thought myself least able to sustain them, and yet I have, to mine own surprise, been carried honourably through ; and at other times, threatened troubles have been suspended till a time that they fell much lighter than had they fallen upon me sooner than they did ! Therefore I admire, and confide wholly in the unerring wisdom of my glorious Leader.

Sept. 12.—The Christian life is a warfare, and O how the battle is increased in sacred times ! Of this I have mournful experience ; O for relief and divine assistance !

Nov. 2.—In disappointments, crosses, and losses, this I observe, that sometimes I am prepared for the event by an equal temper of mind, and cheerful resignation to the divine disposal. At other times I am supported above expectation when it comes.

Nov. 14.—When I look around me, I see one man that has more honour, another that has greater riches ; one that has more pleasures, another that has more conveniences ; one that has more friends, another that has more relations ; but notwithstanding, no where do I see the man that has more blessings than myself. At least, I see myself possessed of so many blessings, which I deserve not, that I desire to be content, thankful, and happy.

Jan. 19, 1775.—I have prayed for many a thing in faith, which I have not obtained, and at this I have been pained ;

but on reflection, I think that I have had all my prayers answered, even while my petitions were not granted. For, whatever I asked, it was in the view of its being a good : now, if infinite wisdom saw that it was not fit for me, though I might be mighty fond thereof, he did me a kindness in withholding it from me. Moreover, my constant and highest request is, that God in all things may be glorified ; now he is glorified in doing what he pleases, and in my approving his divine disposal.

March 25.—Were I to write an account of all my wars, conflicts, and encounters with my spiritual foes, what a volume might I fill ! But one thing is strange and terrible to me, that in sacred times, and in religious duties, I am sorely attacked, and by a banditti that give me little trouble at other times.

May 19.—What a shame is it to forecast so much about the uncertainties of life, and think so little on the world to come ! O that in every scheme and purpose I could submit all to God, and keep the heart wholly for God ! One may maintain a fair character before the world, and yet have a foul heart before God ; but O for that renovation of heart that is approved in the sight of God !

Some days have been memorable in a kingdom for the loss of battles, and the ravages of enemise ; so the Jews had their fasts in the fourth, fifth, seventh, and tenth months.—And it is even thus in the Christian life , there are some days to be had in mournful remembrance, for the ravages of spiritual enemies, for distractions in time of duty, for vain thoughts and heart-wanderings, when we should be otherwise employed. O for the last victory over every enemy !

August 29.—In every thing I offend ; for as God is still the same, why is not my holy fear and reverential awe of him still the same ? Were all the angels in heaven, and all the men on earth, around me in the hour of prayer, would God be more august ? or would he be less to be adored in the silent desart, or in the midnight gloom ? So great, so glorious, so possessed of all perfections, and tremendous majesty, art thou, that it is only my weakness and corruption which makes any odds where and before whom I pray.

Jan. 2, 1776.—What a comfort is it, that flying time makes no impression on the stable love of God ! I may change my servants, my relations I may lose, I may alter my place of abode, and I may see the world turn upside down ; but this is my comfort, that the Lord is my God, who changeth not.

Some great favours with regard to this life I have in prospect, but I plead that thy love may still be the sugar, the honey of all my good things, the marrow of all my comforts, and the substance of all my consolations. If I ever take the creature for my portion, the best of created good things will convey poison into my soul. Whatever good thou shalt bestow, (and I shall gratefully receive whatever thou shalt graciously give,) I still claim thee as my supreme portion, rich inheritance, and chief good, with which only I am satisfied and charmed for ever.

March 8.—I am daily convinced of mine own folly, and chastened for mine error; and, from a late providence, I am taught, 1. To commit all to God, and to hold all that I possess, all that I expect, of God, where I can only find every thing safe and secure. 2. To think more of God, and less of the most amiable of his creatures. 3. To believe that uncertainty is interwoven with every human affair. 4. Therefore never to be surprised when disappointed in the things of time. 5. To study an unreserved resignation in all things, and at all times. 6. To consider myself as only a traveller to another country, and another state.

April 6.—An afflicting providence, not looked for, has overtaken me; but what comfort is it to my soul to see sovereignty in it! I can appeal to the great disposer of all things, that he led me in the way; and when he sees meet, he may make my way slippery and darkness. In a word, whatever I may feel, through grace I am resolved never to doubt his love, never to dispute his conduct, or through impatience to cry, Why should I wait on the Lord any longer? O that my faithful overflowing love may fill up all wants, and sweeten all troubles!

April 7.—This day I have heard an excellent sermon, but I found a pious parent and his afflicted family all absent, because an unfortunate child was to be publicly rebuked. No sooner has the careful father got him a church-member, than he becomes the object of church-censure. May not this teach those that have not families to be moderate in their desire; those who have, to be moderate in their expectations; and us all to dwell at a throne of grace, that we may obtain grace to help in time of need? What shame can sit heavy on me, that has not sin as its cause, and sorrow as its consequence?

April 9.—If all things are possible to him that believeth, I desire to act faith on him at this time; but it is beautiful for faith to be accompanied with resignation: Faith in his power, resignation to his disposal; faith in his wisdom, resigna-

tion to his will ; faith in his sweet mercy, resignation to his chastisement ; faith in all his promises, resignation to all that he imposes. This is indeed more than flesh and blood can do, but I plead that through grace I may be enabled to believe all ; and then I shall be able to bear all, for faith is the victory that overcometh the world.

April 28.—When I look among the great men of the world, instead of envying their felicity, I deplore their folly, and pity their situation, and wonder that I, or any that have the hopes of being for ever with the Lord, have not more crosses and calamities, disappointments and pains, in the world ; or that ever we should complain of any that we have. What can that man enjoy, that enjoys not God ? Where can he find his pleasures, that fetches none from heaven ?—What a blank is his time ! what a round of sin, or circle of vanity, that has not a moment for religion, though he should dwell in the courts of kings, and attend the levee of princes ? What a poor appearance would the best finished and best furnished building make, where its lord only lodges a few nights on his way to the prison of hell, where he is to be tormented through an endless evermore ! What can his many friends, great connections, and noble relations avail, when all the angels of light, all the perfections of God, are against him, and in a little of all the fiends of the pit, and all his companions in sin, will be his tormentors for ever !

May 12.—The plagues of my heart are past description ; for in sacred times and in solemn duties, there is a heart-wandering, that defies my watch, and disquiets my whole soul. O ! to sin against God when tasting of his goodness, is horrid ingratitude. O to have my heart fixed on God, and the things of time shut out !

July 9.—Last Sabbath I went to hear sermon, where I was afraid that I might have distractions ; but, blessed be his name, I had a pleasant day. O that I could say so of many days, for I am afraid that it is not with me as in months past !

July 16.—I attended at a neighbouring solemnity, where I was well entertained, though wofully vexed with a wandering heart, and want of a frame ; yet thus am I driven entirely out of myself to Christ, and see that he must be the all of my salvation, both in his justifying merit and sanctifying Spirit.

The trying providence that I lately complained of is removed, and I am made to sing of mercy, and find that every thing that God gives is well worth the waiting for. And I

would rather have blessings in God's way, and at God's time, than my own. Now, may all-sufficient grace enable me to walk humbly and circumspectly before him; and O to have all my heart-risings, my fears, and anxieties forgiven! while my heart is filled with gratitude at his goodness, and approbation of his whole providential procedure though in the mean time it gave pain.

July 28.—Though I desire never to trust in frames, yet I bless his holy name, that attending a sacramental solemnity, in family-prayer I had a sweet enlarging. O how sweet will it be to be an eternal adorer before the throne of God and of the Lamb! to have the whole soul glowing with heavenly love! to dwell in the mount of communion, and, instead of coming down, to climb higher through eternity! O to press forward, and not lose ground in my Christian course!

Aug. 22.—How much do I err in limiting Providence, which can do great things, and at a moment! My patience may expire, but Providence can never be nonplussed.

Again, the men of the world count themselves better providers than Providence; hence gripe, extort, and oppress, to amass large fortunes for their children. But mark the issue; often these great fortune-holders turn out, when they commence life, spendthrifts, and die beggars. Whence I infer, though, on the one hand, I should neither despise nor destroy what Heaven bestows; yet, on the other hand, to commit my latest posterity (if I had them) to the munificence of Providence, whose goodness is infinite, and whose funds are inexhaustible.

Aug. 28.—Trust not in princes, trust not in any creature, in whom there is no stay. I quit with the whole creation as false and insufficient, and take God as my only portion.

On some late incidents in life, without revenge, I think I can say, Plead my cause, for to thee have I revealed my cause.

Again, with respect to some circumstances I am presently in, though I have not the least prospect any way, I desire to act faith in God, accompanied with resignation to the divine disposal, in such a manner, (and for this I bless his name), that I can say, According to my faith, so be it to me. When infinite goodness is exhausted, and infinite wisdom is nonplussed, it is time for me to be perplexed, and not till then.

Oct. 21.—While waiting an event of great moment, I have a sweet tranquility of mind, and a full resignation to the

will of my heavenly Father, who never did, and never will do me harm ; his wisdom, his goodness, his power, his omniscience, compose and comfort me. O to be helped to act as a Christian in every case and circumstance !

Nov. 5.—When brought to quit with my request, Providence seems to be granting it; hence I see it is best to commit every thing into the hand of God, and to have every thing from his bountiful fatherly hand. But now I flee to the blood of sprinkling to have all my sins washed away. O to walk softly all my days !

Nov. 26.—While I have mercy to sing of, why should I be silent? Then I bless thee for all that I enjoy, and for all that I expect. How bountiful is the providence of Heaven, even in the things of time ! O that the more I share of thy kindness, the more my love may abound towards thee ! and whatever gratitude I have for thy gifts, may my heart still be kept for the Giver.

Dec. 6.—Blessed be God, who has not turned away my prayer from him, nor his mercy from me ; and I still implore the heavenly blessing on myself and my family in all respects.

Jan. 2, 1777.—Weak-sighted mortals often take dispensations as heavy afflictions, which Omniscience intends for their good ; so just now, whatever I feel, I believe I shall see cause to bless God for this cross in time coming, as I have had grounds before of thanksgiving for events, which at first came like sore trials. To commit all to holy sovereignty is my duty, and both now and ever after will be my peace.

Jan. 14.—It is good for us to have our high opinions of creature-comforts lowered ; for the creature is but vanity, and will disappoint all that depend thereon for bliss. I roll all my comforts into the hand of my heavenly Father, to give or with-hold from me as he pleases ; and I expect a thorn in the fairest roses that grow in the garden of time, but in him I expect endless joy.

Feb. 4.—O how has my heart wandered after vanities, and things that cannot profit ! I confess my sin, and mourn over it. O let it be known that thou art the Lord my God, in bringing back my heart to thee again !

Feb. 18.—Some years ago I met with a disappointment in an affair which I then looked upon as a great affliction ; but from what has since taken place, I now clearly see that it was a kind providence. What a fool am I, to plan my own lot ! but how happy am I that infinite wisdom rules for me !

March 8.—Dining with some gentlemen at a public inn, and drinking wine too fast and too freely, when come home, I grew so sleepy that I sunk down like a stone, and it was four next morning before I awoke. I was angry at myself, and resolved at no table to drink more than a certain number of glasses. O in all things to be under the heavenly direction! To excite my abhorrence of drunkenness, I see, 1. That the drunkard is like a dog, if he vomits; 2. Like a sow, if he wallows in his vomit; 3. Like a Bedlamite, if furious and mad; 4. Like an ideot, if he knows not either what he does or says; 5. Like a fool, if he knows nothing that is past; 6. Like an Atheist, if he cannot pray to God; and, 7. Like a dead man, if he must be carried to his bed as to his grave, and falls asleep, yet knows not that he is falling asleep.

March 16.—I accept of all my afflictions, but I plead deliverance from my sin. O what a crowd of vain thoughts vex me in sacred times, and in religious duties! I have made altars to sin, and altars are unto me to sin: O return, O Lord! how long?

Sabbath, 23.—This day I could not attend sermon, but was cast some time into company in the morning, and who knew nothing of keeping the day holy to God. O how few know any thing of the power of religion on their souls! and what continual songs of praise should the child of grace give to God, that he is apprehended by him, while so many are lying in wickedness! He that keeps not his tongue on the Lord's day, surely keeps not his heart. O that the inhabitants of my tabernacle may never be such!

April 12.—If I have not a feast within, if I have not joy and peace in believing, what advantage have I more than the wicked? Whatever they have, have not I more?—Have they sons? Is not he, the heavenly Bridegroom, better to me than ten sons?—Have they friends? Is not he a friend that sticketh closer than a brother?—Have they, in a word, the desire of their hearts? Is not he the desire of my heart, who is the desire of all nations?

April 28.—Committing all to my heavenly Father, and confident that all shall be well, I submit to do what once I designed not; for it is better to be the humble Christian, than the high-minded professor. Do all thy will, and I will study to be resigned. Forgive my sins, for in every thing I offend; and let thy mercy be on me, as I trust in thee.

May 2.—When the good things of time are bestowed on us,—when we flourish in this and that respect,—when we

have the desire of our heart to such a degree that we are ready to find satisfaction in the creature, and forget God,—then we may expect some stroke at hand ; and often the capital affliction is attended with others of a lesser nature, or one affliction is followed with another. Thus God speaketh once, yea twice, that he may be heard. The severest storm is often after a dead calm ; then let me always walk with fear and humility.

5.—It gives me no pain, that in some points I have abased myself. It is always better to suffer than appear to sin ; and now my final resolutions is, to have no more to do with this matter. I bless God that he is governor ; I see but the appearance, he sees whatever shall take place. I have a calm conscience, and that is a comfort ; and an all-sufficient God, therefore I have nothing to fear.

24.—While I have an house to dwell in, food to eat, and raiment to put on, I bless God for his goodness, and desire to feel with those that may be in want of any of the above conveniences of life. Blessed be the God of grace, that his love or hatred is not known by the want or possession of these things. Yet may he who is the Father of mercies supply the children of affliction with such good things as they need.

August 12.—In things that seemed indifferent, I have often experienced the divine direction ; and why should I wonder at this, since a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without my heavenly Father ? If he number the very hairs of my head, will he not over-rule the ordinary actions of my life ? My faith may humbly plead with him to perform whatever he condescends to promise ; and I have but confined views of the omniscience, omnipotence, and kindness of God, if I do not believe that they extend to every action of my whole life. Henceforth I cast myself from under my own government, and desire to be wholly under thine.

Nov. 16.—When I consider how near I am to the heavenly state, and how the good or evil of the present state shall be forgotten there, I triumph in spite of all distress, and check my sorrow, and reprove myself that I do not always triumph. He thinks little of heaven for an inheritance, that greatly laments any loss on his way thither ; he thinks little of God for a portion, that is not completely satisfied therewith, whatever else he may want.

Feb. 1, 1778.—If I have joy in waiting on God in his ordinances, amidst vain thoughts and distractions, O ! what shall my joy be, when I shall serve him in his temple above,

with a heart full of heavenly rapture, and glowing with seraphic love, amidst a multitude of sinless adorers, and while entertained with the opening wonders of eternity, and the interesting mysteries of redeeming grace !

April 18.—Amidst all my requests, I would fain cheerfully say, “Not my will, but thine be done.” This pitch of resignation, and no less, shall give me peace at last. It were Christian wisdom, as we cannot see far before us in our request for created good things, to be submissive and resigned in our desires, that when they are granted, and disappoint us, we may be able to say to God, as the good woman said to the prophet of old, Did thy servant ask this or that at thy hand peremptorily ?

June 2.—We seek mercies and beg blessings from God, while we are not prepared for receiving them. But when God prepares the heart to receive gifts, that we may not consume them on our lusts, but lay them out to his glory, it is a sweet sign that he will cause his ear to hear, and his hand to perform, our requests.

I am prevented with kind providences daily ; I experience them in matters of great moment, and also in my lesser concerns : O then, in the lawful use of means, to commit all to a kind, unerring Providence !

July 4.—What a constant battle is the Christian’s life ! He must always be on his watch-tower ; one foe or other will ever hang on him ; and if he is found in a flying, not in a fighting posture, he is undone ! O how sad to be harassed with heart-wanderings and vain thoughts in holy times, and in religious duties ! O that sovereign grace may heal all my heart-plagues, and make me more than conqueror over all my enemies, in his name and strength !

July 16.—In obtaining common mercies, the saint seems to come behind the sinner. Esau’s sons were dukes and kings, while Jacob’s posterity are slaves and bonds-men ; and yet Jacob had the blessings. Saul is anointed king, and in a short time, and with little opposition, he is fixed on the throne.—David also is anointed, but it is after a long time, and through much opposition, that he comes to reign, and at first only over his own tribe, where he has a seven-years struggle ere he gets the whole kingdom, though promised by God. Now, how comes this to pass ? why, common mercies are cast to the wicked, in the common course of providence : but these same blessings, though common, come to saints as special favours, and so must be the fruit of much prayer ; and the person must be prepared for receiving them, by having his gra-

ces sweetly exercised. His faith must rest on a promising God, even while providence seems to contradict the promises; his patience must have her perfect work, though often like to fail; and he must be wholly resigned to the wisdom and to the will of God, in opposition to his own;—thus the saint is often made to give up with his comfort, or his request, just before it be bestowed on him. Now, this preparation of heart being a great work, requires time and exercise in the Christian life, and so common mercies are longer in coming to the child of God than to others; but they are well worth the waiting for, and wrestling for; for when they come, they come with the fragrance of heaven, and with the love of God.

July 30.—When we are very fond of any created good thing, we are apt to have a full belief that we shall obtain that very good thing; and when disappointed, we conclude, that as our faith has been false in this and that particular, so our faith of perseverance and heavenly glory at last may deceive us, and we perish. But this is our mistake. Our faith of spiritual good should be as full of assurance as possible; but with respect to our faith for the blessings of time, (as that of a barren woman to embrace a son, or that for the life of a dying friend), it should be far otherwise; our resignation to the divine disposal should be of equal extent with our faith, and then we shall never be disappointed. Again, our faith in spirituals may be particular for this or that grace which we stand in need of, as the disciples who pray, “Lord, increase our faith.” But our faith in temporals should be general, that what is good the Lord will give; and we ought not to presume to teach infinite wisdom what is good for us; since the want of a son, and the death of a dear friend, may do us more good than the gift of the one, and the recovery of the other.

Moreover, when we have a strong affection for any thing, we are ready to take our fancy for faith, and our passion towards any point as a promise given to us that we shall obtain our desire; and especially, if we recollect any scripture-text that will any way apply to our wish or view, we take it as a promise injected to us, and so allow ourselves to be deluded. But we are not to expect revelations from heaven, (whatever God may grant to some saints), as the rule of our conduct, nor are we to apply particular promises in perishing things; though we may believe, if we belong to God, that he will guide us with his counsel while we live, and afterwards receive us to glory. We are not to claim a

particular promise, that sons or daughters shall be given us; but we are to believe, that to saints who have none, God will give a name better than that of sons or daughters. We are not to expect a promise that our sons shall serve God in the gospel of his Son, though we may dedicate them to God in that view; but we are fully to believe, that God will raise up servants to himself, as long as the church is militant. We are not to dream that this or that particular man or woman, because it is *borne in on us*, or we think we have a promise, or some concurring providences, shall be our husband or wife; but we are to believe, that, if God sees fit, he will set the solitary in families; and we are to avoid being unequally yoked with unbelievers.

July 31.—While we are mortal, we are to expect trials and troubles, crosses and afflictions, pains and disappointments, always in our lot. But while I feel under a new and unexpected disappointment, I check my complaint, and would rather praise than complain. A parent that gives an apple to a sick child, and correction to a stubborn child, shows himself equally a good parent to both, though the boys may have a very opposite opinion of his conduct. Says James, “Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted;” all men will agree to this: “but the rich in that he is made low,” this may nonplus; yet it is much better to have chastisement, and thereby be approved a son, than to be without it, and be in doubt of being a bastard; and more so, when we daily see that all flesh, poor and rich, wither as grass in the present state, and quick pass into an eternal state.

My plan proceed from myself, and therefore, however noble my motives were, I might have egregiously erred; but my disappointment is from the unerring wisdom of Providence, and therefore I heartily approve of it, and praise God for it. For though we are not to pray for, but to deprecate afflictions, yet we are to sing of judgments as well as mercy; and what appears judgment in the beginning, may be mercy in the end.

Now, with my hand sealed up, mine eye quite shut, and entirely resigned to heaven, I wait on providence without pain or repining!

Aug. 6.—Professors will wait a while on God, but at last they grow weary; and, like the wicked king of Israel, say, “This evil is of the Lord, why should I wait on the Lord any longer?” But the true Christian, like the psalmist, waits patiently on the Lord, and at length he hears. Nor do I doubt but that every saint dies while waiting the accomplishment

of some promise : nor is he a loser ; for though disappointed in this or that particular, yet all the promises are made yea and amen to him in the eternal enjoyment of God in glory. Now, it is my duty thus patiently to wait on God, when even such a disappointment will enrich me for ever.

Sept. 10.—O how difficult to keep the heart in holy times, and in religious duties ! The various occurrences in life vary, but continue the snare. O for sweet deliverance !

How has infinite wisdom been pleased to warp saint and sinner together ! In one house the husband fears God, but the wife knows him not ; in another, the wife is a believer, the husband a barbarian ; in another, the masters are Satan's slaves, and the servants Christ's free-men ; in another, the servants after the flesh are in bondage to sin, while their masters walk in the glorious liberty of the sons of God ; and in another, how are the children and parents, and even the children among themselves, divided ! And here I am sad, and sympathise ; O for the heavenly sympathy to all concerned ! A child, while one parent is uninterruptedly attending the throne of glory, the other in the courts of grace on a sacramental Sabbath, is in the porch of hell committing wickedness ; and a near relation, who comes to the knowledge of it, is filled with anguish and bitterness of heart. The father is mingling his praises with the hallelujahs of the higher house, and the mother joining in the prayers of the church-militant, and the son treasuring up wrath to himself against the day of wrath ; in a word, wickedness is committed within those walls where prayer is wont daily to be made ! But should not my heart daily flame with love and devotion ! and, alas ! what wickedness is committed often there ! But O that heaven may preserve me and mine !

March 7, 1779.—This day I confess that I am nothing, and that I cannot walk one step in the strength of grace formerly received, but must daily fetch out of his fulness. My comfort and confidence then is, not that I am not a sinner, but that Jesus Christ is a Saviour, and a Saviour for the chief of sinners. And I desire to fly to him anew, as if hitherto I had been a hypocrite in all my former acts of religion. I may prove false, but he is faithful who invites me to believe, and will not cast away them that come to him.

March 23.—Many and marvellous are the turnings of providence. I grieve not so much that I suffer, as lest I sin in my sufferings. In every thing I acquit God, and condemn myself. My prospects may disappear, but my confidence is not shaken ; because my prospects are but human, but my

confidence is in God. One thing which I mourn over is, that trifles should raise such a tumult in my breast, and so much possess my thoughts.

April 13.—There is one thing which is needful, and but one thing; henceforth let me attend to it with diligence and care, and not to make trifles such matters of concern. If I am travelling to my Father's house, I should attend closely to my journey, and not consume myself with anxiety about the weather, whether it be fair or foul, whether the road be good or bad, and whether I join agreeable company, or walk alone; for my Father's house will make me completely happy, so happy that I shall forget all the toils of my journey.

April 30.—Impatience, in any situation, or under any affliction, is a sin; and there may be an unbelieving haste to change conditions, and get from under the affliction. But infinite wisdom and fatherly kindness knows what affliction is best, how long it should be continued, and when it should be removed. Now, as I am wholly God's I desire to be wholly at his disposal in all things; and sure I am, I never shall repent it.

May 7.—Paul obtained the lives of all them that were with him in the ship: O for the souls of all them that are with me in the house! This is a part of my daily prayers to him that is both the hearer and answerer of prayer.

May 14.—I know when I meet with a worldly loss, but I hope never to repine; yet, why should I not also be sensible of the comforts of life? I deserve nothing sometimes I lose a little, but I enjoy all. O for a grateful heart to him who gives me all that I enjoy!

May 22.—I meet with another loss of the same kind, but any thing I have in the world is by loan: Therefore, whether friends or wealth be taken away, I am not injured, because the time of my loan is expired; and I am more bound to be grateful than to grumble, when so much is left with me, and so little is taken away, who can claim nothing as my own. But there is one portion, Christ, the gift of God, that can enrich my soul, were heaven and earth dissolved, and whom I still claim as mine, were all things else recalled.

June 11.—It is sad to be rising into years, drawing near to death, and walking on the very brink of eternity, and yet to be sinking in earthly cares, and more and more swallowed up of worldly concerns. Much of this rises from my caring for myself, and not casting all my care on him who graciously condescends to care for me. Henceforth, in every affair of

life, I desire to have no choice, no will of mine own, but to commit all to infinite wisdom and infinite goodness, and I shall never have cause to repent, nor occasion to complain or repine.

Aug. 18.—It has always been a ruling principle with me, not to be unequally yoked with unbelievers; so this day I was married to a girl that I hope has the fear of God as the chief ornament to all her other qualifications.

Sabbath Sept. 5.—O the corruption that dwells within! O the distress that has invaded me this blessed day! I should perish eternally, but that Jesus is almighty to save; and this alone is my comfort.

Jan. 1, 1780.—In whatever thing I leaned to mine own understanding, and depended on mine own wisdom, there I have met with disappointment and pain; but when I have committed the matter wholly to God, it has had an happy issue, beyond expectation. O! then, let me always be at his direction and disposal.

When heaven pleases, he can bless with little, and put a blessing into little; or he can blow upon much, and put a want into the very wealth that we possess; to the end that he may be all in all to us, and that in all things we may have our eye to him.

March 23.—When I have sad and gloomy forebodings of trouble and afflictions, befalling me or mine, I am composed with this consideration, that all things being under the government of God, he will conduct every thing to his own glory; and as for his glory I would do and suffer all things, so, if that noble end is attained, I can never complain, however much or long I suffer or smart.

June 25.—Heaven has been pleased to bring my wife safe through child-bearing, and to give a living mother and a living child. But let me avoid making an idol of any thing below. O still to keep the heart for God! I know not how soon, or after what manner, it may be removed by death, but I commit it to him who has bestowed it on me.

July 11.—By baptism I have dedicated my child to God, and I desire no more to look on her as mine, but only as Heaven's lone to me, which at his pleasure he may recall, and at which event I would wish neither to quarrel nor complain, however affection may rise, and nature may rebel. But my grand, my earnest, my daily request is, that she may be a chosen vessel, enriched with the graces of thy holy spirit from her very infancy. I would also humbly plead, that she may be spared to be a comfort for her parents in the ways of piety.

Dec. 13.—In all things I desire to acknowledge God; and so, being convinced of its lawfulness, have inoculated my child, after imploring his blessing on the mean, that it may prove successful.

Dec. 25.—The child has escaped according to wish; blessed be his name.

March 28, 1781.—When threatened with the loss of goods or relations, what a tumult is raised in the mind! and how apt are we to arraign the wisdom, the goodness, and the justice of God! Alas! this is too much my present error; but I flee to God in all trials, approve of all his conduct, and claim him for all and all. So sweet is his mercy, that I know it shall be my song while in the vale of misery, and in spite of all my misfortunes. I have reason to sing of it in things of lesser moment, and I hope shortly to sing of it in things of the highest moment to me in time, and at last to sing of thy mercy to me through eternal ages.

April 16.—For some time past my wife has been in trouble; but there is mercy mixed with the affliction, it was sent at a time when the child was fit to be weaned, and she had patience in her trouble. Medicines have been used for some time without the desired effect; but as it is our duty to use means, so I desire to look to him who can work with or without means. He knows that in all things I would fain say, “Thy will be done.” But O that it may be his holy will to spare the life, and recover the health, of this dear person. But why do not I expect the death of my friends, or mine own death every day?

June 17.—Alas! how little do I improve for the heavenly state! Affliction on our family is too often a clog on our souls, but, through the heavenly blessing, shall in the mean time, or afterward, yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness: O to improve health and gospel-ordinances when enjoyed!

Sept. 23.—Two days ago my wife, who has long been in a tender way, was delivered of a dead child, two months before the time. We were struck to think that the little creature was entered on its eternal rest before it came into the world. I had this comfort, that when we supposed life, we had, both the mother and I, given it in prayer to God. I desire to adore his sovereignty, and to bless him for our living child, and humbly to implore the recovery of the dear parent.

Oct. 6.—My wife, after an apparent recovery, is grown so much worse, that I fear her death; but I have this sweet comfort, that I shall be the only loser, for death to her shall be

great gain. O how pleasant are religious connections in life, and at death! I still implore her recovery. To sit alone without my daily companion, to see my family without a mistress, and my child without a mother, must greatly distress; but to view God sovereign over all, sufficient in all, and an all-sufficient portion after all, may silence and support me under all. I desire no comforts but from God, I refuse no cross that comes from him; but O for grace to improve both to his glory!

While there is life there is hope, and while there is hope I desire to be instant at the throne of grace; for who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, and recover this dear person to me? I believe his power, that he can do; I believe his mercy, that what is good the Lord will give; and I wait on him with humble expectation, confessing that I am less than the least of his mercies, and deserve at his hand nothing.

Oct. 8.—If in this life only I had hope for myself, or my dying friend, how miserable now, when she is on the borders of eternity, and I must soon follow! But what glories open to my faith, and shall soon break on her disembodied soul in cloudless vision! when this and the other world are taken in connection, the gloom is broken; for this is but our inn, that our eternal habitation. No matter, then, at what time, or in what manner, we leave our inn, since going home to our Father's house, home to God and to glory.

When the sinner loses one idol, he cleaves to another, and cleaves faster; but when the saint (and O to act the saint now!) has idols broken, or delights removed, he cleaves to God alone.

Oct. 15.—Now the wife of my bosom is laid in the bowels of the earth, torn from mine affection and my arms; but her soul is this day triumphing in glory. And is not this comfort, and cause of thankfulness? A few days before her death, she fell into a lethargy, and so could not speak; but I have found a paper since her death, which speaks sweetly, and contains a collection of scripture-texts which, she says, had been useful to her, and a personal covenant the day before her marriage, and another since, in which she makes a surrender to God of her husband and her child Jean. O that God may accept of both!

Oct. 21.—O what a sweet soul-satisfying portion do I find God! When the earthly family is broken, he can set the solitary in the heavenly family, and afford communion with himself. When storms and tempests rage, he can command

a calm ; when affliction and woe, sorrow and anguish, spread gloomy night on the soul, he can reveal the glories of the eternal world, and make celestial day break in on our darkest night.

Oct. 22.—I mind, that on the day my wife died, the psalm that fell to be sung in family-worship was that part of Psal. xxxix. ver. 5. “ Lo ! thou my days an handbreadth mad’st,” and ver. 9. “ Dumb was I, opening not my mouth, because this work was thine.” I desired to imitate the psalmist in a holy silence ; at the same time not despising the chastening of the Lord, but lying low before him. And now I desire to commit all my cares, all my concerns to him, and my child to his protection and providence, where she shall be safe, though I were taken away also by death.

Nov. 20.—On a back-look into many occurrences of my life, O how am I ravished with the conduct of providence, with the kindness of God ! In the affairs of life, he has not only given me many things I asked of him, but many time prevented me with kindness, and thus checked my solicitude, and forbade mine anxiety. But O where are my returns of gratitude, my full confidence, and fixed dependance on him ?

The best cure of sorrow for the loss of dear relations, is faith fixing within the veil, and taking infestment of the inheritance in light ! I could have felt no grief, had I gone with my deceased friend to glory. Now, the intervals between our departures is so short in itself, and compared to the eternity of that state, is nothing, that if I be not gone, I may be said to be just a-going, and shall have scarce time to look around, and see myself left alone, till I shall lift up mine eyes with transport, and see myself with all my religious relations, adoring at the highest throne !

Dec. 4.—Though, in the affairs of this life, I have often met with disappointment and pain, yet I see this took place from mine own folly ; for, trusting to mine own wisdom, and wedded to mine own plans, I would not drop them when providence dashed them out of my hand ; and so it was just to correct my folly, that I should smart the more. But all things have gone well with me, when I have waited on the counsel and will of heaven, quitted with what he took away, accepted of what he gave, and said Amen to all he did !

Even in the common affairs of life, I should acknowledge the special providence of God, who over-rules all things, and foresees all events. And though I am afraid to extend my plans for many years to come, who dare not boast of to-mor-

row, yet prudence in the affairs of this life is the duty of those who look for another life ; therefore I lay my plan, and whether providence prosper or disappoint me, I am resigned.

Jan. 1, 1782.—To be stubborn, stupid, or insensible under afflictions, may suit a Heathen philosopher, but not a Christian believer. I feel, and because I feel, and am sensible of my losses and afflictions, therefore I strive to be submissive and resigned ; but if I felt nothing, resignation would be no attainment. Fain-would I go to God and say, Show me wherefore thou contendest with me , and yet I must be blind, if I do not see that God has good cause to be angry with me even unto death. In the midst of all, I desire to take hold on his covenant for my child and myself.

Jan. 12.—What a sweet display of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, have I often seen in the conduct of holy providence ! So has heaven ruled for me in the affairs of life, that I am ashamed I am not more resigned to the heavenly disposal. I should trust in him at all times ; and at no time shall I be ashamed of my trust. Let goodness and mercy all my days follow me, while I travel on to the heavenly glory; and may my little child be adopted of his heavenly Father, and no matter how soon the earthly father be no more.

Jan. 26.—When I look forward to the heavenly state, and see such a weight of glory, such a world of bliss, awaiting every heir of God, I wonder that we should ever complain of any affliction that can befall us by the way. What though laden with disease, and broken with sickness ? In a little the immortality of bliss, and the vigour of glory, shall be mine. What though oppressed with poverty and want on every side ? The treasures of eternity shall shortly enrich me for ever. What though he has made desolate all my company ? A stage or two shall join me to the general assembly and church of the first-born.

Feb. 2.—One of my plans has misgiven, but I have no uneasiness, because infinite wisdom and infinite goodness rules for me ; and it is enough that he is concerned about all my concerns.

When I look around, I see many parents that get a world of grief with their children ; but how often is their sin written in their punishment ! They are at no pains to teach them to fear their heavenly Father, and no wonder, then, they forget to honour their earthly parents. Now, though some religious and conscientious parents may have stubborn children, yet it generally holds that a neglect in their education lies at the root of all.

Feb. 13—Though affliction and death rob us of our dearest earthly comforts, yet this is ground of consolation, that the throne of grace still stands, to which we may still come with boldness; that the ordinances of the gospel and sacraments are continued; and that into these courts of grace, not like the Persian courts, we may enter, though mourners.

May 4.—O how good is it to trust in an all-sufficient God! Some time ago an event happened that deprived me of an annual income. I approved of the dispensation, committed all to providence, and am this day as amply provided for as ever, and am thus encouraged to depend on God alone.

Last night some persons broke into my barn, and stole a few oats. The loss is trifling, but the lesson is vast—to secure a treasure which moth cannot eat, rust corrupt, or thieves steal. The worldling toils night and day for the thief or the robber, for it is the same thing whether a man's treasure be snatched from him, or he from it. Now, to every sinner death will act the most complete thief, and relentless robber, though in a manner different from all other robbers, for he leaves him not one penny of all his sums, not a foot-breadth of all his estates, neither friend nor relation, title nor distinction: but, O happy saint! from whom death can take nothing, but brings him to the full possession of all.

May 30.—Though it is our duty to give according to our ability to pious uses, for the support of the gospel, or the relief of the poor; yet, to our shame, how do we not reckon this among our debts? and so, while we pay our debts to men, we let this lie by, and yet it is a debt to God, the king of heaven and earth. Now, we know that the law gives the preference of all creditors to the king; hence cess, taxes, and duties must be paid, whatever be unpaid. And sure he who is the king of kings will not be defrauded of his due.—His invisible curse can easily consume ten times more than we would give him in his members; and he will count with us at last, where all our other creditors will not have a word to say.

July 2.—I hope I can say that the things of time are not very high in my esteem. I can hear of some making great fortunes without any emotion of mind, for I think the patrimony of my children is safer in the treasures of divine providence, than in any bank in Great Britain; and no matter whether he give it out in pence or in pounds, if they are still supplied, and supplied from father to son, from race to race.

But I lament that corruptions rise, that sin rages within, that my meditations are not more heavenly, and my thoughts

more holy. I desire to have no confidence in the flesh, but to depend on all-sufficient grace, the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

July 26.—I was informed from my doer, that a debtor had by a point of law, defrauded me of a round sum; but my mind was very easy, seeing the treasures of heaven are still entire, and shall enrich me for ever.

Same day I was seized with an influenza, a disease that had raged all around the country for months. Thus I was detained from a sacrament, and lay sweating all the Sabbath-day in bed, but recovered in a few days. On the whole, while I confess my sins, and confess that I am punished still less than mine iniquities deserve, I desire to give God the glory of his wisdom, and to believe that he sees such losses and disappointments the fittest for me. I would give him the glory of his sovereignty, in approving of his disposal, without inquiring why; and the glory of his truth and faithfulness, that all things shall work together for my good.

I have also to remark, that the same Psal. xxxix. in course of family-worship, fell to be sung while under this complaint, as it had near ten months before, when my wife died. I may say, that the admonition being doubled, should keep me mindful of my frailty, and caution me against murmuring at afflictions of any kind.

Aug. 1.—I have often said to God, give me Christ, and I put a blank in his hand, with respect to every thing in the world. But I correct myself; for if Christ is mine, I can have no blank, seeing he is more than all riches, dearer than all relations, better than all enjoyments, and can not only satisfy, but fill and overflow my soul, though heaven and earth were gone.

Oct. 11.—Rachel named her child of which she died, Benoni, the son of my sorrow; but Jacob would not keep up the remembrance of the death of his beloved wife, and so he called him the son of my right-hand. So, on the one hand, I wish not to forget the afflictions that befall me; and, on the other, to acknowledge all the mercies of my lot.

Oct. 25.—Yesterday, the shocks of corn were covered with snow, and the growing corn that was strong was laid flat, and covered with snow; and this day it is tempestuous and rainy, and in some parts of the country the harvest is not much more than begun, and the farmers are much afraid that their corn will not be fit for seed. As I suffer, so I sympathize in the calamity; but I observe, 1. That judgments on our substance are felt by all, the saint not excepted, but

spiritual plagues are felt and lamented by few; 2. That some parts of the country have escaped the stroke; 3. That we are apt to overlook a special providence in common things, as if he who made the seasons did not over-rule them; 4. We are more prone to mourn for what we have lost, than to be thankful for what is left, though by sin we have forfeited all; 5. That the saint is safe in all, for in famine he has a promise to be fed; and even though he should die of hunger, death, like a servant, would only set him down at the board of glory, to feast for ever on royal dainties; 6. That to be stupid and insensible under a stroke, is a sin on the one hand, as it is on the other to despond. Now, though, for mine own sake, the sake of the poor, and of a whole country-side, I implore favourable weather; yet if it were said I should have my will in the weather, I would roll all over on an unerring providence, though he should be pleased that my whole crop should rot, for it would be but the chastisement of a father, not of a cruel one; more so if my soul might still feast on eternal love.

Oct. 31.—It was a very hard frost, and,

Nov. 2.—Much snow fell, but in some parts it subsided greatly, and in other parts the snow covered the growing corn, that it could not be cut down.—A moving sight indeed!

Nov. 12.—Two days ago it began to thaw, and this day is a great thaw, with wind and rain. Many pototoes are not dug up, and almost gone with the frost, which will be felt by many families. And too many are like to cry out against providence, whereas we should condemn ourselves, for we have sinned, and have not served him in the abundance of all things, and therefore he is sending cleanness of teeth. O how vain all earthly things! this crop was very great, and promised plenty, but is come to little. I desire to reprove myself for carnality, and too much looking to second causes; and I bless God that I can say, “Thy will be done;” and though every thing in the world should go to ruin, still I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.

Dec. 3.—The more we concern ourselves with the things of time, the more we are disappointed; but the more we mind heavenly things, the better it shall go with our souls. God is such a portion to his people, that they are rich in the midst of want, and content in every condition. I have taken God for my portion, my governor, my guide and my director in all things; and it is just, when I let him go, in any of these respects, that things go ill with me.

Dec. 23.—I seek not to be rich in the world, but to be rich in faith ; and this day it has been to me according to my faith. O to trust in him at all times, and to believe that he is God !

Dec. 31.—It has pleased God to permit me to be defrauded of a certain sum by an unjust person ; but I rather pity than rage at my adversary ; for when I look forward a few years, and see us both stand at the great tribunal, no losses will disturb me, and no gains will advantage him. The Chaldeans and Sabeans violently spoiled Job, and yet he looks beyond the instruments, and says, God has taken away, blessed be his name. So I desire to see God in all, who can spoil my crop by frost, or my substance by the fraudulent dealer, or by water, or by fire ; but, blessed be his name, I have a treasure which can neither drown, nor burn, nor be frost-bitten, nor be taken away by the deceit of law, or the injustice of the wicked. This year I have met with so many losses, (nor am without the fear of more) that I have nothing for it but an entire resignation to the divine disposal, and strong faith in my divine Rock. God lives, I care not who die : God rules, let all nature reel in confusion. Though I see nothing but difficulties and darkness before me, well may my faith act on him who is omniscient to foresee, and omnipotent to perform all things ; and the more purely I rely on God above and beyond means, (neither neglecting nor despising the use of them,) the more is my faith of the right kind, and the more is God honoured.

Jan. 7, 1783.—I kept the forenoon as a personal fast, on many accounts, and could not but observe, that Psal. cxi. was the ordinary family worship, "He giveth meat unto all those that truly do him fear," and the chapter was Jer. xvii. 7.—"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." These promises were food to my faith.

Feb. 8.—The price of grain fell a little, and plenty was imported. Let his name be blessed, and the poor praise him !

In something I had an eye to, I am disappointed ; but I am resolved now never to be disappointed, but to approve of every providence. Why do I acknowledge him in all my ways, if I will not allow him to direct my steps ? Why do I ask counsel of him, and yet murmur at his providence ? I have this kind providence to observe in common things ; and he that rules in one thing rules in all. But I am angry at myself, that in any thing I should sin against this gracious God.

Feb. 14.—I have often observed, that if harassing and disquieting affairs came upon me at any time, it was about sacred times and holy solemnities: and so it fell out at this time, two days before our sacrament; but still my mind was serene, and I had the faith that God, who gave his Son for me, would set bounds to the wrath of man. And O how light is the wrath of man, when the soul is delivered from every spark of divine wrath!

March 23.—Many a method does Heaven try to wean us from our love to this vain world, to this vexatious life. Our flowery comforts are always attended with thorns and prickles, and our best earthly blessings have always something embittering about them. Thus the death of religious and agreeable relations leaves a lasting smart, and yet we strike our roots deep in that earth, which, being under the curse, can yield nothing but briars and thorns. The storms that ruffle my abode, the disappointments I daily meet with, are kindly designed to call to my mind, and to dispose and prepare me for my departure. And yet how deaf am I to these monitors! But when anxious cares, and vain and wandering thoughts, vex in sacred times, when temptations assault, and sin gathers strength, and the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me, because I have sinned him away, then I grow weary of the world, and say of life, I lothe it, I would not live alway. I think I could spin out a life in the midst of every disaster, but I cannot endure a life of sinning or estrangement from God.

April 26.—God is pleased sometimes to delay giving what is needful till the last, to exercise our faith, our patience, and resignation; and though the things may be of a common nature, yet, to an observing eye, there is a beautiful concurrence of providences, all wisely ordered by him, without whom a sparrow or a hair cannot fall to the ground.—My anxious cares profit me nothing, but the heavenly care supplies all my wants.

July 4.—I desire to acknowledge the kindness of Heaven in all things. O how sweet are those mercies that come as returns of prayer! and as God is the God of all mercies, I may expect that he that gives me one mercy at a needful time, will give me another when the fit time comes; and the more so, since he has given me Christ, the sum of all mercies.

Aug. 10.—O what vile, vain, wicked thoughts dance in my mind sometimes, amidst religious exercises! This I say, He is a thoughtless Christian that thinks little of the sin of

his thoughts ; but my comfort is, a gracious Saviour can cleanse from secret faults, as well as keep back from presumptuous sin.

Oct. 27.—As last season Heaven was pleased to send a stroke on the land, so this year he has been pleased to bless ; and many kind providences I observe. 1. Peace was restored at this time, by which pease purchased for the use of the navy were imported to this country ; and, though dear, and sometimes scarce, yet grain of all kinds was plentifully imported. 2. Though the grain here was bad, yet no diseases followed. 3. Though less was sown than usual, yet the crop was good. 4. Though much frosted corn was sown, yet the season being fine, the produce was better than expected. 5. Of potatoes there was a large crop, and all got up without frost. 6. Though often frost fell at night or in the morning, yet it was always fresh by day, so that nothing was hurt ; and though the crop was very late this season, yet Heaven watched over it for good.

Now, as a whole land has seen his kindness, O that all ranks would turn to him !

Nov. 16.—When come home from sermon, being a cold day, I feel very sleepy, and could not improve the blessed day as I should ; but O happy day ! when, free from sin and from infirmity, I shall be all vigour in his divine presence, shall never rest, yet never be weary !

Dec. 8.—Being returned home from attending at a sacramental solemnity, my first news were some disasters and seeming worldly losses. But my soul is composed, cheerful, and serene, since nothing in the world is either my chief joy, or chief good.

Dec. 16.—The providences of my lot are amazing and wonderful, and supply the present necessity in a manner that *bids*, that *commands* me to hope for the future, and to cast all my cares on him who careth for me !

April 6, 1784.—I think, of all the enemies to the spiritual life, worldly cares are the worst ; they come in so many shapes, and from so many quarters, and under such fair pretences, *a lawful care to provide for our family, and to deal justly with others* ; and thus they consume our thoughts, and engage our meditations to the things of time, while heavenly concerns are shut out. Therefore, with Agur, would I pray, “ Give me neither poverty nor riches.”

June 16.—I ask, and dare hardly ask, lest I ask amiss ; therefore I ask all temporal good things with submission, and would wish to say, Give what thou wilt, give how thou

wilt, and give when thou wilt. This in all things shall not only silence, but support me, that it is the Lord that chuses and refuses for me.

O to arrive at heaven with a soul flaming with love, and well acquainted with the work of the place!

Oct. 5.—I am afraid that my love has not that ardour, nor my devotion that edge, which they should have, or had once-a-day. O quicken and revive me, and shed thy love abroad in my heart!

Oct. 17.—Alas! on a view of my life and conversation, I think it is a dreadful contradiction; for instead of running the race that is set before me, I sigh and go backward; instead of having my face heavenward, and my back towards the wilderness, I have my back to heaven, and my face heart, and affections towards this world. I call evil good, and good evil. I put light for darkness, and darkness for light. I am careful for my body, as if it were my soul; and careless of my soul, as if it were but my body: I put time in the place of eternity, and the creature in the room of God.

Aug. 28, 1785.—My heart, which at all times should be a garden inclosed for none but my Beloved to walk in, alas! this day has been as a vineyard whose hedge is broken down, so that the bear of the forest, and the wild beast of the field, waste it at their pleasure. Vain thoughts, like an herd of untamed brutes, run hither and thither, and my poor soul is all dismay. O for pity and compassion to my case!

Oct. 26—In some turns of my lot I can say, “This is the finger of God.” And when I appeal to God for the integrity of mine actions, I can plead, and I expect to be heard, that the curse causeless may not come.

Nov. 16.—As it had pleased Providence to take away my wife about four years ago, so it pleased him to bestow another on me at this time; and as I wished never to be unequally yoked with unbelievers, so the woman I got now has the appearance of religion. But I trust more to the kindness of Heaven, than to my own sagacity.

Jan. 10, 1786.—Amidst all things in a world, I have only one request, that all my near friends may be the fearers of God. I desire to come with a strong faith to the God of all grace for my poor friends. O to see some marks of grace, some real marks of religion!

April 4.—It is better to go to a throne of grace for every thing I want, than any where else; I come therefore to the

God of all grace, for grace, the best of blessings, to my nearest friends, to the wife of my bosom, and the child of my own bowels.

May 13.—My child is learning to read the Bible, and to get the Shorter Catechism by heart, and I implore a blessing on her education, that she may be able to search the scriptures, which testify of Christ.

In what danger does a traveller to heaven pursue his journey! Though there were no tempter to way-lay him, yet his impediments may be many; some from his constitution, as he may be fiery or fretful, which in his cooler moments will give him pain; or from his connections, when any of them are either profane, or loiterers in the ways of God; and, finally, from his very state, whether his circumstances be affluent or indigent, as, while in the body, the cares and solicitude with which we are pestered are often very great, so great, that, alas! with me, eternity seems to be swallowed up of time, whereas time should be swallowed up of eternity; but grace shall shine triumphant at last, and shall bring the traveller in safety to the land of glory.

June 30.—Common providence will sometimes add sum to sum on carnal men, but the child of God feels no disquiet. No degree of poverty will affect my future state, or bar my soul from heavenly bliss; but riches obtained by profaning the Sabbath, and sinning against God, like Elijah's little cloud, will darken my whole heaven, and pursue me with storm and tempest through eternity itself.

Sept. 1.—It is a shame for the child of God not to believe in the *bounty*, and in the *blessing* of providence; by the blessing of providence I mean, that two men whose families are alike numerous, of the same station, and whose incomes are equal, yet the one shall be in easy, and the other in pinching circumstances. However, on the other hand, pinching circumstances are no sign that one is not the favourite of Heaven; for even our Saviour, the Father's well-beloved, in our world had not where to lay his head.

Sept. 9.—It is common to come with our afflictions and troubles to a throne of grace to get them removed, or to be supported under them; but we should also bring our blessings there to get them sanctified. Then I desire to bless God for a living mother and a living child, and to implore grace, the best of blessings, on both their souls. The child is strong, but the dear mother has suffered much. In the natural birth the poor woman only can travail, but both parents should travail in birth till Christ be formed in them.

Alas ! how little do I know of mental pangs, strong actings of faith, constant strugglings in prayer, and exhorting and instructing them as they grow up !

Sept. 17.—Our child was baptised, and so declared a member of the church visible. O that she also may be a member of the church invisible ! To go through the ceremony, or the visible part of the sacrament, is easy ; but let me mind that the vows lie on me as long as my children are lent to me, or I spared with them ; and may I, and the tender-hearted mother, never forget that this child is but a loan, and may be called for whenever Sovereign Wisdom pleases.

Nov. 7.—When this, and that, and the other friend proves false, it gives me great comfort that there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and that he is better than all other friends, and that such a friend is mine.

June 5, 1787.—I continue my complaint of carking cares, and earthly concerns. O to obtain the victory over this beast, which gets its mark imprinted, not only on my hand, but in my head and heart ! It will be an happy day in the church, when Babylon shall fall, and rise no more : and a happy day in the Christian's soul, when sin, Satan, and the world, shall be cast down, and rise no more at all ! What cheerful songs and sweet hosannahs will I raise to my divine Deliverer on that day !

June 22, 1788.—Heaven has been pleased this day to bring my wife in an easy manner through child-birth, and to bless my family with a living mother, and a living child. With Jacob I would say, *The God that fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel that redeemed me from all evil, bless the lad*, and let a better name than the name of my ancestors be named on him ; and let him have a name among the living in the New-Jerusalem above ; and as he is come into our world on the Sabbath, so, when taken out of it, may he enter on an eternal Sabbath of rest.

May 5, 1789.—So full is my dependance on divine Providence, so strong is my faith that God will give what is good, and do what is best for me, that my mind is serene and tranquil.

July 30.—Though far advanced in years, yet being properly called, and being willing to accept of the least office in the church of Christ, I have been admitted an elder. O to set the glory of God before me in all things ! and may I be helped to walk according to my engagements.

March 2.—In some things, I see the deceit and partiality of men ; but that they and their very actions are under the

government of Heaven, composes me ; and what I look upon as a present disappointment, and a present loss, may turn out for my future advantage and gain, at least shall let me see the vanity of this world.

Satan is the accuser of the brethren, and, when permitted, how black would he make even the saints, not only to one another, and to the church, but to the heavenly Father himself ; but what a comfort that the divine Intercessor answers all his accusations, maintains their cause before the throne, and will at length bring forth their judgment like the noon-day !

From the history of the Jews in Esther, may I not learn, that Providence baffles all the wisdom and devices of men ; — that sinners often make their own snares, and fall into the pit which they have digged ; — that the wicked can be brought down from their highest station, and that suddenly, as it were in a moment ; — that the church and people of God can be as suddenly brought out of distress ; — and that all this can be done by very unlikely means, that God the glorious worker may have all the praise ? Now, why is such a history preserved in the sacred records, but that God may be glorified, and his people supported under all their pressures, since God changeth not ?

March 24.—Two days ago my wife was safely delivered of a fine boy, and both are in a fair way of doing well. Here I would desire to act faith on God in a double respect ; as the God of nature, that he shall not want food and raiment ; and as the God of grace, that he shall have an inheritance among them that are sanctified. Many a parent has lamented that ever such a son was born, and has had good cause so to do. The fear of this may keep me humble ; but as race unto race shall praise him, and my child may be among the happy number, in hope of this I am thankful.

May 14.—Yesterday my son was baptised, and I again devoted all my family to God, and plead his promise, “ I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee.” How comfortable such words from the everlasting God ! Let others lay up sums for their sons, and son’s sons, to many generations, but let my offspring be interested in this everlasting covenant, till the race grows extinct, or time expires. This is all my desire, and all my request ; and O to act a faith extensive as the promise, and stable as the truth of the Promiser ! Why should I circumscribe the grace of the promise, or doubt the veracity of the Promiser ?

Jan. 1, 1791.—When I consider the flight of time, I see that all created things must soon be concealed in impenetrable darkness, and then the worldling's heaven must dissolve in smoke ; but as the rising sun gilds the tops of the mountains, so at this period the heavenly glory shall spread a beauty on all around, and then the heaven of the saints shall unfold with every felicity that finite souls can enjoy, or God can bestow.

Jan. 13.—Trading people balance their books at the end of the year, and compare their state with former years, and so know whether they make profit or loss ; so should I, not only at the end of a year, but when the end of my life cannot be far away. Thirty years ago, my evidences for the heavenly glory seemed solid, clear, and comforting ; and though my shortcomings and backslidings have been many, yet he rests in his love, and even to hoar hairs he will carry. But when I look round the world, I find some who can talk of death and a future state with all the composure of a real Christian, and yet I durst not wish my soul in their soul's stead. Now, there must be some dreadful mistake here, even in the great concerns of their immortal souls. And lest I fall into the same error, let me examine all again. As I may persuade myself, that I believe on Jesus, and therefore all is safe, let me see if my faith be a dead faith, being without works, or if it works by love ; the tree is known by the fruit. Again, if the world has all my love, and if my supreme delight be in the creature, whatever I may pretend to, the love of the Father is not in me. If I can willingly defraud, though under the mask of fair dealing, that is, sell to an ignorant person, or to one that must needs purchase, any commodity above its real value, and which I perfectly know to be so ; or if I buy any thing below its real value, taking advantage of the seller's ignorance or necessity ; or, by any quirk of law, evade the paying of a just debt ; or go to the rigor of the law to oppress a poor opponent, or to gratify private revenge ; whatever I may pretend to, these are not the spots of God's children. If I can give up with family-worship for a while, because some are my guests that are not accustomed to call upon God ; if I can mingle in carnal discourse on the Lord's day, when in carnal company, though seemingly very circumspect when among the saints, whatever I may dream, my heart is not right with God. If I can keep company with the profane, associate with blasphemers of God's name, and pay friendly visits to the most irreligious wretches, without any call, with whatever calmness I may talk of death and the

world to come, surely this is not the way to prepare for either.

Feb. 27.—What a sudden and astonishing transition awaits me from time to eternity, from the material to the spiritual world ! to-day engaged in the affairs of life, and conversing with my friends, and to-morrow surrounded with millions of spirits, associated with angels, and employed in everlasting concerns ! It will, therefore, be my wisdom daily to take farewell of the things of time, and get more and more acquainted with the eternal state.

July 20.—To live separated from our dearest friends, to dwell at a distance from God, and to have the world rolling in our minds, and created concerns engrossing our thoughts, is not like an heir of God, an expectant of glory ; and such a situation may make us long for the happy period of our departure, when we shall flee into the immediate enjoyment of God, and in our adorations rise to the ardour of angels, and the glow of seraphims. Had I any right apprehension of the eternal enjoyment of God, I would meditate more on it, and long more after it, and, in midst of all present disasters, rejoice in the prospect of it.

Sept. 1.—While I might wish to change some things in my situation in life, I reflect that the wisdom of that gracious God that rules for me is so perfect, that any other situation in life would not be good for me. Now, though I cannot see how such and such circumstances should hurt me more than others that are in these very circumstances, yet his wisdom is a thousand times more than mine ; and if he sees it, that should silence me. Moreover, I would adore his sovereignty, and submit to his disposal in all things, just because he disposes all things.

Oct. 20.—In the midst of some kind and unexpected providences, for which my heart is filled with gratitude, I condemn myself, that for the best of all blessings, the greatest of all gifts, even Christ, the unspeakable gift of God, my soul is not always filled with glowing gratitude, and a lively sense of heavenly kindness.

Nov. 24.—Some days ago my youngest son was very ill so ill that I had great fears, and I condemn myself that I held the grip so fast, and I had great struggling between affection and resignation, between sense and faith ; however, kind Heaven has given him perfect recovery, for which I desire to bless his holy name,

Jan. 28, 1792.—It is the duty of every living man, to acknowledge the goodness of God in continuing him in life,

and crowning him with blessings ; more so of the Christian to have his heart full of gratitude, if enabled to live a life of faith on the unseen Jesus, and to have his graces, like the fire of the altar, always burning heavenward. But, O ! what glowing gratitude, joy, and rapture, will fill my whole soul in heaven, to find myself enjoying a life of communion with a three-one God, and that through all eternity !

Feb. 23.—What continual cause of joy has the child of God, who can say in faith, amidst cares and crosses of every kind, Thou art the guard of my youth and riper years, the length of my days, the light of mine eyes, the joy of mine heart, the life of my soul, the rock of my salvation, and, in a word, my God, and my all !

April 21.—Though I am traveiling through an enemy's country, beset with dangers, and surrounded with difficulties, yet owing to the wisdom of my heavenly guide, and the omnipotence of my divine guard, I am always safe, and shall finish my course with joy ; and when my race is ended, I shall obtain the crown. O how comforting this ! when I see many that started fair for the heavenly prize, stumble and fall in their race, have their bones bruised and broken, and hard to say whether they shall ever rise again, and run any more. But, O ! what shall I say when I reflect on this that the nearer any body comes to its centre, its motion is always swifter ; and the nearer a river comes to the ocean, it is always larger and larger ; but, though now near the ocean of eternity, and the centre of everlasting rest, alas ! how slow is my motion heavenward, how torpid my love, and how languid my desires after the eternal enjoyment of God ! But, O happy day ! when in the blissful state I shall approach nearer and nearer to God, and the nearer I approach, my motion towards him shall be swifter and swifter and the more I know and love him, my soul will be enlarged and captivated to know and love him still the more.

July 3.—I have been long thy servant, and have found thee the best of masters, though I have been an unprofitable servant. And after a forty years service or more, O Lord, I would fain threap kindness, and claim relation : "I am thy servant, the son of thine hand-maid ; thou hast loosed my bands." And as I can say, I love my master and his service, I love the connections of his family, my fellow-servants, saints, and angels ; so I can never change my service, nor lodge under another roof. I am willing to have my ears bored to his door post, and serve him for ever. Yea, I can go a step higher than the Hebrew servant of old ; for though

neither in the year of release, nor in the jubilee, he did go out, yet at death he was for ever free from his master ; but at my death I shall only go home to serve him day and night in his temple. I also devote all my family to be his servants for ever and ever.

July 15.—Attending a sacramental solemnity in the neighbourhood, I was attacked with fits of rheumatism by intervals. When we were to go about family-worship, which was my turn, I had so much pain that I could not be composed I earnestly intreated God to command relief ; and he heard me, for immediately I was serene, and in perfect ease. O how good a Master do I serve ! nor let this seem presumption that God heard me, for he has done infinitely more for me, even given me his Son.

July 28.—How uncertain my present life, how near to a future state am I at all times ! But how happy if the day of my dissolution shall be the day of my glorification ! Then, though the call may be sudden, my passage shall be safe, and my arrival shall be sweet, and I shall forget, not only my afflictions, but all present things, though crowns and kingdoms, as the sports of children, and the amusements of school-boys. Two days ago, my youngest child seened dying to all that saw her ; I resigned her to God, and he has graciously recovered her. But henceforth I would wish to remember, that all my children are walking on the very brink of eternity, and may be called thither in a moment ; but O may it be to the eternal enjoyment of God !

Sept. 30.—The children of Israel were typical of all the children of hope ; they were not only delivered from the iron-furnaces, the brick-kilns, and the cruel taskmasters, but they were brought into a land flowing with milk and honey, blessed with the liberty of a free people, allowed to sit every man under his vine and his fig-tree, and none to make them afraid. So the saints are not only preserved from going down to the pit, delivered from the lowest hell, for ever set free from the anguish of damnation, and the agonies of consummate despair, and see the powers of darkness for ever bruised under their feet, but are planted in the heavenly Canaan, in the full possession of all good, and in the beatific vision and full enjoyment of God and the Lamb. Thus the poor sinner has one hell in the punishment of sense, while the billows of divine wrath roll over his soul for ever ; and another hell in the punishment of loss, on being banished for ever from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power : but the saint has one heaven in being rescued from such a hell,

and another heaven in being raised to such a glory, and possessed of such inconceivable bliss !

Jan. 1, 1793.—In the beginning of the year I acknowledge thy kindness through all the years of my past life. I look back with wonder and gratitude, I look forward with hope and confidence. I plead for protection from fraud, and direction in all lawful affairs ; and I wish to cast mine eye a little further, beyond all created things, towards that invisible world which I must shortly enter.

Feb. 24.—With what surprise will I lift up mine eyes on the heavenly glories, and will gaze with wonder on the ravishing displays of infinite perfections ! It is my shame and sin to know so little of that triumphant state that I am so soon to enter upon ; and the reason is, the things of time so engross my meditations, that heavenly things are strangers there. O to be crucified to the world, and to get the world crucified to me ! It will be sad, and unlike an heir of heaven, to die with the world in my heart ; and die I shortly must. I have nothing to do with such a load of cares, since, allowed, yea, called and invited, to cast them all on God. But may my whole soul open to the joys of heaven, and the eternal enjoyment of God !

April 21.—How comfortable does religion make old age ! My strength may fail, mine eyes wax dim, but to be but a few day's journey from my father's house, supports under all. Alas ! that I should be such a stranger to my father, and my father's house ! And how sad that so many should travel so far on the road of life together, and never converse one word about the country whither they are going, but some of them, like children, find all their felicity in games, and games that serious persons will not join in.

Oct. 6.—Sometimes have I promised myself, in such an ordinance, and at such a season, that I should enjoy communion with God ; the season has come, and I have been disappointed : but I have one sweet prospect, that there is a period not far distant, when I shall enjoy full, and free, and uninterrupted communion with God. In the heavenly state I shall not be vexed with one distracting thought, not a meditation shall be barren of God.

Jan. 2, 1794.—While I am in the body, it is no wonder that I begin the new year with lamentation, mourning, and woe ; but I will begin the eternal year with songs and hallelujahs, in which all former causes of grief will be forgotten. When our near connections are guilty of walking contrary

to the divine law in any point, I think this should be the rule of our conduct: 1. In the spirit of meekness to show them their error. 2. To use gentleness rather than severity. 3. To bring their case to a throne of grace; for, though with our arguments we may silence them, yet we cannot convince them; God alone can reach the heart. 4. To wait with patience towards them, since heaven is daily exercising patience to us all.—I am taught some noble lessons: 1. To expect no solid or lasting happiness in any thing but in God.—2. To see how much we may be mistaken in our opinion of men and things. 3. To expect nothing but disappointment and pain in the world, and so to be prepared for misfortunes. 4. To build upon no present state of things; for a storm may gather, and break from the nearest point of heaven. 5. In whatever befalls us, to acquit God, and condemn ourselves. 6. In all things to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, who at last will wipe all tears from our eyes, and sorrow from our hearts. 7. To search and try ourselves, to find wherein we may have offended, and provoked heaven to send such and such afflictions.

Jan. 18.—What a noble prospect opens to the expectant of glory on the other side of death, when the soul shall rise unto the full enjoyment of God, and all troubles of time shall be forgotten for ever! It would be a shame for an heir of heaven, walking on the brink of eternity, to be despoiled of his mental calm, his joy in God, for all the storms that earth and hell can raise against him. But it would be both sin and guilt in a saint, to see sin committed by the instrument afflicting him, and not to feel *that* sin lying on his mind like a stone, a talent of lead, a mountain, a world.

Between this and the 25th there was a terrible storm, and a great fall of snow, so that the roads were almost impassible. On the 27th I walked some miles into the country with great difficulty, and coming home after it was dark, I lost my way, though not above a mile from home; then I essayed to find the road, and walked backward and forward, but in vain. I came upon mosses covered with snow, and often plunged among hillocks pretty deep, and wet my feet in the water below; but I fell into no deep pit. At last I lost all idea of the airths, and, after wandering for hours, I made no progress, and had the melancholy prospect of passing the night in the open field, which was fair indeed, but a severe frost.—I made my request to him who in all respects leads the blind in a way they know not. I kept straight to where I expected a house; but after walking about two miles in the neigh-

bourhood of lochs, which I escaped, over a very fatiguing surface in deep snow, I fell upon a road, which, after walking two miles more, brought me safely home. I was full of gratitude, when I reflected that my strength might have failed me, as I wondered between three and four hours, often up to the knees in snow, or might have fallen into some pit or loch, and never been seen more. O how safe to dwell under the shadow of the Almighty!

Feb. 20.—I have in mine eye a great number of scripture examples, high in the favour of heaven, who had in their families uncommon afflictions. Adam loses a son by the bloody hands of a brother; Noah pours a severe prophetic malediction on one of his own posterity; Aaron loses two of his sons, consumed in the very commission of their crimes; the meek Moses has to sustain the wrongs of a brother and sister; the wicked advice of his wife would have ruffled the temper of any man but Job; Eli gets a doleful message of what God intends to bring on his house; but “it is the Lord” silences him; and David, the man of God, has so many out-breakings in his family, that on his death-bed he complains that his house is not so with God.

May 18.—On my entrance into heaven, I shall find a sweet change, not only of my state, but of the frame of my soul; every faculty shall be full of God, and every power of soul shall centre in God. What a pleasant prospect this to the poor saint, that is daily harassed with worldly thoughts, and a wandering heart, and at his best times buffeted by the grand enemy! But rest on the back of such toil, and victory on the back of such a conflict, will be doubly sweet; and of such a rest, and such a victory, every saint may rest assured!

Oct.—That God lives, is the comfort of my soul; that he rules, composes me amidst all the crosses and losses that can befall me below; and how often have I had communion with God, in his providences as well as in his ordinances, and beheld him doing wonders for me!

When a cross of a singular nature, or from a quarter not expected, is protracted, it is a proof that its language is not well understood, or its end not attained; for God doth not afflict willingly, or give the children of men. O to hear the rod, and him who hath appointed it!

Oct. 24.—Though I should not wish for death out of a fit of discontent, or for heaven because greatly afflicted on earth, yet when surrounded with distressing spectacles of sin, when griefs, heart-piercing griefs, pour in on every hand, when persons we are interested in seem under the dominion of

Satan, and afflictions, like waves of the sea, death on us from every quarter, then the faith of the eternal enjoyment of God will support the soul under all.

Nov. 18.—To what purpose do I believe a future state, if I neither improve for it, nor improve it to my present comfort? Though I am as much concerned in the world as ever, yet in a little time (how soon I cannot say) I shall be separated from all my concerns, disinterested from all my friends, estranged from all my acquaintance, and dissolved from all connection with time. Even the wife of my bosom, and the children of mine own bowels, shall keep their seat in my affection no longer than my departure from time; then, since they are so near and dear to me now, and since I am a daily suppliant at the throne of grace, let my heart's desire and prayer for them be, that they may be saved. But what must that future state be, that is so fast approaching? How will all the divine perfections blaze full on the powers of my soul! Here they twinkle like stars in the night, there they will shine like the sun in brightness! Here in my views of divine things and future glories, I am like a prisoner, that can see no higher than the roof of his prison; but when brought from prison, my views shall be grand, noble, and extensive as the arch of heaven.

Jan. 1795.—O how am I repreved by the men of the world! they are so anxious to heap up riches, which can endure but for a day, and I so careless about the riches which endure to eternity!

It pains me to see some who pass for christians have head, and heart, and hand, full of worldly schemes, not to support a needy family, but to aggrandise a family already in a state of independence or opulence, and so much occupied with their affairs, that the morning sacrifices is wholly laid aside, and the evening often interrupted or curtailed, which, I should fear, might entail a curse on the sums thus amassed, which, perhaps, by the heirs for whom it is thus gathered, is at last squandered away in dissipation and vice, though the parent's eyes may be hid from the mournful scene.

May 7.—One noble end of affliction is to wean from all created things, and bring the Christian near to God. But, alas! how do I cleave to what I should quit with, and hold what I should let go! But grace can give the victory by degrees, and at death I shall go off in perfect triumph over every foe.

One thing I have to lament, that go where I will, the discourse in conversation is trifling and insipid, nothing of religion, nothing of God, nothing of Jesus, nothing of a world to

come : and herein do I condemn myself as the chief transgressor.

May 26.—How proper would it be for one in the decline of life, often to set a little time apart to meditate on the heavenly state ! And may not I be ashamed to canvass the affairs of life so unweariedly, and pass over eternal concerns as trifles of no account.

July 25.—What advantage has the expectant of heaven and glory above others, if the afflictions of this life crush his spirits ? In hope of the eternal enjoyment of God, I triumph over all that can befall me in the world. The loss of substance is a trifle to me, who have my treasures laid up in heaven ; and even the sins of others, which give me daily sorrow, cannot pain me beyond the hour of death. But on the back of death, I shall enter into the joy of my Lord for all eternity, where my tears of sorrow shall be lost for ever, in the rivers of pleasure that flow at his right hand ; and my bitter, my heart-felt grief, shall be wholly swallowed up in that fulness of joy that is in his presence.

Nov. 17.—How sad is the case of the child of God sometimes, when he goes mourning without the sun, when the Comforter that should relieve his soul is far away, when he moves heavily in the ways of religion, when he is barren and unfruitful in the work of the Lord, when he walks in darkness and hath no light, and complains that God is to him as the waters that fail. But in this the saint may still comfort himself against grief on every side : That the covenant of grace can never be broken ; that all the promises are faithful ; and that God rests him in his love, and will bless his people with peace for evermore.

Jan. 5, 1796.—Numbers feast in the beginning of the year ; I will feast also, but it shall be in the prospect of a happy eternity, when the year of time and trouble is for ever past, on the fulness of the covenant, on the offices of Christ, on the perfections of God. And here I may feast from the beginning to the end of the year, yea, through eternity itself.

June 23.—Long have I had to lament a spiritual languor in my soul, a sighing, and standing still, if not going backward ; but if I have an union to the Lord of life, he will recover me from all my decays, and will keep, though weak, still alive.

Some days ago, (*June 17*), my wife brought me another child, and I this day devote my young family to God. O ! let my daughter Jean be duly taken up with the concerns of the invisible world ; let my daughter Agnes early seek after

God; may my son George know and fear the God of his father; William serve God in the kingdom of grace, and enjoy him in the kingdom of glory; make Elizabeth a child of God, and Margaret an heir of glory.

1797.—For several weeks past, by a disorder on my lungs, I have been threatened with death; and though I can say, I know in whom I have believed, and to whom I have committed the keeping of my soul, yet strong were my desires, (with submission) to live a little. My reasons for imploring a little time were, several hymns I had in view to get printed, and one essay just going to the press; also my young family, and a worthy affectionate wife. But I condemned myself for putting any thing in balance with the eternal enjoyment of God. Yet I thought my request was lawful, from the psalmist's prayer, "O spare me, that I may recover strength!" and good Hezekiah's conduct, who wept sore. While my body was sore broken, my powers of mind were all languid and feeble. What folly to defer preparation for death, till seized with sickness, and arrested by death!

However trivial it may seem to some, yet I had comfort in the psalm that fell to be sung in family-worship, which I was still able to perform, though wearisome nights were appointed to me, Psal. ci. 1. "I will sing of mercy and judgment." Here I saw the song of the saint was a mixed song; but mercy was the first and chief part of the song; and the judgment inflicted did not hinder him to sing of the mercy bestowed. After the first comfortable night's rest I got, Psal. ciii. 4. was the ordinary, "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;" and O how sweet was that to my soul! as well as a great part of the psalm below.

Feb. 7.—After a silence of many Sabbaths, I have been able to attend sermon for two by past Sabbaths. O how shall I account for the many golden opportunities I have enjoyed! About this time, five of my children had the measles, but recovered all again. O what mercies heap on me! I condemn myself that I am not more heavenly minded. O for rich supplies of grace!

Feb. 20.—Our youngest child was in a dangerous way, through teething and crudities; and O how anxious were we for her recovery! whence I condemn myself, that I am not more concerned for her salvation than any thing else. I would wish to be resigned to holy Providence, who does all things well, and, as it were, hangs suspended between paternal affection and Christian resignation. O heavenly Father, pity and spare!

March 3.—The dear child is still alive, but in great danger. O to be able to say amen to whatever my heavenly Father may do!

March 4.—The dear infant is still alive, and I take hold on his covenant for her, and claim the sweet premise, "I will be thy God, and the God of thy seed." O how pleasant to think that my little babe shall be admitted into the heavenly multitude, to praise the riches of redeeming grace! The parents may mourn at her decease, but she shall be filled with joy for evermore.

March 4.—After mid-day, the dear infant fell asleep in the Lord, and I hope entered on her eternal Sabbath of rest; and I desire to be still and know that God is God, and to submit, not only to the great stroke of death, but to the season in which it is sent, being just at the very time of our sacrament, so that I could not attend. But though there is a dead babe in my family, let me rejoice that a living Saviour fills the throne, and will, in his good time, restore the years that the locusts have eaten. The dear mother was supported wonderfully under the stroke, and kept her health very well.

March 12.—Some days ago, a pleasant child, not nine months old, was taken from us by death, and set the hearts of the parents a-bleeding. But I find, that when strokes of this kind are repeated, there is not a better way to get peace of mind restored, and triumph over our sharpest trials, than by taking another view of the eternal enjoyment of God. And in the very prospect of enjoying such an infinite good, I lose the sense of all present afflictions. Is it much to drop one tear, or heave one sigh, and have my eyes wiped for eternity, and my heart brimfull of joy for evermore? The time of my sorrow is so short, that it expires amidst my complaints, but my eternal enjoyment shall go on for ever; and there shall I forget my afflictions like the waters that flow away.

April 4.—I have had some severe lapses, and I am afraid that I have not learnt the language of the rod. I need not say with Job, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me," but may say, Thou art righteous, though thou shouldst contend against me for ever; but I plead thy fatherly compassion, and heavenly pity, and desire to act faith on thee at all times.

June 4.—For several weeks past, I have been getting better and better, and am now in a tolerable state of health, and desire to bless my kind deliverer, and to live to his glory.

May 28, 1798.—Thou preservest man and beast; how precious is thy grace! Thus, after severe falls, bruises, and bro-

ken bones, and other complaints, I am still in a tolerable state of health ; but O that I could say, that my soul also prospereth ! However little the world may think of it, I bless the Most High that in all my long complaint I have been able to go about family-worship morning and evening ; and I find it good to wait on God.

July 19.—It is my duty to be resigned, not, only to the cross, but to the kind of the cross, and to its continuance. My daily grief shall be, to see some commit sin, in causing me sorrow. With what courage may I bear every burden, with every aggravation, since I have the promise of present support, and in a little of eternal deliverance !

THE

HOUSE OF MOURNING;

OR,

POEMS ON MELANCHOLY SUBJECTS.



P R E F A C E .

THE author of the following poems, as a neighbour, an acquaintance, a friend, a brother, a son, a father, an husband, has felt the anguish that arises from the death of these several relations ; and we are placed in this life in such a variety of connection with dying creatures, that we need never forget our own dissolution, while some of our acquaintance, or intimate companions, or blood relations, or members of our own families, or bosom-friends, are daily carried into the world of spirits.

The uncommon deaths, &c. mentioned here, have either befallen the friends of the author, or taken place within the circle of his acquaintance.

What a pity it is to see so much fine poetical genius thrown away upon trifles, since so many serious subjects present to view subjects that might entertain in time, and improve for eternity. The reader of such productions is entertained, highly entertained, but (like the hungry man that in his dream sits down to a banquet) it is with nothing ! At last death attacks him ; but, alas ! he had forgot his latter end ! A future world presents itself, but he is a stranger to every thing beyond the grave !

To debar death from our thoughts, and a future state from our meditations, will neither render us immortal, nor afford us a triumphant dismission from this into the world of spirits, but must make

our exit tremendous, and our latter end a scene of ineffable anguish ; while, on the other hand, we never enjoy the pleasures of life, the sweets of society, and the endearments of our friends and families, with a better relish, than when serious thoughts of death and eternity predominate in our mind. Yet I am humbly of opinion, that persons of real piety are not to grow remiss in their attendance on the lawful affairs of this life, because they know not how soon they must die ; nor are they to condemn themselves as hypocrites, because they do not find at all times an *actual promptitude to die* ; though an habitual preparation will be their constant study, and in part their attainment. Neither are they at every time to *expect* or *aspire* at that degree of *willingness to be dissolved*, which has been the attainment of many dying saints, and may be their own at death ; for according to their work strength will be given them. But I think we should study, 1. To have a practical belief of a future state. 2. Not to be lifted up with prosperity. 3. Not to be much dejected by adversity. 4. Daily to study more and more to be weaned from the world, and to have our conversation more and more in heaven. And, 5. to have frequent meditations on death and eternity ; and then, when death comes, we may be made, not only submissive to our dissolution, but to long to depart, and be ravished in the prospect of our being for ever with the Lord.

What a fool would that man be held among all nations, who could give the closest attention to, and expend all his treasure on, the pageantry of one day, though admonished that *thereby* his whole after life should be one scene of reproach, poverty, and wretchedness !— My readers will repel the charge, and disown the character ; but let me ask, Is not human life less than a day, an hour to eternity ? And yet to shine for this transient hour, engrosses all the study and attention of too, too many, while death is treated as a phantom, and the eternal world kept out of view ; whereby shame and disgrace,

desperation and anguish, are forever entailed on the thoughtless and profane, who in the noblest concerns act the madman and the fool.

I shall only add, that the subjects of these poems are of universal concern; for where is he that may not expect to feel sorrow from the death of some dear acquaintance, bosom-friend, or beloved relation?—And what man, infidel or Christian, great or small, rich or poor, old or young, soldier or senator, from the king on his throne to the criminal in his iron cage, that shall not see death, and be laid in the cold grave? And is it not downright madness in dying creatures to doubt their own mortality? and, if they believe it, is it not more desperate folly never to have one serious thought of death and a future state?

Affliction is the most proper time for serious reflection; and under no affliction do we suffer more than by the death of our dearest friends and relations. Nor can there be a more proper season for impressing the truths of religion, and the belief of a future state on the mind, than when we must take our long, our last farewell of those persons who have been the objects of our tenderest affection, the companions of our pilgrimage, and the comfort of our lives. While the gates of the invisible world open to receive their souls, disrobed of clay, we peep in after them with the tear in our eye, and confess that the eternal state shall shortly swallow us up also. We breathe a pious wish to be prepared for our change; and express our cheerful hopes that our friends are entered on their rest. At these periods we have such a consciousness of our immortality, such forebodings of a future state, and foretastes of eternity, that we would conclude the men that would degrade us *wholly* into mere matter, no better than learned madmen. Then our favourite amusements disgust, and the world has lost its charms. We repeat our resolutions to live in view of death, and as expectants of heaven. But, alas! how soon do we forget our dear dead friend, forget ourselves; and, worst of all, forget our God,

who, notwithstanding, does not forget us, but repeats the admonition, by the death of a second, a third, or a fourth, or of all our friends, till we are left like a beacon on the top of a hill. Yet thus sometimes the death of a friend has been the life of a soul, and broken the enchantments of the world and sin.

That the following Poems may be useful to persons mourning over their deceased relations, is the sincere wish of the Author.

THE

HOUSE OF MOURNING;

OR,

POEMS ON MELANCHOLY SUBJECTS.

I.

The heart of the wise should be in the House of Mourning.

GAY world, adieu, while I survey,
With silent awe the dreary tomb,
Anticipate my dying day,
And muse upon the world to come.

Were this terrestrial ball the home
In which I should for ay remain,
O'er each gay scene I still might roam,
Charm'd with earth's pomps and pleasures vain;

But since stern Death me close pursues,
And will ere long me captive take,
Ah! shall I my last hour refuse
The theme of serious thought to make?

Here, doubtless, noblest wisdom lies,
To keep in view our latter end;
'Tis thus we guard 'gainst sad surprise,
Thus may we learn how life to spend.

Should pleasures false our hearts allure,
 This 'sunder breaks th' enchanting chain ;
 Should sharpest griefs their anguish pour,
 'Tis this which dissipates the pain.

And while I weep for friends deceas'd,
 Who long had shard my fond desire,
 I see the tyrant me arrest,
 I feel myself in turn expire.



II.

On a Still-born Child.

HERE spotless sovereignty shines !
 Here undisputed power !
 'To God eternity pertains,
 To God the transient hour.

Various as is of life the way,
 Death skulks at every turn ;
 On old, on young, springs as his prey,
 Nor spares the babe unborn.

O hadst thou, little infant, liv'd
 To serve thy God below,
 What joy had pious friends receiv'd !
 But now their sorrows flow.

Yet, happy trav'ler, ne'er a blast
 Disturb'd thee on the road ;
 Through life, unconscious, thou hast past,
 Swift to thy fix'd abode.

Unborn he died ; his eye first op'd,
 Th' eternal light to see !
 Nor hasting home one moment stopp'd
 To gaze, vain world, on thee.

Not one hard thought of the Most High
 Disturb'd or stain'd his mind,
 Then, O to be *still* as he,
 And to thy will resign'd !

III.

The Patient expiring.

O ! WHITHER fled ?—Now, full of God,
 He mounts unto the sky !
 Or plunges to that dire abode,
 Where damned spirits lie !

He now beholds eternal day,
 Enjoying pure delight !
 Or by Heaven's ire now chas'd away
 To everlasting night !

Above, his endless bliss begun,
 Or endless bane below !
 There an unceasing course to run,
 Of happiness or woe !

Ere now the awful sentence past,
 He knows his certain fate !
 Already has commenc'd his last,
 His everlasting state !

Yet still in bliss shall higher grow,
 Or hell in lower fall !
 For God is his eternal foe,
 Or his best friend,—his all.

To Jesus, then, O may I fly
 Each golden hour improve,
 Here live by faith, in hope then die,
 And mount to God above.

IV.

The Spectator.

Now to my dying patient's bed,
 I run to give solace,
 I see kind friends support his head,
 And tears bedew each face.

In vain : for who can comfort now ?
 In this extreme of grief,
 Kind friends, and skill'd physicians too,
 Afford but poor relief.

What can support him when perplex'd,
 When heart and flesh both fail,
 Unless he has his anehor fix'd,
 By faith within the vail.

Then may the soft and balmy hand,
 Of everlasting love,
 Wipe the cold sweat, kind help command,
 And all my pains remove.

Refresh me with the glad'ning charms,
 Dear Jesus, of thy face ;
 Reach down thine everlasting arms,
 And bear my soul to bliss.

V.

The House of Mourning better than the House of Feasting.

This is the house of mournining sure !
 Else why should tears thus frequent pour ?
 This is the house of mourning ! Hear
 What deep-fetch'd sighs now meet my ear.
 Here let me dwell, 'tis Wisdom's school ;
 Nor mirth prefer like ev'ry fool.

A sick, a dying friend lies there,
And pious friends engage in pray'r ;
By turns address the throne of grace :
Say, is not this a pleasant place ?

Mirth's jovial house delights us more,
The cheerful song, the plenteous store ;
But, ah ! 'midst these we seldom think
How we stand tottering on the brink
Of endless ages ; how we fly
Through time to vast eternity !

'Tis when we enter sorrow's door,
Such thoughts occur, forgot before.
'Tis then we see that die we must,
And mingle with our kindred dust ;
Must quit the present lov'd abode,
And haste from hence to meet our God.

That transitory things are vain,
That pleasure often ends in pain,
That sorrow round us daily flows,
That man's a flow'r or fading rose,
Are truths the house of mourning shows.
'Tis here we learn earth to despise,
And all that is below the skies ;
To bear with patience sorrows load,
And long to dwell in heaven with God.

{

Mourning, when pious, is the bread
On which God's children oft are fed ;
The fire in which their grace is prov'd
And all their sinful dross remov'd ;
The med'cine of the sickly soul,
Though nauseous, meant to make them whole ;
The rod which makes th' offender smart,
Which pains his sense, but mends his heart.

VI.

A Child dying in the Small-pox, Aug. 31. 1766.

Poor infant!—What a moving scene!

Though lovely once and fair;
There's not a spot in all thy skin,
But rank corruptions there.

O how disfigur'd is his face!

Nature must turn away;
Yet the fond parents frank embrace,
And kiss the loathsome clay!

Such, Lord, art thou, and such thy love:

Why then, so weak my faith?
Nought from thy saints shall it remove,
Not ev'n disease and death.

There comes a change to balance all

This *anguish, grief, and pain,*
When ev'n this putrid body shall
Like Jesus' body shine.

The soul that is redeem'd from sin,

Still shall be Jesus' care;
Not all the ulcers of his skin
Shall make him look less fair.

Why, then, should parents weep and cry?

Why murmur and complain?
A softer love, a tend'r eye,
Than theirs, inspects his pain.

Child, breathe thy soul into his hand,

And the sharp struggle's o'er;
There's none in all Immanuel's land
Can say, *I'm sick or sore.*

VII,

*The Malefactor. **

So must thou lie poor mournful man,
On whom to die the doom is past ?
Turn thee to neither side thou can,
In irons thou art lock'd so fast.

Day shines not here, no rays of light
Into this darksome dungeon peep ;
Sad emblem of eternal night !
Sad spectacle ! who can but weep ?

So must thou lie, (O cruel fate !)
Till the determined moment come,
When fix'd in thine eternal state,
By heav'n's unalterable doom.

Then hear, O man, thy future woe,
If die thou shalt a child of wrath ;
Then, where no pity God shall show,
Thou suffer shalt the second death.

Fast bound in adamantine chains,
Thou midst the burning flames must lie ;
Sustain fierce anguish, endless pains,
And the red thunders from on high !

Thou here complain'st thy bones are sore,
And nothing, nothing gives thee ease ;
But there thy soul, in ev'ry pow'r,
Justice divine shall agonise.

Th' appointed day shall end that plaint,
Death from this prison thee release ;
But there, when age and age is spent,
Thy plaints and torments never cease.

* This was written from the complaint of a notable prisoner under sentence of death.

Though justice must not let thee go,
 God can acquit from sins and fears,
 And listen with delight unto
 Thy pray'rs and penitential tears.

Then seek unto the prince of peace,
 The blessings of his merits crave ;
 He stands with open arms of grace,
The worst of sinners to receive.

“ Lord, if I perish,” to him say,
 “ Perish I shall at mercy’s cost ;
 “ I from thy throne won’t go away,
 “ But at thy feet give up the ghost.

“ I’ll raise my looks of faith on high,
 “ When I am breathing out my last :
 “ And, passing to eternity,
 “ Into thine arms my spirit cast.”

VIII.

Acquaintance Dying.

WHAT ! shall I daily hear of death,
 Yet no attention give,
 As if I had an angel’s breath,
 And should for ever live ?

The human nations on the brink
 Of endless ages stand ;
 And without order, numbers sink
 In death on ev’ry hand.

One, wasted with a long disease,
 Seems but few days to have ;
 Yet some, who dwell in peace and ease,
 Before him reach the grave.

The babe who scarce has seen the light,
 Or once beheld the sun,
 Is lost in everlasting night,
 Nor in his journey known.

We tumble off life's crowded stage
 Into the gaping tomb,
 Without respect to place or age,
 And reach our long, long home !

While my endear'd acquaintance die,
 And leave their friends perplext,
 I'll fix it in my mind, that I
 Perhaps shall be the next.

Prepare for death, then let the time
 At thy command come on ;
 I'll joy to drop my mortal frame,
 And stand before thy throne.

IX.

The Compassion.

Tossing to death the infant lies,
 Whom nothing can relieve,
 And sympathising parents' cries
 Redoubled anguish give !

Ah ! must the little stranger go
 To his eternal home ;
 Commence his journey dark, yet know
 Not *whither*, nor to *whom* !

Spectator, learn thy duty now,
 Nor unconcern'd go home ;
 Plead that the babe, plead strongly thou,
 Into God's house may come :

And when below he's withered,
 And in corruption sown,
 That he may grow and bloom beside
 The *Plant* of high *renown*.

O God ! exalt redeeming grace,
 (Grace still the garland wears !)
 In saving even an infant race,
 That dies in tender years.

To sovereign grace what love and praise
 For ever shall redound,
 When infants are, to their amaze,
 In unsought glory found !

In his young heart thy grace, Lord, shed,
 Thy mercy let him share !
 Heav'n's kingdom is of babes, 'tis said,
 Then take this infant there.

Defend from all surrounding harms,
 Him shield with love divine ;
 And when he leaves his parents' arms,
 O take him up to thine !

Though in the sanctuary here,
 He never praise thy name,
 Yet let him spend th' eternal year,
 With God and with the Lamb.

Although a span his body bound,
 When cover'd with the clod,
 Yet let him be in mercy found
 A perfect man with God.

Now mark, my soul, th' amazing love
 That gives thee many years,
 That negligent thou may'st not prove
 Of thine eternal cares !

If slothful here, I'm twice undone,
 But the good work below,
 Lord, both begin and carry on,
 Till grace to glory grow.

X.

Man a Mass of Corruption.

CORRUPTION, as a father kind,
 Shall clasp me in the tomb ;
 The clod shall, as a loving friend,
 Attend me when come home.

Destruction at my feet shall wait,
 Clay-cold within the stone ;
 And worms shall as my sisters sit
 About me when alone.

Silence a pillow soft shall be,
 To sweeten my repose ;
 Troubles no more shall cleave to me,
 Nor terror from my foes.

A little, and my bones in death
 Their fellows quite misken,
 Till that last day, when Jesus' breath
 Shall join them all again.

How should I *read*, how should I *hear* ;
 In view of worlds divine !
 For in a little eye and ear
 Shall, gloomy grave, be thine..

Mingled with dust my body lies ;
 Proud mortal, this thy doom,
 To feed, concealed from the skies,
 Vile worms within the tomb !

Renew my soul, and then, O God,
 My rotting flesh shall rise,
 Immortal from the mould'ring clod,
 To dwell above the skies.

XI.

The Compulsion

Those whom salvation's silver sound
 Has never yet brought home,
 God can, while by affliction bound,
 With chast'ning hand o'ercome.

Behold the man unus'd to prayer,
 While dying there he lies,
 And ages in his count'nance stare,
Pray, pray for me, he cries.

Ah ! must he now implore that pow'r
 He did so long despise ?
 And at the last, th' expiring hour,
 Heaven's slighted mercy prize !

The sweet, the sacred trade of prayer,
 Has he till now delay'd ?
 Religion's dawn now first appear
 In life's pale ev'ning shade ?

O ! did he God, from year to year,
 With stubborn ear deny ?
 And can he hope the Lord should hear
 His first, his final cry ?

But sovereign goodness owns no date :
 When years are spent and past,
 Thy grace has some (O mercy great !)
 Prevented at the last.

The thief, let mercy be renown'd,
 While death transfix'd his sting,
 In the last hour, grace spoke, and crown'd
 The dying wretch a king.

Lord, when thy chast'ning hand they feel,
 They'll pour thee out a pray'r,
 And earnest seek in trouble, till
 Their sky again grow clear.

Be wise, my soul, and seek to him,
 Ere grace's day be past,
 Who can, when left of friends and time,
 Avail thee at the last.

XII.

The Decease.

Now he must shortly disappear,
 And can no help be found ?
 The sickness heightens ; every where
 Death's harbingers abound.

See dissolution in his eye ;
 The pulse irreg'lar beat ;
 Nerves start, and on his skin thick lie
 Death's ensigns spread in state.

In vain his dearest friends deplore ;
 He must receive the blow
 Of death, and fall, and never more
 Be known in worlds below.

Soon he must change his dwelling place,
 Soon stand before the bar,
 And naked spirits, face to face,
 For ever on him stare !

Now crowns and kingdoms never can
 Redeem the passing breath,
 Nor the whole world recal the man
 Back from the jaws of death.

Soon must he all his friends forget ;
 No more their actions know ;
 Then let me talk a little yet
 With him before he go.

“ By death from all thy friends when cast,
 “ What comfort shall thy mind ?
 “ If Christ be not thy friend at last,
 “ A friend thou shalt not find.”

But, glorious friend, wilt thou not stand
 For ever at my side,
 To me reach out thy helping hand,
 ‘Midst Jordan’s raging tide ?

My Jesus, when thou call’st me, lo !
 I at thy call will come,
 And leap for joy ! because I know
 Both *whither* and to *whom*.

Death courses his destructive tour,
 Nor empty turns again ;
 And while he steps from door to door,
 Shall he not knock at mine ?

I sha’n’t be hurt of death, (sweet peace !)
 But live for evermore ;
 Here in the kingdom of thy grace,
 There in thy courts of glore.

Then, when I from this world remove,
 None need my case bemoan,
 For in the chariot of thy love
 I’m carried to thy throne.

XIII.

The Death of the Righteous.

While there, ‘midst agonies he lies,
 He glories in redeeming grace ;
 And waits the happy hour, and cries,
 “ I soon shall see him face to face.”

The king of terrors shakes in vain,
 'Gainst him his sting, or bloody spear ;
 The man is harness'd well within,
 And neither foe nor friend need fear.

The dreary shades of death convert,
 Into the joyful morning light,
 Before him ; and his winged heart
 Mounts up 'bove all the clouds of night.

His children's tears with pity strike,
 Much more his loving, fainting wife ;
 But like a saint, nay, angel-like,
 He triumphs o'er the woes of life.

O ! how delightful now to hear,
 Those pious words his lips let fall ;
 So sweet, so melting, all must tear,
 While he doth sacred wonders tell.

His last advice, " My sons, be wise,
 And let your Father's God be yours ;
 Spend, and be spent unto his praise,
 For him exert your ablest powers.

Come here, Jehovah's fearers, come,
 And hear what God for me hath wrought ;
 Till now, up from my mother's womb,
 His care has fed, his kindness brought.

Come here, who fear the Lord, I'll tell
 What he did for my soul ; how he,
 In love, out from the lowest hell
 Hath sav'd, and rais'd me up on high."

The grief-slain woman weeps, and lies
 Upon her dying husband's breast :
 Who points her out the promises,
 On which her faith, her soul should rest.

“Thy orphans leave on me, I will
Preserve, and keep them safe alive ;
And let thy widows trust me still,
Their drooping spirits I'll revive.

Religion, Sirs, O close pursue,
For Godliness alone is gain,
Its ways are pleasantness ; I glow
To think on all its bliss again.

Why weep, my friends, why do ye weep ?
O sit yourselves compos'dly down ;
Would ye me from my kingdom keep ?
Or grudge because I get the crown ?

O how I'm panting to be gone !
When will my ling'ring moments end ?
The curtain draw, mine holy One,
And pull me to thee with thine hand.”

The joys of heaven so fill his heart,
Such glories open to his view,
That with his friends he frank can part,
And bid all earthly things adieu.

But now arrives the blessed hour,
So much desir'd, the hour of death ;
And nature fails in every pow'r,
While thus he yields his dying breath :

“Jesus, I to thy hand commit
My soul, (thrice worthy of the trust),
For thou, Lord, hast redeemed it,
And thou shalt raise me from the dust.”

Now he expires ;—their sacred trust,
Commission'd angels bear away,
To join the sinless shining host,
That sings through everlasting day.

Preserved by Almighty pow'r,
And borne upon the guardian wing,
He reaches the bright courts of glore,
And brighter presence of his king

There the soft hand of sacred love,
 Wipes every sorrow from his eyes;
 Drenches his soul with joys above,
 And seats on blooming banks of bliss.

Thus dies the righteous man, and so
 O may I live! O may I die!
 'Tis all I ask, O Lord, below,
 That I like him may mount on high.

XIV.

Our latter end to be remembered. ECCLES. xii.

O that true wisdom I might learn,
 In proper season too;
 The year of patience to discern,
 The acceptable Now.

Rememb'ring in life's earliest part,
 While shines the morning hour,
 Thee, Lord, who my creator art,
 And my salvation's tow'r.

Before the soul, the body's sun,
 In ev'ry pow'r decay;
 The moon-like faculties be gone,
 And dotage pale display;

My star-like senses disappear,
Sight, hearing, touch, and taste;
 And no secreted juices rear
 The mould'ring body's waste:

Before the sackcloth'd heav'n shall mourn,
 Sun, moon, and stars not clear;
 Nor after rain the clouds return,
 When the dread Judge draws near:

Before the dark and evil day
 Approach, and come so nigh,
 That, pensive in my soul, I'll say,
Hence all my pleasures fly :

When palsied arms once strung with strength,
 Must shake, poor guardians they !
 And nervous legs and thighs at length
 Low bow, and fast decay :

Ere yet the grinders mould'ring down,
 The mouth of age forsake ;
 And cease, since now so few become,
 The wonted sound to make :

Before old age my sight invade,
 That I can nothing see ;
 The crystal lattice shut, and hid
 The window-gazers be :

Together ere my jaws be tied,
 Asunder ne'er to come ;
 (These stately iv'ry ports which lead
 Into the inner dome):

When voice of chirping birds too strong,
 Like noisy tempests seem ;
 And all the charming nymphs in song
 Are low in mine esteem :

All objects fill my heart with fears,
 I dare no whither go ;
 But think the way is strew'd with snares,
 And tremble like the doe :

Then, like the flow'rs which almonds bea
 My hairs shall vie with snow ;
 Sure proof that winter fast draws near,
 When I grey-headed grow :

Desire must fail, however strong,
 Nor wait for things to come ;
 Because man goeth to his long,
 His everlasting home :

The man departed, mourning go
 His friends about the street ;
 Their sorrow fond to all to show,
 And weep to all they meet :

Ere death life's silver cord shall loose,
 Ne'er to be knit again,
 The cord of nerves, whence pleasure flows,
 To ev'ry part, or pain :

Before the golden bowl be broke,
 The heart's valves open thrown ;
 Whence rising, all the arteries suck
 Their fill, and circle on :

Ere dissolution total shall
 Make ev'ry thing give way ;
The pitchers at the fountain fall,
And wheels all broken lie.

Yet then the soul, that living thing,
 Freed from its load of earth,
 To God shall soar with rapid wing.
 To God who gave it birth.

XV.

The Admonition

Will I not yet admonish'd be,
 Though I am doom'd to die ?
 While every day sad scenes I see,
 Of pale mortality.

Nor shrub nor cedar can escape
 The loud, the rending blast ;
 'Tis every mortals common hap,
 And must be mine at last.

And shall I hardly yet believe,
 Death's seeds within me lie ?
 Shall not such grave instrucrions drive
 My fond delays away ?

I live among the tombs, and there
 Instructions never fail ;
For if not with the dead, yet sure,
Midst the dying dwell.

XVI.

The Patient.

Hear how he mourns beneath his smart !
 Groan pressing upon groan,
 Both pierce mine ear, and touch mine heart,
 Yet I can ease not one.

What can allay the burning heat,
 The fever's fiery rage ?
 When nerves all start, and pulses beat,
 What can the storm assuage ?

Now learn, my soul, all flesh is grass ;
 Thus thou must lie ere long,
 As he now lies, of late who was
 So full of health, and strong.

How wild his looks ! how raving mad,
 The language of his tongue !
 What strange ideas, phantoms sad,
 And thoughts confused throng !

Ah ! who can, then, the pain describe
 The damned feel below,
 O'er whom rolls an eternal tide
 Of vengeance and of woe !

The burning fever of God's ire,
 The magazines of death ;
 The vengeance of eternal fire,
 The arrows of his wrath ;

These torments dire there all conspire,
 To form a fearful hell ;
 Curs'd to the centre of the fire,
 What agonies they feel !

What raving looks of dread despair,
 Start from their kindled eyes !
 And from their tongues, while tortures tear,
 What talk blasphemous flies !

No medicine, no sov'reign balm,
 Can 'mong the shades prevail ;
 The day of grace now past, the Lamb
 In hell no soul shall heal.

Nought shall th' eternal fever check,
 Or mitigate its pow'r ;
 No crisis dare they e'er expect,
 It rages more and more !

XVII.

Mortality

O ! what an empty thing am I !
 A puff, a passing wind ;
 Remember'd just when blowing by ;
 When gone, then out of mind.

I'm like the tow'ring vapour tost,
 Which floats from place to place
 And scatter'd by the wind is o'st,
 Nor leaves the smallest trace.

I'm froth upon the water's face,
 I like a bubble swim,
 Down these dead rivers, which, alas !
 Are lost in Lethe's* stream.

Ship-like built on the docks of time,
 I'm launched when I die,
 In vast eternity to swim,
 But shore no more to see.

Like flow'r I grow, like flow'r I fade,
 Which decks the vernal plain ;
 Like comet swift, scarce seen when fled,
 Nor visits earth again.

Mine age is very vanity,
 And nothing, Lord, with thee ;
 I shut, when scarce I've op'd mine eye ;
 Begun to breathe, I die !

As waters, with unwearied might,
 Fast wear the stones away ;
 So doth my time with rapid flight,
 But undiscern'd, make way.

How, since my glass hath little sand,
 Shall I pursue my race ?
 I'll lean on Jesus with my hand,
 And trust in Jesus' grace.

Thus, keeping Jesus still in view,
 Run for th' eternal prize,
 And seek a life for ever new,
 In bliss above the skies.

* Forgetfulness.

XVIII.

The long home.

Believe, my soul, thou shortly must
 Depart to thy long home;
 And leave thy lifeless lump of dust
 To moulder in the tomb.

Why need the stranger for a night,
 'The trav'ller for a day,
 Care if he's entertain'd aright,
 Or fares ill by the way?

Why with expence and pains should I
 A dwelling here prepare,
 Yet look not through eternity,
 How I shall dwell, or where?

My long, mine everlasting home,
 I'll always keep in eye;
 I'm daily journeying till I come
 Unto eternity.

Yet a few wand'rings on the shore,
 Till death the *transport* come,
 To carry me (dare I deplore?)
 Unto my long, long home.

Long, long! to all eternity;
 In vain my friends may mourn,
 For when I've gone the lonely way,
 I never will return!

XIX.

The King of Terrors.

Death, thou art “ King of terrors” nam’d,
 For, skilful to destroy,
 Thou hast a cruel army, fam’d
 For scatt’ring pale annoy.

To die, and yet quite unprepar’d
 Must terrible appear ;
 For death will no man’s state regard,
 Nor one entreaty hear.

The tort’ring pang to undergo,
 That dissolution brings,
 And feel the hand of nature’s foe,
 Asunder tear life’s strings !

To leave the world and friends below,
 And every fond delight,
 And deeply plunge, for aught I know,
 In an eternal night !

To pass, while unknown worlds appear,
 And by an unknown road,
 From earth unto the flaming bar
 Of a tremendous God !

The ghastly pow’r that can perform
 Such dreadful things on me,
 Must to a faint and silly worm
 The *king of terrors* be.

But heav’n’s great King, who rules on high,
 Be with me in that hour ;
 Then by his might I shall defy
 The *king of terrors*’ pow’r.

XX.

A dying Infant.

On thee, O God ! this child I roll,
 That thine he still may be ;
 When he breathes out his infant soul,
 Lord, take him home to thee.

When weeping friends the babe attend,
 As life forsakes the clay,
 Let winged seraphims descend,
 And waft his soul away.

Though here the fam'ly be made less,
 By the lov'd number *one* ;
 By *one* so may the hosts increase,
 That sing before the throne.

Now let another harp in tune
 For ever praise above,
 Another soul attend the throne,
 Another sing of love.

Receive him to thy boundless bliss.
 Which he could ne'er implore,
 To sing of all thine unsought grace,
 And we will weep no more.

—
XXI.*On the loss of a Limb.*

What pain that patient undergoes !
 What agony endures !
 A limb, though dear, away he throws,
 To gain a few more hours.

Yet who can say that loss of limb
 Shall rescue him from death ?
 But sinners, who forsake their sin,
 Shall never feel God's wrath.

We lose a limb to save our clay
 From rotting in the dust ;
 Yet cast our precious souls away,
 To keep a sordid lust.

Ah ! what advantage can it bring,
 Though now it please us well,
 That *lusts* and *idols* round us cling,
 When we descend to hell ?

But O the pleasures that shall rise,
 Though *flesh* and *sense* repine,
 When lusts, as dear as our right eyes,
 Are mortified within !

Then, though the sons of vice compute
 The men of life upright,
Blind, maimed, and crippled in their feet,
 And strangers to delight ;

Yet they shall sons of vice condemn,
 And them convince of this,
 That thus they *see, and walk, and climb,*
 To everlasting bliss.

XXII.

Sick-bed Experience.

When humbled to the very dust,
 Then I was made to mind
 The day would come, when die I must,
 And to the grave descend.

When my career of strength was stopp'd,
 And breath like to expire,
 Such words as these my conscience dropp'd,
 In mine attentive ear :

“ How has thy precious time been spent ?
 In holiness or sin ?
 Could earth afford complete content ?
 Or sought’st thou things divine ?

“ Where is the scroll of actions rude,
 Thy catalogue of sin ?
 For if not drown’d in Jesus’ blood,
 They’ll rise and roar again.

“ O ! hear affliction, hear the rod,
 Nor what it says neglect ;
 For without cause a gracious God
 Thee never will correct.

“ Dost thou resolve, if bless’d with days,
 If back to life restor’d,
 To walk entirely to his praise,
 And live more near the Lord ? ”

How sharp and piercing was my sight,
 When sickness op’d mine eye !
 I in a new, another light,
 Both earth and heav’n did spy.

Heaven swell’d so bulky in mine eye,
 It claim’d my ev’ry thought ;
 Earth grew so small a vanity,
 I deem’d it less than nought,

I flew to the bright fields of day,
 To find delights divine ;
 And deep resolv’d that vanity
 Should ne’er enslave again.

XXIII.

A Writing after Recovery.

I lately, pale, the passage trod,
 Sickness, the portal towards death ;
 But I'm reliev'd again by God,
 And draw my new-inspired breath.

Heaven issu'd out the dread command,
 " Go, and with cords yon mortal bind ;
 Death, send a part of thy dire band,
 But see thou stay thyself behind."

Anon these messengers of pain
 Me seiz'd, I thought death was at hand ;
 But thou didst send relief again,
 And didst their fatal pow'r remand.

Eternity's two-leaved gate
 Turned awful on its aged hinge,
 And op'ning wide did seem to wait
 My great unalterable change.

Death's flag hung waving in my eyes,
 Suspended o'er the dismal tomb ;
 Its texture dark, and vast its size,
 And black with horror's deepest gloom.

Sighs there were wrought, and there a tear
 Stood painted in the parent's eye ;
 And one might groans distinctly hear,
 Deep from a dear acquaintance fly.

Below Oblivion dark'ning lay,
 Eternal in its rueful guise,
 Where swim ten thousand worlds away,
 Forgot as atoms in the skies.

Thus rack'd for nights, and vex'd for days,
 I ploring did my time employ ;
 But now I do, to mine amaze,
 Not only life, but health enjoy.

*I must depart, must be forgot,
Said I, farewell, ye sons of time ;
I sigh'd, in secret mourn'd my lot,
That I must perish in my prime.*

*But, Lord, in love unto my soul,
Thou from corruption's pit didst save ;
And, pleas'd to let me live a while,
Hast ransom'd from the silent grave.*

*I'll with a thankful offering
The sanctifying altar load,
Thee in the congregations sing,
And, living, praise the living God.*

*My days unto thy praise I'll spend ;
Thy praise shall be my task below,
Till death the dismal train attend,
To strike the last, the fatal blow.*

*Since silent grave is not my bed,
Lord, let me never silent be,
Thy love to sing, thy praise to spread,
From pole to pole, from sea to sea.*

*Death shall not vex nor trouble me,
The grave no damping terror prove,
Because 'tis thus I rise on high,
To regions of immortal love.*

*O God, thou art my God, I know,
The *Father of eternity* ;
Then, though I die to men below,
Yet I shall never die to thee.*



XXIV.

Consolatory Soliloquy

*Why grudge that kind relations die,
And get the start before,
Before me to eternity,
And the bright world of glore ?*

Why murmur at their bliss, who sit
 W'th their victorious Head ?
 They drink the spiced wine, and at
 The King's own table feed.

Why fret that they are flown afar,
 The happy land to find,
 While I remain on fields of war,
 And dwell 'mongst foes behind ?

Rejoice I will, that they, unveil'd,
 Now see his glorious face,
 Which here they but at times beheld,
 And darkly in a glass.

O ! why envy their happiness,
 Who dwell between his arms,
 'Cause mine is but a transient bliss,
 A blink of passing charms ?

Must I deplore their happy state,
 Who see his glories all,
 Because I yet an exile wait,
 And walk behind the wall ?

Because we're toss'd before the blast,
 Why should we weeping stand,
 To see a shatter'd ship at last
 Safely arriv'd at land ?

Since death for me is on his road,
 And soon will apprehend,
 More let me mind the living God,
 Than any dying friend.

XXV.

The Preservation.

Preserved from the darksome grave,
 And from the pit rescu'd,
 My days to thee, O Lord, I gave,
 My life that is renew'd.

My sun then seem'd to set at noon,
 My years away to fly ;
 Hence I'll account mine age begun,
 And set them up on high.

Well nigh the silver cord was cut,
 And broke the golden bowl ;
 The fierce disease had almost put
 To flight th' immortal soul.

Pale on the dread tremendous brink
 Of vast eternity,
 I trembling stood, and shrunk to think,
 How I must plunged be !

Instead of peace, great bitterness
 Bid overwhelm my soul,
 And ev'ry thinking pow'r oppress,
 And through my bosom roll.

But thine indulgent pitying grace
 Did hear my mournful cry,
 And soon did all my sorrows chase,
 And plac'd salvation nigh.

XXVI.

A Soliloquy.

When solitary and alone,
 Death stalks before my mind,
 I see that to a world unknown
 I shortly must descend.

Why hope for a long course of years,
 Since time itself must fail ?
 The longest life at last appears
 But vanity and toil.

Why, then, pursue the things of time,
 And hunt for vanity ;
 Forgetful of my mortal frame,
 And vast eternity ?

In that tremendous world unknown,
 Where deathless spirits dwell,
 The pomp of monarchs, and a crown,
 Can never more avail.

This hand that writes, these eyes that read,
 (I tremble while I tell !)
 Must shortly mingle with the dead ;—
 Where shall my soul then dwell ?

Strange ! thus th' affairs of life to mind,
 Nor think of heav'n and hell !
 To earthly things alone inclin'd,
 And here delight to dwell !

Shall transitory things decoy,
 And leave a lasting smart ?
 Shall toys and trifles thus destroy
 My dear iminortal part ?

Arise, and visit the dark grave,
 Where thou must shortly lie ;
 The way in comfort here to live,
 Is first to learn to die.

When faith has claim'd a mansion blest,
 Where God and Jesus dwell,
 The grave becomes a bed of rest,
 And death's grim horrors smile.

XXVII.

Memento Mori.

Let this prevail in ev'ry thought,
 'Midst scene of grief or joy,
 That I must to the grave be brought,
 That I must shortly die.

Some fill the silent bed of rest,
 Just as they leave the womb ;
 And others from their mother's breast
 Are carried to the tomb.

Not blooming youth, nor riper age,
 Can our dear life prolong ;
 The stripling falls, and the grave sage
 Augments the mould'ring throng.

Diseases and the bloody field
 Of battle cannot bring
 Death ere his hour, but then all yield
 Unto his deadly sting.

Then let not vanities in bloom
 Allure my mind, that I -
 Forget that awful world to come,
 Forget that I must die.

XXVIII.

A deadly disease among Infants

Man is like grass, the rising race
 Is like the tender blade,
 Cut down and wither'd in the place
 Where first it rear'd its head.

See how diseases fast pursue
 The stranger lately come ;
 Sad proof that vengeance is their due,
 Since death's their oearly doom !

Ah ! how the little infants lie,
 Oppress'd and pierc'd with pain,
 And parents weep in sympathy
 O'er babes that cant complain.

We enter many a weeping door,
 And see relations sad ;
 And both the parents deep deplore
 About the infant's bed.

Their eyes which scarce have seen the sun,
 Anon are clos'd in death ;
 But look, O Lord, propitious down,
 Nor sweep the world in wrath.

O let our sons their sires succeed,
 And live when we are gone,
 A pious race, an holy seed,
 To make thy wonders known ?

To those that feel the fatal blow,
 O let it be in love,
 To piuck them from the vale of woe,
 And plant in fields above.

XXIX.

The debt of Gratitude; or, Recovery from Sickness.

Struggling with troops of growing woe,
 How wildly did I rove !
 I scarce could think on things below,
 Far less on things above.

Spectators saw me faint away,
 'Twas thought that I should die ;
 But, Lord, thou spok'st the kind delay,
 And plac'd salvation nigh.

Impending death, in terror clad,
 Stood ready to devour ;
 But heav'n the ghastly tyrant tied,
 And limited his pow'r.

I counted o'er my scanty days,
 Wail'd my untimely end ;
 But now I 'mong the living praise,
 And thy rich grace commend.

At what a price would I have bought
 A respite from the grave !
 And yet thou graciously for nought
 To me a respite gave.

Jehovah-Shalom is thy name,
 For thou hast calm'd my storm ;
Jehovah-Rophi be my theme,
 Since thou hast heal'd a worm.

Crane-like, I had a chatt'ring voice,
 Oppress'd with pain and grief ;
 But now all my glad pow'rs rejoice
 In thy new gift of life.

While thou support'st my mortal frame,
 I shall pursue thy praise,
 Nor will I change at death my theme,
 But claim seraphic lays.

XXX.

*On a young Lady who died suddenly, when visiting a
 Friend, May 1, 1767.*

The friends receive the welcome guest,
 Who calls but by the bye,
 On a long journey, and in haste,
 To reach the world on high.

R

Physician's skill, relations' care,
 And parents' tend'rest love,
 The brother's groan, the sister's tear,
 All unavailing prove.

The little trav'ller must away,
 Away to worlds unknown,
 Nor will another moment stay,
 For all that can be done.

I pity the deploring pair,
 Who their dear Celia mourn,
 Now gone to make a visit where
 She never shall return.

Snatch'd from the charms of fond delight,
 With ev'ry female friend,
 She bids them all a long *good night*,
 And leaves the world behind.

“ O trifle not your time away,
 Though youth be in its bloom !
 Prepare now for your dying-day,
 And mind the world to come.”

XXXI.

Peres; or, The Breach, Oct. 21, 1759.

Dare I at any rate contend,
 In any case complain,
 Against th' Almighty's glorious hand,
 Or towards me or mine ?

“ Tis true, by death he has remov'd
 (But dare I angry be ?)
 A friend deservedly belov'd,
 And very dear to me.

But though my family lessen'd be,
 Can I indeed deplore,
 If so the family on high
 Have but one member more?

If but another anthem may
 'To our Immanuel rise,
 In that sublime and lofty way,
 Which human skill defies?

O how I hang 'twixt joy and grief!
 To see that glory there
 My friend enjoys, affords relief;
 But straight I drop the tear,

To think that, that eternal shade
 Is fix'd betwixt us here,
 That sep'rates all the mingling dead,
 From friends and fam'lies dear;

That we no more can talk of love,
 No more his matchless ways
 Talk o'er with joy, till from above
 The trumpet rends the skies.

But why should I lament as lost,
 My friends before me gone?
 Yet a few moments, and I must
 The same way follow on.

Then let me fix mine eye on death,
 And mind my scanty years;
 Soon the same hand will stop my breath,
 That now unlocks my tears.

Death is the debt that all must pay,
 Before their warfare cease;
 May I prepare, then, ev'ry day,
 Just to depart in peace.

Assur'd th' eternal world's at hand,
 The dead I'll not deplore,
 Just entering on Immanuel's land,
 Where death shall *reign* no more.

XXXII.

On one who died abroad, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health. Oct. 2, 1768.

How vain to leave our native air,
 For some more healthy clime,
 Since Death will follow ev'ry where,
 And Death will watch his time.

Ev'n so, my friend, by learn'd advice,
 Forsakes his pleasant home,
 To seek out some young paradise,
 But finds, alas! a tomb.

Now who can read the dark decree,
 Or future events know?
 He has indeed gone there to die,
 Although he meant not so.

Ah! what a scene of growing grief
 Before mine eye appears!
 The weeping babes, and wailing wife,
 Are all dissolv'd in tears!

Brothers and sisters mingle woe,
 And bitterly complain;
 The old gray-headed parent too,
 Augments the mourning train.

Friends and acquaintance heave the sigh,
 And loud their loss bemoan,
 And with a heart-felt sorrow cry,
 Ah! is our friend now gone?

Nor honours, nor the gay delights
 Of gawdy courts and kings,
 Avail him, while eternal nights
 Inclose him with their wings.

The world, to this departed man,
 Is now not worth a straw,
 Though once it dar'd to entertain,
 And pleasing landscapes draw.

Not weeping babes nor wailing wife,
 However they deplore,
 Can bring him back again to life,
 Till the last trumpet roar.

The troubles of his rising race,
 Shall never pain his breast ;
 The ties are loos'd, relations cease,
 When death lays on th' arrest.

Farewell, vain world, the day comes on,
 Perhaps not far away,
 When some shall say of me, He's gone,
 To mingle with his clay.

But this shall be my constant cry,
 O may I die in God !
 Whatever time or place I die,
 At home or far abroad.

XXXIII.

In Sickness, July 10, 1768.

WHY should I thus of pain complain,
 And groan beneath my woe,
 Since 'tis but loos'ning pin by pin,
 My house of clay below ?

And while this earthly building stands,
 I cannot soar on high ;
 Why then displeas'd that Heav'n commands
 To let the pris'ner fly ?

Thus bids me from the prison fly,
 Of sorrow and of sin,
 To the fair palace of the sky,
 And endless rest begin.

I'll welcome, then, the aching head,
 Welcome the trembling heart,
 As heralds sent from heav'n with speed
 To bid my soul depart.

What though my troubles grow amain,
 And hasten my decease?
 At once I leave complaint and pain,
 And wing away to bliss.

XXXIV.

The unprepared must die.

How often has my soul been sad,
 To see a person lie
 Confin'd upon a dying bed,
 And not prepar'd to die!

Struggling with some severe disease,
 He groans, and pants for breath,
 Yet turns away his wistful eyes
 From the dark house of death.

The world, in this momentous hour,
 Sits heavy on his mind;
 So long his sole delight before,
 'Tis hard to leav't behind.

Yet leave the world he must, and go
 To his eternal state;
 Ah! now my soul feels pungent woe,
 While I his doom relate.

Dash'd from the presence of his God,
 He tumb'les down to hell ;
 A black and terrible abode,
 Where *fiends and furies* dwell !

The world, that once could cheer his soul,
 Affords him no delight,
 While he does his sad case condole
 Through everlasting night.

Eternal torments tear his soul,
 From Heav'n's incensed throne,
 And down the burning thunders roll,
 And God's for ever gone.

Deep in the pit of black despair,
 He views his growing woe,
 But finds not one to pity there,
 While billows overflow.

Around him all the monsters roar,
 The fiery fiends of hell,
 While kindred souls their case deplore,
 So sad no tongue can tell.

No language can describe their state,
 That sink in seas of wrath ;
 O to be wise before too late,
 And well prepar'd for death !

XXXV.

Distinctinos drop in Death.

Now with the sons of men I walk
 Along life's crowded way,
 And with the sons of men I talk,
 And traffic ev'ry day.

But if I forward cast mine eye,
And that not very far,
Into a dark eternity,
Where I must soon appear;

I see bright angels round me stand,
Nor shall the sight affright,
And disembodied spirits bend
Before the throne of light.

Then, while among the *sherd*s of clay,
How should my soul despise
The poor *distinctions* of a day,
Which perish where they rise!

The men that soon with worms must lie,
Should very humble be;
The souls that soon shall reach the sky,
Should raise their head on high.

Since my companions I must change,
(And who can tell how soon?)
Through a vain world no more I'll range,
For flow'rs that fade at noon.

But in their labour and delight,
Ere I from earth remove,
Associate with the sons of light,
And for that world improve.

Their *labour* is to sing his praise,
And set him up on high;
And their *delight* to view his face,
Through everlasting day!

XXXVI.

Commendable Concern.

Poor patients, and their various pains,
I bear before the throne,
For mercy, Lord, with thee remains
To each distressed son.

It is not much to see our clay
 Return again to dust ;
 But O how sad that souls must fly
 To an uncertain coast !

Must flit, yet not know where to go,
 Nor where a friend to find,
 When friends avail no more below,
 But must be left behind.

But O how happy is the soul
 That lives and dies in God !
 He soars to the celestial pole,
 From this terrestrial clod.

The anguish and the dying smart
 Shall give but short annoy,
 For all the pangs about his heart
 Dissolve in endless joy.

This day the dying youth* complies
 With his Creator's will ;
 " How vain the world ! how vain," he cries,
 " When we must take farewell ! "

It must be vain, since all its wealth,
 However fools admire,
 Cannot procure a moment's health ;
 'Though rich, we must expire.

How sweet to see celestial grace
 Corrob'rate broken bones !
 Heav'n smile on the disfigured face,
 And sound through dying groans !

But sad to see our kindred clay,
 While weeping friends convene,
 Not have one pleasant word to say,
 About the world unseen !

* A very promising young gentleman on his death-bed.

But why conceal, ye heirs of grace,
The heavenly gift bestow'd?
About to close your Christian race,
Why blush to talk for God?

Your dying speeches some may move,
To walk in wisdom's road;
At least bear witness to the love
And kindness of your God.

XXXVII.

On the death of the last of my near Relations, March 9, 1770

Not that I quarrel with my fate,
Nor combat with thy throne,
But I deplore my des'lare state,
That I am left alone.

My dearest parents long have lain,
With eight sweet babes at rest,
Now cruei death the ninth has slain,
And I remain the last!

Eradicated from the ground,
The blooming nurs'ry dies,
Before they spread their roots around,
To rise in other trees.

Thou hast my friends put far from me,
And torn them from my love,
Made desolate all my company,
And frowned from above.

Where'er I go, whate'er I see,
(Yet fain I'd be resign'd),
Their image meets my weeping eye,
And fills my thoughtful mind.

Now I have none to cheer my heart,
 When press'd with pond'rous woe,
 None that can good advice impart,
 Or point me what to do.

When my dear friends in the dark tonit
 Are mingled with the dead,
 The whole creation wears a gloom,
 And every thing looks sad.

Like the robb'd pelican, that makes
 Her plaint to every wind,
 While seeking through the barren brakes
 Her young, but cannot find;

So thus I stare acquaintance round,
 Where I have seen before
 My friend; but ah! my friend's not found,
 But ah! my friend's no more.

Where shall my sorrows have an end?
 Not in this vale of tears,
 Not till I to his throne ascend,
 Where sorrow disappears.

Though solitary and alone,
 Though pensive and opprest,
 O! grant communion with the throne,
 And my toss'd soul shall rest.

And now, since all my friends are gone,
 Death cannot fetch a blow
 To me, but one; I wait that one,
 And then farewell to woe!

XXXVIII.

A Prayer for a dying Infant, May 16, 1763.

He cannot, Lord, pour out a pray'r,
 Nor deprecate his doom ;
 Yet spare his soul, in mercy spare,
 And bless in worlds to come.

Although in Adam he must die,
 Through Jesus let him live
 In glory to eternity,
 And life's fair crown receive.

O how astonish'd must he stand
 Before the awful bar !
 But may the judge at his right-hand
 His stedfast friend appear.

For him let thy compassions plead,
 Nor leave his soul forlorn ;
 For him the Saviour intercede,
 Who once a babe was born.

Let endless anthems rise to grace,
 When, with astonish'd eye,
 He finds his ever-happy place
 Among the hosts on high.

Let him whose mercy boundless is
 Admit him to his throne ;
 And let this magnify his bliss,
 'Twas neither sought nor known !

Though death his new form'd heart-strings break,
 And crush his feeble frame,
 Let first the language he shall speak,
 Be, *Glory to the Lamb !*

Then, happy child, who saw no sin,
 And felt no toils below,
 But from the womb just enter'd in
 That land where pleasures flow.

XXXIX.

Jesus the Resurrection. Jan. 21, 1764.

I LAY my dearest friends in dust,
And dare not once complain,
For thou, O life of men ! I trust,
Wilt raise them up again.

They'll rise at thine almighty call,
On that tremendous day,
When rocks shall rent, and mountains fall,
And islands fly away.

The silent grave why should I dread ?
Why fear so much to die ?
Since my dear Lord among the dead,
Was pleas'd three days to lie.

There Thou hast left a rich perfume,
Which still shall fragrant be ;
A bed of roses is the tomb,
To them that sleep in thee.

Why so discons'late is my heart ?
Why so acute my pain ?
Though now my friends and I must part,
Yet we shall meet again.

Ah ! still the dear ideas rise,
And in my bosom throng,
Their pleasant lips, their charming eyes,
And their engaging tongue.

Come near, thou future world, that I
May ev'ry loss retrieve ;
Are ye, my relatives, on high ?
Are you, my friends, alive ?

“ Yes ; why then weep for us as dead,
Since we are only gone
To Jesus, our exalted Head,
To worship at his throne ? ”

XL.

On an acquaintance who died unseen in the open fields,
Dec. 2, 1771.

AH ! the cold ground must be his bed,
 For all the beds at home ;
 And the dark clouds for curtains spread,
 And heaven the spacious dome !

There's not a light around the bed,
 And no attendants near,
 No friend to prop the dying head,
 Or drop the tender tear.

Reclining on the humble ground,
 His soul pursues her way,
 But first invites the clods around
 To cover the pale clay.

How precious is the love of Christ,
 That sweetens ev'ry scene !
 Whose ev'ry way with saints is blest,
 Howe'er fond friends complain.

Dark night, to him that dies in peace,
 Shall shine like cloudless day ;
 And angels shall supply the place
 Of all their kindred clay.

'Tis love, and not the finest down,
 Makes soft a dying-bed ;
 And love will raise to God's high throne,
 Where'er the head be laid.

Before disease give loud alarms,
 And fill my friends with fear,
 I breathe my soul into his arms,
 And no disturbance near.

—
XLI.

The Golden Hour Improved. Dec. 3, 1771.

WHILE yet I'm sound in ev'ry pow'r,
 And draw in y chearful breath,

Let me improve the *golden hour*,
In looking out for death.

These limbs which now are sound and strong,
And rear their load upright,
Must feel infirmity ere long,
And bend beneath its weight;

These ears, in nature's sad decline,
Take in but half the sound;
Nor social joy be longer mine,
While friends converse around;

This eye that now does objects see,
And reads for worlds to come,
Must soon grow dim, and closed be
Within the silent tomb!

Shall, then, the golden hours of life
Be thrown away on sin,
On trifles that must end in grief,
And agonies within?

No; but while balmy health I breathe,
I'll mind the world to come;
'Tis then too late to think on death,
When dropping in the tomb.

While yet the sun of life shines bright,
The hours let me improve,
By thinking oft on death's dark night,
When I must hence remove.

Thus death and I familiar made,
No matter when he come;
I will not lothe the dying-bed,
Nor shudder at the tomb.

Admitted to behold his face,
And feast upon his love,
My soul through death shall boldly press,
To dwell with Christ above.

XLII.

In a severe Fit of Pain, April 10, 1772.*

Ah! future torment how severe!

Ah! who can wrath sustain?
No friend, no comforter is there,
To pity us in pain!

Ev'n while I toss and tumble here,
And groan beneath my load,
I pour to heav'n a broken pray'r,
And glance a look to God.

But O that gulph of horror, where
Both soul and body lie
In tortures, anguish, and despair,
To all eternity!

This thought, could I sedately think,
Might ease my sharpest pain,
Though press'd to death, I shall but wink,
And wake, and all's serene.

Bless'd be a suffering Saviour's love;
Bless'd be a bleeding Lord,
Whose death did my sad fears remove,
And heavenly peace restor'd.

But lighten now thy heavy stroke,
Lord, humbly I implore,
Else my clay frame is quickly broke,
And I'm at once no more.

XLIII.

On attending a Funeral to the Church Yard, April 1, 1773.

The bell tolls loud; the solemn sound
Strikes both my heart and ear;
While the sad friends convene around
The melancholy bier.

* The first verse only was made when in pain.

Yet we but dust to dust convey,
 The soul's already gone
 To raptures of eternal day,
 Or agonies unknown.

Think deep, how soon the scene must change ;
 Yes, that dread day will come,
 When friends around my corpse shall range,
 To bear me to my tomb !

Think deeper, where my soul shall stand,
 While worms my flesh destroy ;
 O may it be at thy right-hand,
 Where there is endless joy !

XLIV.

Birth-day, May 30, 1778.

Great God ! this day my life began,
 And still thy pow'r appears ;
 For I am now arrived at man,
 A man of many years.

Ere long, my life on earth shall end,
 But then thy love shall shine ;
 For I shall at thy throne attend,
 And see thy face divine.

XLV.

The Universal Farewell.

Farewell for ever, earthly ball,
 The idol oft of sense ;
 I wait my heavenly Father's call,
 To take my journey hence.

Farewell the flow'ry fragrant field,
Where I have walk'd alone,
While heav'n was sometimes pleas'd to yield
Communion with the throne.

Farewell the converse of the wise,
The visits of the friend ;
My soul would climb these cloudless skies,
And there be entertain'd.

Farewell my friends of ev'ry name,
However near or dear ;
May we a nobler friendship claim,
Than death in twain can tear.

Farewell sun, moon, and sparkling skies,
Where pow'r and love I read ;
I to that higher heaven would rise,
Where sun nor moon I need.

The ordinances of his grace,
The courts of God, adieu ;
When I shall see him face to face,
I'll have no need of you.

XLVI.

The Interment of a Friend.

O when shall dawn that wondrous day,
When wide shall burst the tomb ?
The prisner's then shall rise to life,
When life's great Lord shall come.

Of late, when death the daughter seiz'd,
Sad was the mother's heart ;
She cried, oppress'd with sorrow great,
" My child, and must we part ? "

'Tis true, they have not parted long,
And now shall part no more ;
At other's sides their dust shall rest,
Till the last trumpet roar.

Since death of all that's dear can rob,
 All that makes life look gay ;
 And when deprived of comforts here,
 Take life itself away ;

'Twill be our wisdom to secure
 An int'rest in his love ;
 For God a portion shall remain
 When friends and worlds remove.

To-day, I have a friend interr'd !
 A melancholy scene !
 The grave's dark door's again unbarr'd,
 To let a lodger in.

XLVII.

Seeing a Friend apparently dying, Feb. 9, 1776.

Poor youth ! and is thy race near run,
 Thy sun just at its height ?
 And must thy life's meridian sun
 Thus set in endless night ?

Mercy to his immortal soul,
 And pardon, Lord, I plead ;
 Then shall I not his case condole,
 Though number'd with the dead.

To die in youth may hard appear,
 To such as live in sin ;
 But death to glory's happy heir,
 At any time is gain.

See giddy youths rush heedless on,
 Nor dream their end is near,
 Till death, to them a change unknown,
 Cuts short their mad career.

Ah ! how the pleasing dream's dispell'd,
 When the last hour draws near !
 Ah ! how their soul's with terror fill'd,
 When future worlds appear !

But happy they who mind their end,
 And precious time improve ;
 They now in hope their years shall spend,
 And dwell in joys above.

XLVIII.

On passing a house shut up by the death of a dear acquaintance, who lived at a great distance, July 7, 1773.

I see the house, I see the home ;
 But where's the dweller ? where ?
 Alas ! within the silent tomb !
 A lonely lodger there.

No kind congratulations here,
 Where mutual love did burn ;
 Sad mem'ry bids me shed a tear,
 Fond friendship bids me mourn !

Thus some shall shortly mourn for me,
 And pass my bolted door !
 For, ah ! the day is hast'ning nigh,
 When I shall be no more !

I leave my sorrow, and with joy
 I join th' immortal throng,
 Who in thy praise their pow'rs employ,
 While ever new their song.

There we shall see his glorious face,
 There all the wonders tell
 Of his rich love, his sovereign grace,
 That conquer'd death and hell !

Thrice happy day ! with joy of heart,
 In love's sublime abode,
 I'll meet my friends, no more to part,
 Before the throne of God.

Adieu, the mem'ry of a friend,
 Mine own frail life, adieu ;
 Welcome that bliss that knows no end,
 That state where all is new.

XLIX.

An Interview with Death, Nov. 21, 1773.

Vain world, and all its cares, begone ;
 I'll talk awhile with death,
 And converse with the world unknown,
 Ere cease my vital breath.

Why should I of to-morrow boast,
 Its light who ne'er may see ?
 Why trifle on the frightful coast
 Of vast eternity ?

Around acquaintance every day
 Descend into the tomb,
 And each pale corpse seems thus to say,
 Prepare to meet thy doom.

Oh ! could I oft converse with death,
 And cast my fears away ;
 For well I know unshaken faith
 Can this grim giant slay.

Pull out the sting, my God, my King,
 And death shall not dismay ;
 I'll in the lonely valley sing,
 Beneath thy heav'nly ray.

Let Jordan e'er so rapid seem,
 Thou'l set me safely o'er ;
 The stream recoils, the rapid stream
 That wash'd its banks before.

Conducted by Immanuel's hand,
 Nought will my soul distress,
 I'll travel to the promis'd land,
 And haste to heav'nly bliss.

Thus death, which all the world dismayes,
 Shall but excite my song ;
 So Jordan's channel call'd for praise,
 While Israel walk'd along.

L.

Human Life, a Journey among the Tombs:

While journeying to my future home,
 Through this sad vale of tears,
 I travel still from tomb to tomb,
 Till my own tomb appears.

Here mingle men of ev'ry art.
 And men of ev'ry age,
 Philosophers and fools of heart,
 The simple and the sage ;

The sov'reign and his favourite,
 Howe'er they shone a while,
 Though not in tombs of equal state,
 In equal darkness dwell.

Here men of letters claim no more,
 (Ev'n learning, ah ! how vain !)
 Than some few letters, to deplore
 The last lamented scene.

Here beauty, robb'd of all her charms,
 Lies rotting in the grave ;
 Corruption clasps her in its arms,
 And worms a banquet have.

Here sucklings, from the dandling knee ;
 Lie stretch'd on the cold clay ;
 Yea, the untimely birth I see,
 That never saw the day.

Here unconcern'd the parents lie,
 In death's profoundest sleep,
 Nor heed their orphans' piteous cry,
 Nor hear their infants weep.

Here lies the aged parent's stay,
 Whose case all men bewail,
 Who saw them to the grave convey,
 Their son, their only son.

Here all the fond distinctions sink,
 Which please the human eye ;
 And here, my soul, selately think,
 Myself must shortly lie.

LI.

On the Death of an aged Minister of the Gospel,
Jan. 9, 1774.

Much has he spoken of the grace
And glories of our King;
But now he sees him face to face,
And sweeter notes doth sing.

The toils of threescore years and ten
Immediately remove,
When Jesus kindly calls him in,
To banquet on his love.

The troubles of his mortal life
Shall never more annoy;
But all the bitter streams of strife
Are lost in seas of joy.

No matter how death comes withal,
Still saints in peace expire;
Or by disease, or sudden fall,
By water, or by fire.

The tender parent feels no pain,
Now he's arriv'd at glore;
The widow, and her weeping train,
Affect his soul no more.

How poor he counts creation now,
Who a whole heav'n can claim,
The glories of Jehovah view,
The graces of the Lamb!

His shepherd's crook he lays aside,
His pleasure and employ;
And he who long a flock did guide,
Now feeds in fields of joy.

Far brighter glories charm his eye
Than e'er his tongue could tell;
From ev'ry sin for ever free,
His joys and songs excel.

Now all is everlasting day
With him before the throne;

All rapt'rous bliss without allay,
And ecstasies unknown.

Well, the same change awaits for me,
For my last day must come ;
May the same God my portion be,
And the same heav'n my home !

— + —
LII.

Death performs kind Offices to the Saints. Jan. 16, 1774.

See what kind office death performs,
And why should we complain ?
He sets us free from all the storms
Of trouble and of pain.

He wafts the worshipper away
To Jesus' bless'd abode,
Where frailty nor a boist'rous day
Prevents to waits on God.

He wafts us from the vale of woe
To all the bliss above,
And makes our sad complaints below
Give place to songs of love.

Though sharp afflictions oft have made
All-creature-comforts vain,
Yet death can only strike them dead,
Ne'er to allure again.

Though all our life the enemy
With us hot wars may wage,
By death we ev'ry foe defy,
And mock their feeble rage.

The saint, although a mortal worm,
(And 'tis a wondrous sight !),
By death puts on an angel's form,
And shines in heav'nly light.

*Tis death casts out the seeds of sin,
And ends our long exile ;

'Tis death that brings th' adorer in
Within the very vail.

'Tis death (why then complain of death ?)
That brings us home to God ;
Sweet change ! when robb'd of mortal breath,
Eternal life's bestow'd !

— + —
LIII.

The Death of a Sinner. Jan. 21, 1774.

O ! 'tis a melancholy scene,
To see a sinner die !
My thoughts it view, with heart-felt pain,
And pierce eternity.

But, lo ! in anguish I am lost ;
Nor tongue nor pen can tell
What 'tis to see his flitting ghost
Condemn'd, and cast in hell !

To hear (but, ah ! what ear can hear ?)
His everlasting groan,
The cries of consummate despair,
And unremitting moan !

For ever an infinite flood
Of wrath shall round him roll ;
For ever all the storms of God
Shall dash against his soul !

Remorse, a terrible remorse,
Shall prey on ev'ry pow'r ;
His desp'rate case grows worse and worse,
His mis'ries more and more !

The gnawing worm shall never die,
But still the fire be blown ;
There all's a dark eternity,
And agonies unknown !

T

LIV.

Saints blessed in Death. Dec. 1, 1774.

And has the soul speedily fled,
And arriv'd at the realms of bright day?

Why sorrowful, then, hang my head,
And weep and deplore the pale clay?

Or buried, or plac'd on a pole,
Fierce malice no more can molest;
Where glory dilates his glad soul,
Ev'n hell cannot hinder his rest.

'Tis true, he lies silent in death,
But as true, he no more shall complain
Of all the sad tokens of wrath,
That give him such anguish and pain.

Contention, and clamour, and strife,
Which made his meek spirit to mourn;
These storms which embitter'd his life,
Are over, no more to return.

The eye, the long sorrowful eye,
Shall ne'r a sad tear shed again;
The cheeks shall for ever be dry;—
Survivors, should this give us pain?

Diseases and sickness no more
Shall shake the frail cottage of clay;
In death the sharp struggle is o'er,
And death, lo! now cannot dismay.

Though interr'd without pomp 'neath the clod,
Yet his wants are all come to an end;
He needs nought, on whom Heav'n hath bestow'd
Such stores as he never shall spend.

His breast no more beats with dismay;
Sharp sorrows no more overflow;
His heart no more heaves the deep sigh,
Like to burst with sad anguish and woe!

No hunger nor cold shall he feel,
Disquiet, nor painful desire;
Present him a crown, he won't smile;
Nor weep, were the earth set on fire.

Nor Satan, nor sin shall ensnare,
 Nor passion, nor prejudice blind ;
 Nor comforts, nor crosses, nor care,
 Disturb his immoveable mind.

He falls, but he conquers in death ;
 His state shall triumphant remain ;
 Yea, Satan, in spite of his wrath,
 Shall never harass him again.

Now sin is dislodg'd from his flesh ;
 I clasp, and I kiss the dear clay ;
 How fair is his body, how fresh,
 When sins's putrefaction's away !

No sorrows, or mournful complaint,
 Of friends and of relatives dear,
 Shall ever perplex or torment,
 Or ever more enter his ear.

Dear carcase, then, rest in thy grave :
 And though thou shalt moulder away,
 At last thou shalt rise, and receive
 Bright angels' immortal array.

Come, friends, let us dry up our tears,
 Our sorrow shall turn'd be to joy ;
 When Jesus our Saviour appears,
 Nor death nor the grave shall annoy.

LV.

The Funeral of a Friend. June 9, 1775.

Here death has laid his leaden hand,
 And snatch'd my friend away ;
 O'er the pale corpse I pensive stand,
 And wail the lifeless clay.

O how the aged mother weeps !
 So pain'd she scarce can weep ;
 But undisturb'd the daughter sleeps,
 And shall for ever sleep !

How soon are dearest friends forgot,
 Whoe'er their death deplore !

Before their very bones can rot,
Their mem'ries are no more.

The festive day has call'd me here,
The marriage of a friend,
But now the melancholy bier,
I mourning must attend.

O ! that fix'd state, the state unknown,
Which I must shortly know ;
Thither my friend's already gone,
And thither I must go.

Why so averse to drop our dust ?
Why so much grief at death ?
Since those that sleep in Christ, we trust,
Shall share his quick'ning breath ?

O may, when in the grave I'm laid,
My soul to glory rise,
And all my pow'rs of mind be glad,
With his unclouded rays !

LVI.

Support under Pain. - Nov. 23, 1773.

When suff'ring sharp and gnawing pain,
What profits all our store ?
We find the whole creation vain,
Nor love it as before.

But bless'd that love which takes away
The anguish of the mind ;
And will command that heav'ly day,
When sin and sickness end.

LVII.

Pity towards a dying sinner. Dec. 8, 1776.

Mercy to an immortal soul
I earnestly implore ;

His outward case I much condole,
But, ah ! his inward more.

His case how can I but lament ?
I find no signs of grace,
To prove he ever did repent,
Or sought the Saviour's face.

O heal his soul by this disease !
Lord, mend him by thy rod ;
And let not death the culprit seize,
Till reconcil'd to God.

Though he has long withstood thy charms,
And long refus'd thy grace ;
Yet, Jesus, thine almighty arms.
Can save the rebel race.

Then of this rebel make a son,
And thy rich grace proclaim,
Which now and then a soul has won,
Just falling into flame.

Though in thine orchard he has stood
Fruitless for many a year,
Yet, to the praise of grace, O God !
Make him both bud and bear.

Alas ! how shall a soul sustain
The fierceness of thine ire ?
With dreadful burnings who remain,
Or dwell in worlds of fire ?

Nothing but mercy, nought but thine,
Can save his soul from wrath ;
Then, Lord, here let thy mercy shine,
And he shall live in death.

LVIII.

In prospect of Death. April 13, 1777.

What comfort now it yields to me,
That I'm in sight of shore,

Who long have sail'd a stormy sea,
And heard the billows roar!

Though a rebellious spendthrift thing
Must dread the time to come;
Yet sure, a loving son will sing,
To see his father's home.

Farewell, the toils of human life,
Adieu, ye num'rous snares;
Farewell, anxiety and grief,
Adieu, corroding cares.

Bless'd day, when death shall wast me o'er
To dear Immanuel's land,
Where I shall sigh and sin no more,
But in his temple stand.

Does not the lab'rer long for rest?
The trav'ller to get home?
Much more the soul with sin opprest,
Should pray that death may come.

Ere heav'n we reach, we first must die;
'Tis thus I enter in
To the bright palace of the sky,
Where I shall cease from sin.

Where shall we find a worse disease
Than slavish fears of death?
The whole creation cannot please,
Where heav'n hangs on a breath.

If I no higher heav'n can claim,
Than found in things below,
Then, when I drop my mortal frame,
I must all good forego.

But faith in him in whom I live
Shall triumph o'er the tomb;
His voice shall make the dead revive,
And at his call I'll come.

LIX.

On a child that died unseen in bed, in the night.
Sept. 20, 1778.

The child was carried to repose,
As oft was done before;

His eyes in pleasing slumbers close,
But never open more !

Death, in the dark and silent shade,
Bereaves the babe of breath ;
The mother wakes ! the soul is fled,
The body's stiff in death !

They view, they turn him round and round,
No symptom find of life !

A thousand struggling thoughts confound,
High swells the sea of grief.

O parents then, take this advice,
Whene'er a child is giv'n,
For God is just in all his ways,
Resign it back to Heav'n.

If gracious Heav'n is pleas'd to spare,
This shall the bliss refine ;
If not, it shall thy soul prepare
To part, and not repine.

LX.

Thinking on Death.

When thinking on my latter end,
And my frail life deplored,
My thoughts unto the heav'ns ascend,
Where thousands stand adoring.

There sin and sorrow are not known,
And death shall never enter,
To drag th' adorer from the throne
Down to the grave's cold centre.

Though pain'd in the expiring pang,
While arrows round me rattle,
If on my Saviour's arm I hang,
I shall escape the battle.

O to be rip'ning for that state
 Of consummate fruition,
 Where I'll proclaim thy mercy great,
 That sav'd me from perdition.

May heav'n appear in all I say,
 And still may the new creature,
 The more my outward parts decay,
 Increase in strength and stature.

Dear Saviour, may I sleep in thee,
 Then though my friends be sorry,
 Yet when the trumpet calls on me,
 I shall awake to glory.

No matter if the things of time
 Be grievous or be gainful,
 For when I'm past this earthly clime,
 I shall know nothing painful;

But spring into my Saviour's arms,
 When freed from every fetter,
 See more and more his matchless charms,
 And love him still the better.

LXI.

Are not my Days few? Jan. 3. 1779.

Are not my days few, very few?
 And short life's longest year?
 Compared to thine eternal now,
 As nought my days appear!

Yet I in life's contracted span,
 For ages must prepare;
 Then, ah! that inconsid'rate man
 To trifle here should dare.

I can't recall one moment lost;
 Then time mis-spent must pain;
 But O what tongue can count the cost
 Of life spent all in vain?

Since life is short, and time must end,
 Should anxious cares e'er move,
 Or fears infest? No, I'll depend
 On thine unchanging love.

I'll seek no comforts in the clime
 Of sorrow and of sin,
 But study to improve my time,
 Till I shall enter in,—

Into the paradise above,
 Where life knows no decay ;
 But all the soul goes out in love
 To God, through endless day.

LXII.

A Neighbour no more. Jan. 30, 1779.

Ah ! now my neighbour is no more,
 But dropp'd into the tomb ;
 While relatives his death deplore,
 He has received his doom.

O ! then how should I speak for God,
 Since it will not be long
 Till I must drop this mortal clod,
 And move no more my tongue !

And O ! to hear with ready ear,
 And cheerfully obey,
 Since shortly I no more shall hear,
 When past of grace my day.

And O ! to read, with ravished eye,
 God's word for worlds to come ;
 Since sight and light are lost, when I
 Arrive at my long home.

Then let me every pow'r improve,
 While life and health are giv'n,
 That when I make my last remove,
 I may arrive at heav'n,

LXIII.

Comfort in the Decease of Saints. Feb. 25, 1779.

How cheerful may we lay the dust
 Of friend's into the tomb,
 When we have solid ground to trust
 That they are but gone home !

Home to their Father's house above,
 To join the general song,
 And share the treasures of his love,
 With the thrice happy throng.

Why should we thus be bath'd in tears,
 Why feel severe annoy,
 Since they triumph o'er all their fears,
 And share eternal joy ?

Ravished with everlasting charms,
 And crown'd with glory bright,
 They rest between Immanuel's arms,
 And feast on pure delight.

—
LXIV.

The longer we live, the more loth to die. Oct. 24, 1779.

The longer in the world I live,
 (Ah ! may I blush the tale to tell !)
 My roots I deeper strike, and grieve
 To bid this empty world farewell.

But O how sordid my desire !
 How weak, how languid is my love !
 That I sin's vile abode prefer
 To splendid palaces above !

It is not age can wean the mind
 From earth, and vanities below ;

But age, if carnally inclined,
May well the soul o'erwhelm with woe.

Though I should live for many years,
What could I hope on earth to find,
But sins and sorrows, crosses, cares,
And sad distractions of the mind ?

How strange that all the toils of time
From time can't wean m' foolish heart !
Nor all the joys of heav'n's fair clime
Inflame wito ardour to depart !

Sense must to things of sense still cleave,
For nature can no higher rise ;
'Tis heavenly grace alone can give
Desires to soar above the skies.

O could I die to things below !
And live, while here, to God alone ;
I'd long to drop my dust, and go
To dwell in heav'n before the throne.

LXV.

Recovered from a severe fit of Rheumatism. Dec. 2, 1779.

Lord, let me now with pleasure pray,
Since quite reliev'd from pain ;
Be grave, because I can be gay ;
Serious, because serene.

Oh ! how prepost'rous to begin
Religion, when I lie
Attack'd with sickness, rack'd with pain,
And death approaching nigh.

To God, then, let me give the pow'rs
Of an unbroken mind,
And let me give health's briskest hours
To things of serious kind ;

For if I give a broken mind,
And dregs of health to God,

Can I acceptance hope to find,
Nor fear to feel his rod ?
If th' int'rests of a future state
Ne'er gave concern before,
To seek our country's quite too late
When launching from the shore.

LXVI.

The Old must die. Oct. 11, 1780.

Since now so near my latter end,
It need not strike surprise,
Though sudden death should apprehend,
And seal up both mine eyes.

I walk upon the very shore
Of vast eternity ;
And soon shall drop, and never more
Be seen, vain world, in-thee.

The man that fifty suns has seen
Their annual journeys make,
Of a short life can ne'er complain,
But his farewell should take.

His long farewell of all below :—
Then all below, farewell ;
Farewell, my dearest friends, I go,
With dearer friends to dwell.

I go to see my Saviour's face,
Through everlasting day,
I fly to his divine embrace,
And join the heav'nly lay.

LXVII.

On a Pious Matron's Decease. April 7, 1781.

The various troubles of her life
Shall never more annoy,
And all her bitter drops of grief
Are drown'd in seas of joy.

The sacred fire of heavenly love
 Burnt purely in her breast;
 Ah ! why should worldly cares remove
 The saints from such a feast ?

Her wakeful nights and wrestling hours
 For sons and daughters dear,
 Heav'n knows, and can the blessing pour,
 The bless'd return of prayer.

At length, when seas did round her roll,
 From cares, and snares, and sin,
 God pitied then his dove, poor soul,
 And kindly pull'd her in,

Into a paradise of bliss,
 And most divine employ,
 Where cloudless visions of his face
 Shall crown her highest joy.

LXVIII.

Awaked with Pain. May 6, 1781.

Since gnawing pain has broke my sleep,
 Let me essay to pray
 To God, whose every thought is deep,
 And sovereign is his way.

O happy who shall never feel
 The fury of his wrath,
 The torment of that fiery hell,
 Where dwells the second death !

Hence peace of mind I'll greatly prize,
 Improve my healthful state,
 For when disease or sorrows seize,
 The soul is all disquiet.

Now I'll improve my healthy day
 In minding heav'nly things,

Ere death shall batter down my clay,
And break the vital strings.

LXIX.

An untimely Birth in the Author's Family, Thursday, Sept. 20, 1781.

Before the time, the pregnant womb
Teems forth the lifeless load,
Quite ready for the gaping tomb;
The soul had gone to God.

Just dropp'd from the Creator's hand,
My thoughts fly out afar,
I see the naked spirit stand
Before th' impartial bar.

Dread thought! the soul first opes her eye
On God, and awful things!
Plunges in vast eternity,
And drinks immortal springs!

Sweet thought! though never heard to cry,
Nor seen to shed a tear,
It shouts the hallelujah high,
In the celestial quire.

Stranger to all beneath the sky,
Unknown to friends and fame,
Behold the little foetus fly
To the celestial clime!

Though a small grave contains the dust,
The deathless soul can claim
A whole eternity, and boast
Of an immortal frame.

Amidst parental feelings strong,
For loss I can't repair,
I'll mind that I must go ere long,
To dwell for ever there.

O may I dwell where Jesus dwells,
 Behold his lovely face,
 And still adore, *with kindred souls*,
 His rich redeeming grace !

LXX.

A Husband looking on his dying Wife. Oct. 7, 1781.*

Adieu, dear spouse, the time will come ere long,
 When we shall join in the eternal song.
 We part in tears, but soon shall meet in joy,
 And all our pow'rs in God's high praise employ.
 To see thee dying fills my soul with pain,
 But death to thee will be eternal gain.
 The sweet remembrance of thy pleasant life,
 Mixes a joy amidst my bitt'rest grief.
 Why should I mourn because thou gett'st before ?
 A few sad years, and all my sorrows o'er.
 Amidst my pangs could I but hear the lays
 Which ye, blest souls, to your Redeemer raise,
 In spite of grief, my plaints should turn to praise. }
 To quit with all for Christ belongs 'o me ;
 To die in Christ is all remains to thee.

Part ! must we part ? I find I cannot part ;
 Die when thou wilt, thou 'lt drag along my heart.
 Oh ! could my soul swift with my darling's fly,
 And join together in the songs on high !

As chastest love warm'd mutually our heart,
 So strong I feel the sympathetic smart,
 Thy dying pangs from thy dear breast pierce mine ;
 Oh ! could my feelings ease these pangs of thine !
 But thy High Priest, compassionate and kind,
 Feels all thou feel'st, and all thou feel'st will end :
 Then end it, Lord ; and bid her spirit fly
 To thine embrace for eternity.

* The Author refers to his own case.

LXXI.

On the death of a dear and beloved wife three weeks after bearing a Dead Child. Thursday, Oct. 11, 1781.

Ah me ! I saw her sore decease ;
 Yet let me not complain,
 One moment of the heavenly bliss
 Has balanced all her pain.

Discreet and prudent towards all,
 And pious towards God,
 Her death a grievous loss I call,
 Yet quarrel not the rod.

Patient beneath her long distress,
 Submissive and resign'd,
 At God's command she rose to bliss,
 And left her griefs behind.

How pleasant was our married life,
 Which malice can't reprove ;
 Free from discord and jarring strife,
 'Twas spent in peace and love.

How sweet those serious moments were,
 When she, dear saint, did pray,
 And of that heavenly bliss confer,
 Which she enjoys this day.

Swifter than I she ran her race,
 And now has reach'd the throne ;
 She sees her Saviour face to face,
 While I but follow on.

Behold ! at last bright angels throng
 Around her dying bed ;
 Her disembodied soul along
 In heavn'ly triumph lead.

From the bright hosts her infant's soul
 Springs forth ; they fondly meet ;
 Dear parents, brothers, sisters, all
 Her bless'd arrival greet.

Now heavenly wonders round her rise,
 And her attention call ;

Her Saviour's glories fix her eyes,
And fix for ever shall.

The raptures of the world on high
Dilate her ravished breast;
Mongst glories of the Deity
Her soul takes up her rest.

But now my sorrows swell again,
To think she's mine no more;—
Silence, sad heart, and say Amen,
Since she is gone to glore;

Since now she stands before the throne,
(Below she loved the place),
And now with ecstacies unknown
Exalts redeeming grace.

LXXII.

Comfort against grief for the Death of Religious Relations. Oct. 15. 1781.

She's now with God! delightful word!
My friends to glory gone!
Then why should sorrow, like a sword,
My spirits prey upon?

Set free from every mortal woe,
She knows no more annoy;
Triumphing over every foe,
How boundless is her joy!

No sorrow in her soul can rise,
From sinners, or from sin;
On God she feasts her ravish'd eyes;
And raptures swell within.

No cares disturb her tender breast,
Now she's uncloathed of clay;
Her family on her God she cast,
That Rock who lives for ay.

Communion with a three-one God,
 Fruition of his love,
 And vision bright above the cloud,
 Sum up her bliss above.

Then why am I so much distress'd?
 This, this shall comfort me,
 That she is now completely bless'd,
 And ever bless'd shall be.



LXXIII.

Sorrow Checked. Nov. 2, 1781.

I wake, and faith ascends the skies,
 Fram the surrounding night;
 And upwards lifts her ravished eyes
 To the fair fields of light.

Bless'd place! where no remains of sin
 Disturb, no ills annoy;
 All tempests past, and entered in
 A plenitude of joy.

How trifling years of carnal mirth,
 To one bless'd hour above!
 How tasteless all the joys of earth,
 To Jesus and his love!

There's not one mourner on the mount,
 One throb the bless'd among;
 Their sorrows should they now recount,
 It would but swell their song.

What cheerful looks, what sparkling eyes,
 From ecstacies within!
 Like stars they plant the heavenly skies,
 And in his beauty shine.

And there I see her, heavenly soul!
 That in my bosom lay;
 Dear love! thy loss I oft condole,—
 But straight she seems to say,

“Kind man, why thus lament my death?
 Why mourn for me so long?
 Go, and prepare to quit this earth,
 And come and join our song.”

LXXIV.

Brevity of Mans Life, Job xiv. March 17, 1782.

Man’s days (frail man of woman born !)
 Are few, and quickly o’er ;
 Like dews that fall in early morn,
 Ere noon he is no more.

But trouble sharp, of various kind,
 His every step way-lays ;
 Trouble of body and of mind
 Attends him all his days.

Like flowers he opens fair to life,
 With ev’ry blooming joy ;
 But death, like the sharp scythe or knife,
 Doth all his hopes destroy.

As shadows of a summer-cloud
 Fly swiftly o’er the field ;
 So man continues not : Great God !
 How soon to death we yield !

And dost thou, Sovereign of the skies,
 From thine imperial throne,
 Open thy bright and burning eyes
 On such a transient one ?

Dost thou, by strokes which heavy fall,
 By chastisement severe,
 Me to thy dread tribunal call,
 To plead against me there ?

What power can purge our poisoned frame
 No human pow’r, we know ;
 Why, then, should guilty mortal claim
 Eternity below ?

His days and months determined stand,
 By him who rolls them round ;
 All are appointed by his hand,
 Nor can he pass his bound.

Then turn from him, that yet he may
 Find rest, and taste solace,
 Till, as the hireling's toilsome day,
 He shall complete his race.

Though trees are levelled with the ground,
 Man feels a heavier blow ;
 For from their roots that spread around,
 Straight other trees will grow ;

But man expires, poor worm ! and then
 For ever wastes away ;
 His hopes, his fears, his plans are vain,
 Who cannot boast a day.

As riv'lets dried by summer-heat
 Forget to feed the sea,
 And as land-floods, when they abate,
 Must soon forgotten be ;

So man, soon as his days are done,
 Lies down to rise no more,
 Till the whole frame of nature's gone,
 And the last trumpet roar.

Oceans that rage around his bed
 Can't break his slumbers deep ;
 Nor thunders bursting o'er his head,
 Awake him from his sleep.

He cannot leave his gloomy cell,
 Nor from death's chambers come,
 Till the great Judge's glorious call
 Shall open every tomb.

Then from the vanquished grave I'll rise,
 To join the heavenly throng,
 With transports sparkling in mine eyes,
 And triumphs on my tongue.

Then let me slumber in the tomb,
 And rest from toil and strife,
 Till that appointed period come,
 When, bless'd, I'll rise to life.

LXXV.

Death called to mind. Nov. 30, 1783.

That day, that most momentous day,
Soon, very soon will come,
When I must leave this house of clay,
And haste me to my home.

But O how terrible to think,
That I should death forget,
Though walking on the very brink
Of an eternal state!

My days are number'd all by thee,
For thou hast set their bound ;
How few they are is known to thee ;
How evil, I have found.

Acquaintance dropping ev'ry day
Into the gaping tomb,
Seem, as they drop, to speak and say,
" Thy turn must shortly come ! "

The sorrows that besiege my soul
Might wean from all below ;
But O what transports through me roll,
If faith can sweetly know,

That all my mourning moments must
Come shortly to an end ;
While in thy highest praise I trust
Eternity to spend !

LXXVI.

Diseases admonish us of our Departure. March 13, 1785.

At times to feel a pang of pain,
May to our profit turn ;
It says that here we can't remain,
That here we but sojourn.

But O the anguish of that hour,
When hope and joy expire,

And the poor soul must still endure
The thunders of God's ire !

Ah ! who can from his anger fly,
Who fills infinite space,
Who lives to all eternity,
To punish or to bless ?

Where all the terrors of despair,
And torments of the pit,
Shall the poor wretch for ever tear,
And no escape from it !

Then will I to the Saviour fly,
To be redeem'd from wrath ;
Thus shall I pain and death defy
With an unshaken faith.

LXXVII.

Death to be kept in Eye in every Plan. Nov. 6, 1785.

Now, while my lawful schemes I lay,
And ponder o'er and o'er,
I view grim death from day to day
As at the very door.

Yet thus I own his sov'reign hand,
Confide his stable love ;
Yea, should he sudden death command,
His conduct I approve.

For sudden death shall end my cares ;
My cares on him I roll,
And trust him with my whole affairs,
With a composed soul.

His wisdom, pow'r, and goodness shine
Most glorious in mine eye ;
And what is good for me and mine,
He'll, when most fit, supply.

Should I on instruments depend,
Anon they drop in death ;
And ev'n my nearest, faithful friend,
Yields up his mortal breath.

But God can instruments command,
 Or work without them can ;
 How safe, then, in his mighty hand
 Am I, thrice happy man !

LXXVIII.

The Vanity of Grandeur at a Funeral. July 25, 1786.

What grandeur here is thrown away,
 Attendant on the tomb !
 These high-plum'd horses but convey
 The corpse to its long home.

What numbers gazing crowd the way,
 Yet mortal ev'ry one ;
 Spectators, mind your dying day,
 For it is hast'ning on.

But now from fun'ral pomp my thought
 Retires to worlds unknown,
 And see the naked spirit brought
 Before the judgement-throne ;

Where the whole world no more avails
 Than atoms in a beam ;
 And all created comfort fails,
 Like banquets in a dream.

Why, then, should souls immortal feed
 On vanity and wind ?
 And flying shadows grasp with greed,
 But cast their God behind ?

Unknown I'll live, unknown I'll die,
 And only wish to come,
 Welcom'd by all the hosts on high,
 To mine eternal home.

But what are all the hosts to me,
 If he that fills the throne
 Brings kindly near, and deigns to be
 Mine All in worlds unknown

LXXIX.

A Prayer in the Prospect of Death. Dec. 10, 1786.

O what a vast eternity,
Now awful opens to my view !
My God, my Saviour, pity me,
My sins forgive, my fears subdue.

Let others boast their upright aims,
The gen'ral mercy let them plead ;
All such vain pleas my soul disclaims,
But Christ, I know, can save indeed.

He died, yea more, he died for me ;
The faith of this shall death unsting ;
He lives, and to eternity
My soul with him in life shall reign.

The toils of life no more attend,
And sin shall never vex me more ;
How pleasant, that my latter end
Is peace, though tempests round me roar.

I bid a weary world farewell ;
To pious friends I bid adieu ;
We'll meet and sing on Zion hill,
The song of triumph ever new.

Give me assurance of thy love,
O give me foretastes of thy joy !
Then shall I long to be above,
And pant for everlasting day.

My latest breath shall pour a prayer,
For Zion in these sinful lands ;
O let thy church still flourish there,
And firm remain while nature stands !

I cast my fam'ly on thy care,
On thee devote my infant race,
And earnest plead that they may share
Thy mercy and forgiving grace.

Now done with all below, mine eyes
Longing expect the *car* of day,
In which I'll to thy glory rise,
And joyful drop my cloak o. clay.

LXXX.

On a Woman, who, at the sight of Fire catching in her House, is affrighted, swoons, and dies in a few hours.
Dec. 31, 1786.

How quickly is the soul disjoin'd
From her companion clay !
Disturb'd on earth, she flies to find
An house for endless day.

The fire's extinguish'd without harm,
But the poor soul is fled ;
How dreadful, then, will be th' alarm
When the last fires are spread ?

When flames from heaven to earth shall blaze,
And flash from pole to pole,
When terror, anguish, and amaze,
Shall seize the Christless soul !

Still worse, when hell reveals a lake
Of fire that burns for ever ;
Then every sinner's joints shall shake,
And all their hearts shall shiver.

But may I, in that dreadful day,
Just like an angel stand,
And smile though worlds consume away,
Because my heav'n's at hand.

LXXXI.

Death brings a change of Company. March 17, 1787.

I went to see a dying friend,
And found that death was near ;
He spoke with friends that did attend,
And their discourse did hear.

But now with men no more he walks,
 Nor treads in courts of kings ;
 He with a world of spirits talks,
 And of eternal things.

The great no more shall throng his gate,
 The gay no more attend ;
 But, O ! a fixed eternal state,
 Does every thought transcend.

How awful also every face,
 When quite uncloath'd of clay !
 And no new change shall e'er take place
 Through everlasting day.

The rise or fall of empires now,
 Nor joy nor sorrow brings,
 For on a level he doth view
 Chains, captives, crowns, and kings.

But all my soul recoils to think
 Of hell, that dark abode,
 Where, chained with furies, sinners drink
 The burning wrath of God !

And vent themselves in ceaseless cries
 Of consummate despair,
 In groans and bitter blasphemies ;
 All hell in uproar there !

O that my company may be
 Bright angels round the throne,
 The ransomed nations, God most high,
 And his incarnate Son !

And shouts of love O may I raise
 Eternity along,
 Anthems and sweetest strains of praise,
 While millions join the song !

LXXXII.

On a Young Man, who died a few weeks after his Marriage, and two days before his Father. March 21, 1787.

Ye thoughtless gay, my tale attend,
 It is a tale of woe,

And learn to mind your latter end,
Ere death shall strike the blow.

Some weeks ago, the blooming bride,
Because he was her choice,
Sits happy by her husband's side,
And mingles mutual joys.

Bright scenes of peace before her eyes
Dance thick; illusive view!
For all at once the rainbow flies,
And dreadful storms ensue.

Now she is left to weep alone,
Each feeling heart must weep,
Her bliss just like a dream is gone,
When one awakes from sleep.

The kind endearments of her mate
Come oft into her mind:
Now he is gone, she mourns her fate,
That she must stay behind.

A desolate house, a widow'd state,
She daily does deplore;
The door flies ope, her spirits beat,
But he comes home no more.

Sad scene! death strikes a double blow
Both son and father fall;
Each widow gets her cup of woe,
The *wormwood* and the *gall*.

Though friends, they can't each other cheer,
Each other scarce deplore;
The father only lives to hear
His son is dead before.

Strange sight! so near relations laid
In the dark house of death,
Lifeless by one another's side,
Till Heav'n restore their breath!

The mother wails, with many a tear,
Her husband and her son;
The daughter her dear husband's sire,
And her dear husband gone.

O how precarious human bliss,
 How pungent human woe !
 But heav'n's a state of perfect peace,
 Where not a storm can blow.

The mourners lose their weeping nights
 In love's eternal day ;
 And ravish'd with divine delights,
 Their sorrows fly away.

But sure their case each heart must rends
 Who their dead friends deplore
 Till death, and then to hell descend,
 To howl for evermore !

LXXXIII.

Forgotten in Death. April 22, 1787.

When hurried off this mortal stage,
 How soon our mem'ries rot !
 The men of ev'ry rank and age
 Are equally forgot.

Ev'n senators, whose eloquence
 Aspires to deathless fame ;
 Pray mark it, in a cent'ry hence,
 How few shall know their name !

Yea, mine own parents ! now my breast
 Does all indignant beat,
 That I, though they are gone to rest,
 Should such dear friends forget !

Dear ever have they been to me,
 Their mem'ry still is dear,
 But, dwelling in eternity,
 They must grow strangers here.

Earth's quite cast out, no wonder, where
 New friendship they enjoy ;
 Eternal glories open there,
 Which all their thoughts employ.

Then know, ye friends, that may survive
 When I am dead and gone,
 That in a happier world I live,
 Attend a higher throne!

It matters not when I must go
 From hence, how soon forgot;
 I bid farewell to all below
 Without an anxious thought.

Millions of angels know me well,
 Bless'd saints near kindred claim,
 And I with God and Jesus dwell;
 And that's immortal fame.

LXXXIV.

Faith's Triumph over the Fear of Death. July 10, 1787.

O Death! through faith I shall defy
 The terror of thy sting,
 Because my Jesus lives on high,
 And Jesus is a King.

Though feeble nature shrink to see
 An awful world to come;
 To see a vast eternity
 Unfold beyond the tomb!

Yet faith the other world shall view
 As my dear native land,
 And all my rising fears subdue,
 And peace of mind command.

Yea, ev'n in death I shall not die,
 But only shall remove
 To the fair mansions of the sky,
 To feast on heav'nly love.

What though I walk a lonely path?
 My sun his beams shall shed,
 And gild the gloom;—no storm of wrath
 Shall beat about my head!

What tempests must attend their death,
Who have no friend above !
But I shall triumph in the faith
Of his unchanging love.

Let Satan like a lion roar ;
To glory when I'm gone,
The fiend shall never tempt me more,
And sin no more be known.

Jesus my head now lives above,
And I can never die ;
The faith of his unchanging love
Shall all my bands untie.

Farewell for ever, vale of tears ;
I fly to Zion hill,
Where not a mourning soul appears,
But heav'nly raptures swell.

Then I'll improve my day of grace,
Preparing for that day,
When my Redeemer's kind embrace
Shall waft my soul away.

LXXXV.

On the Death of an only child, just beginning to speak and walk. Feb. 3, 1778.

How vast our views of future bliss,
And yet in fact how vain !
We dream our pleasures then increase,
Just as our joys are slain.

So rises oft the morning sun,
And not a cloud between,
But yet a stormy day comes on,
And sun no more is seen.

The child between his parents walks,
And makes a happy pair ;
The child to either parent talks,-
And O what joy they share !

Now, words progressive with new days,
 Drop from his prattling tongue ;
 While they repeat whate'er he says,
 And find the pleasure strong.

What pleasing scenes of future life
 Delight the parents' eyes !
 But one tremendous scene of grief,
 Like foe in ambush, lies.

Their fancy puts the boy to school,
 And makes his talents vast ;
 Then to some business taught by rule :
 —But now their sky's o'ercast !

A tempest tears the olive plant
 Just from their table side !
 Sad scene ! see the fond mother faint,
 The father hang his head !

Both bed and bosom empty now,
 Where the dear infant lay !
 The midnight shades their grief renew,
 New sorrows cloud the day !

Their sleep is broke, their very dreams
 Pain deep, while to their eye
 This night he's well ; the next he seems
 Between their arms to die !

How dull the house ! about the door,
 Where the dear creature play'd,
 In vain they seek him ; he's no more !
 Now what a blank is made !

Woe to the wound, the blank, the loss,
 Which Jesus can't supply ;
 Woe to the care, the crook, the cross,
 Which Christ can't sanctify.

The child is dead, but is not lost,
 The child is still alive,
 The soul's the child, and not his dust ;
 Yea, it too shall revive.

If heaven adopt a child of mine,
 And set him near his face,

O how ungrateful to repine
At such uncommon grace !

Snatched from a train of various ills,
Which human life attend,
I see him dwell on heavenly hills,
And happy without end !

Though call'd (and why should parents weep ?)
A little sooner home ;
A few short days, and death will sweep
Survivors to the tomb.

His broken language charmed our ear,
His little fault'ring tongue,
But now, (let this the mourners cheer,)
How sweet his heavenly song !

Our op'ning views may well give place,
Our hopes to this alone,
That now *he sees Immanuel's face,*
And worships at his throne.

Your all is gone ! then happy they
Whose all's arriv'd at heaven :
But envy none ; how sudden may
Your cup to them be given ?

To drown our sorrows, let us fly
To heav'n on faith's bless'd wing ;
And Providence survey'd on high,
Will tune our souls to sing.

LXXXVI.

*On the Skulls of my ancestors being turned out of an
opened Grave. Feb. 28, 1788.*

These ghastly skulls, these naked bones,
Were my relations dear,
My parents and their little ones,
Do all lie mingled here.

Long have they dwelt among the dead,
 And now they are not known ;
 I view the skulls, but cannot read
 The owner's name thereon.

What havock there is made in death
 It makes relations vain ;
 And nothing but an heaven-born faith
 Can see them rise again.

Dear skulls ! were you the honour'd heads
 That lately called me son,
 On whom the meanest reptile treads,
 And yet no injury done ?

Where are the eyes that looked at me,
 The face that on me smil'd ?
 The lips that poured out sympathy,
 The arms that hugged their child ?

Where is the breast that glow'd with love,
 The heart that throbbed with care ?
 Th' affections that in concert strove
 With tend'rest feelings there ?

The soul is fled, and naked dust
 No passions can display ;
 What they are now, the same I must,
 When I put off my clay.

'Tis thirty years since they were seen,
 And, O ! how strange to tell !
We meet, and not a word between !
 But soon must take farewell ;

A second, long, and last farewell,
 For we shall meet no more ;
 But I must go, and 'mongst them dwell,
 Till the last trumpet roar.

Like their's, in future years my bones
 Round the grave's mouth may lie,
 While at the grave perhaps my sons
 Attend, and think as I.

My parents' skulls before me lie,
 And to me seem to say,

" In view of vast eternity
Improve your every day.

" Death has dissolv'd the tend'rest ties;
In worlds of spir'ts we dwell,
And no concern, or grief, or joy,
On your account we fell."

How soon my tender little ones
Shall cease to be my care!
My eyeless skull and naked bones
Can't form a wish or prayer.

Let Jesus be, when I am gone,
Their Father, Judge, and Friend;
Widows may trust on him alone,
Orphans on him depend.



LXXXVII.

Evil Spirits attendant on the Death of the Wicked.
March 6. 1788.

Unholy as their life has been,
So hopeless is their death;
They know not God, they live in sin,
And must depart in wrath!

Thus some have heard, (here horrors rise !)
Unless their ears have lied,
Strange howlings, shrieks, and bitter cries,
Just as the sinner died.

But whether heard and seen, or not,
Legions of fiends attend,
To drag their souls, (tremendous thought !)
To torments without end!

Methinks the soul that's now all eye,
And sees such vultures near,
To some kind bosom fain would fly,
To find protection there!

But, ah ! all refuge fails, and fiends
 The pris'ner drag along ;
 And as she to the pit descends,
 Still grows th' infernal throng.

Now ponder what the soul must think,
 What ev'ry pow'r must feel,
 While hov'ring o'er the very brink,
 Or plunging into hell !

The torment's always on th' increase,
 The anguish passing name ;
 And when ten thousand ages pass,
 Eternity's the same !

God bolts her out of heaven, (O sad !)
 And hurls her down to hell,
 'Mong raging fiends and furies mad,
 Eternally to dwell.

Then since this is the day of grace,
 To God in Christ I'll fly,
 And by his reconciled face,
 All hell's grim hosts defy.

LXXXVIII.

On seeing a Friend seemingly on his death-bed,
June 26, 1788.

My friend ! and must we meet no more,
 Till the trumpet's sound
 Awaken (bright display of power !)
 The nations under ground ?

Related in the dearest tie,
 Our God and Saviour one,
 He takes the start, and wings away
 To worship at the throne.

Our friendship long of forty years,
 In one sad hour must end ;
 But this the Godly mourner cheers,
Christ's his immortal friend.

Jesus, let all my friends depart,
 The nearest and the best,
 Thou liv'st ; and this supports my heart,
 And sets my soul at rest.

But why should earth, and earthly things,
 Exact such constant care ?
 When death has torn life's tender strings,
 Where's the whole world ? O where !

Long have I trod life's busy stage,
 And mourned acquaintance gone,
 Of mem'ry dear, of equal age,
 Till almost left alone.

Sure it is now high time that I
 Should be prepared for death,
 Since on thy brink, eternity,
 I draw my every breath.

To die, yet know not that I die,
 Is a most mournful case ;
 Yet, Lord, thy love and sympathy
 Can then my soul solace.

An int'rest in thy stable love
 Can well secure my state ;
 And when my soul arrives above,
 I'll every grief forget.

Mine eyes I'll open on the blaze
 Of thy perfections fair ;
 And Father, Son, and Spirit praise
 And know for ever there.



LXXXIX.

On the Death of a Dear and Christian Acquaintance,
Oct. 8, 1788.

In social prayer often we
 Address'd the throne of grace ;
 Now he has join'd the church on high,
 And sees his Saviour's face,

The toils of seventy years and more,
Are in a moment gone ;
Of cares that spotted life thick o'er,
Now there remains not one.

His bridal and his burial day
Had forty years between,
I saw the one, and, sad to say,
The other too I've seen !

Our friendship early, long sincere,
Is perish'd with a breath :
No ; we shall live in friendship, where
There's no discord nor death.

At death his feelings are forgot,
His weaknesses conceal'd,
But all his graces (pleasing thought !)
In their full blaze reveal'd !

He humbly, in his lowly sphere,
His pious life did spend ;
And now he dwells with God, and there
His honour has no end.

What wonders open to his view !
What myst'ries are reveal'd !
Thrice happy ev'ry soul that's now
To such a glory seal'd !

While I must sip the cup of woe,
Of joys he drinks his fill ;
And while I sigh in vale below,
He sings on Zion hill.

And from that hill he seems to call,
" Friend, quickly come away,
From earth, and its endearments all,
To everlasting day."

XC.

The Happiness of Saints at their Death. 1785

With what surprise must saints indeed
Behold, when loos'd from mortal clay,

Bright angels waiting round their bed,
To waft their happy souls away.

How mean th' attendance of a king,
To Laz'rus, Abr'ham's begging son,
When seated on a seraph's wing,
And soaring to the heav'nly throne !

Deliver'd just from mortal state,
How vast must be the soul's amaze,
While paradise casts ope her gate,
And boundless glories on her blaze !

Sound without song, how oft our stain,
While we to this dull world belong !
But O how sweet the heav'nly strain !
No voice, yet rapt'rous is their song !

Each pow'r must find divine delight,
A joy which scarce is tasted here,
While heav'nly glories charm their sight,
And heav'nly songs delight their ear.

How high their holy joys must rise,
When they have reach'd the heav'nly place !
When feasting their adoring eyes
On fair Immanuel's glorious face !

Arriving at the seats above,
Abodes from which they'll ne'er depart,
With heav'nly joy and rapt'rous love,
How beats their once discons'late heart !

What wonders feast their mental eye,
When to his blissful presence brought !
Millions of spirits standing by,
And lovely, passing human thought !

Deliver'd from the smallest sin,
How high their raptures now ascend !
The bless'd communion they begin
With God and Christ, shall never end.

Earth sinks for ever from their sight,
While wafted to th' eternal arms ;
And they forget, in their last flight,
Creatures and all their transient charms.

Poor mendicants, how chang'd in state!
 To what high honour have they come.
 That angels their *life-guards* should wait,
 And should with songs convey them home!
 And O what must their wonder be!
 What joyful raptures swell their breast!
 Launching into eternity,
 And ent'ring on their heav'nly rest!

XCI.

*On a Gentleman who died after his return to his Family
 from foreign parts, after an absence of twelve years,*
 November 25, 1783.

Long, long expected home, and, lo!
 Home he has scarcely come,
 Till he is summon'd, and must go
 To his eternal home!

How sweet appears our native land,
 When we are far abroad!
 But death is always hard at hand,
 To strike at Heav'n's high nod.

He changed climates, and of late
 For th' *old world* left the *new*;
 But he has changed now his state,
 And worlds have changed too.

High as conjugal joy arose,
 As high corroding grief;
 How perfectly the widow knows
 The gall of human life!

Paternal feelings cannot save
 From the dark house of death!
 Filial affection cannot give
 A day, an hour, a breath.

What flow'ry plans the trav'ller cheer,
 When safe arriv'd at home:
 But all these prospects disappear,
 When carried to the tomb!

Just like a sun that rises bright,
 But storms around him blow
 The live-long day, till gloomy night
 Infolds whole lands below :

So safe arriv'd from scorching sands,
 With wealth, and health, and fame,
 The scene seems bright, till death's rude hands
 Destroy his mortal frame.

He leaves his weeping friends behind,
 And must retire alone,
 To dwell in regions undefin'd,
 To dwell in worlds unknown.

What poor supports are wealth and fame,
 When we encounter death !
 But, Jesus, in thy saving name
 There's sure defence from wrath.

Ah ! what a shadow human bliss !
 How solid human woe !
 Teach me the way, through heav'nly grace,
 To encounter griefs below.

Let scenes quite full of sorrow prove,
 While trav'ling to the tomb,
 I'll build on thine unchanging love,
 For this and worlds to come.

Widow and children, while you weep
 Your friend remov'd from you,
 Prepare for death, and daily keep
 Your own decease in view.

XCI.

Surrounded with a World of Spirits. Jan. 30, 1789.

I ev'ry day converse and walk
 With spirits cloath'd in clay ;
 Alas ! that we so oft should talk
 On trifles of a day !

But there's a world unseen, unknown,
(How terrible to tell !),
Where millions sing before the throne,
And legions howl in hell !

Soon as the veil (that's now so strong)
Of human flesh and blood
Is dropp'd, I find myself among
Th' immortal multitude.

The crowd surrounds me, how I'm struck !
But whither can I fly ?
Millions of sp'rits, at the first look,
Engage my wond'ring eye.

The thought confounds, for who can tell,
But in that state I'll see
The agonized fiends in hell,
The happy hosts on high !

But what are all the hosts of heav'n
And all the ghosts in hell,
To strike surprise, though I must ev'u.
With one or other dwell,

Compar'd with God, the mighty God,
Who fills infinite space ;
And terrible from his abode,
To punish or to bless !

Then what a world is just at hand !
God and his armies bright,
Or Satan and his fiery band,
Though now conceal'd from sight.

Born and brought up in some close room,
How circumserib'd mine eye ;
But from my dark confinement come,
Whole heav'n's astonish me !

The stars in rich profusion spread,
And then the early ray ;
The sun wide op'ning morn's eye-lid,
And pouring golden day.

Just so, I dwell 'midst sp'rits ; but clay,
The casement of my soul,

Prevents the sight till death, when I
All eye, behold the whole.

How thin the wall, how near the day,
That shall break down the wall,
I cannot tell; but then, O may
My God to glory call!

And then in glory's light I'll see
The hosts around the throne,
The *Three* in *One*, and *One* in *Three*,
And know as I am known.

XCIII.

Death a Blessing to Believers. Feb. 2, 1789.

Let others mourn their flying days,
Their life so near its end:
Let it excite my song of praise,
That death is hard at hand!

For death shall set my soul at rest
From sorrow and from sin;
Thy full fruition make me blest,
And spread an heav'n within.

My dearest friends, concerns, and cares,
I wholly cast on God;
And leave a world of thorny snares
For glory's bright abode.

A joy so pure, a bliss so vast,
Employment so divine,
So near, rejoices all my breast,
And makes my face to shine.

I'll on thy ever-blessed breast,
Recline this weary head;
Then, O what joy shall be prest,
How bless'd in very deed!

My soul shall be dissolved in love,
And joy of angels know;

I'll hold thee 'mongst the hosts above,
And never let thee go.

My soul shall ope her lasting doors,
That God may enter there ;
Expand her ever-ravished pow'rs
To his perfections fair.

Then shall I in his glory shine,
And set him up on high ;
And, feasting on his love divine,
In raptures melting lie.



XCIV.

The Deplorable Death of the Wicked. May 16, 1789.

How sad to see a sinner lie
In prospect of his death !
The king of terrors hast'ning nigh,
To stop his vital breath !

O how he shudders at the thought
Of tumbling in the tomb !
His soul's with every terror fraught,
To think of worlds to come.

How little all the world avails,
When stepping out of time !
With heart-felt sorrow see he sails
Far to an unknown clime.

O how he clings to life, and pleads
A respite from the grave !
With prayers and vows he intercedes ;
But heaven forbears to save.

His pleasures, riches, titles, lands,
Must all be left in time,
And nothing the poor wretch attends
But anguish, sin, and shame.

He trifled with his day of grace,
And grace is now no more ;

But hell fierce flashes in his face,
And dreadful thunders roar.

If possible, he'd flee from death,
But from it cannot fly;
He dies, and in a sea of wrath
Welters eternally.

An int'rest in thy love I crave;
And at my last I'll sing,
Where is thy vict'ry, gloomy grave?
And where, O death! thy sting?

XCV.

On a Child that, by her Cloaths catching fire, was burnt to Death. May 26, 1789.

The little ones, the parents' care,
Do play around the room;
But, ah! the parents were not there,
T' avert the dreadful doom.

Too near the fire, her cloaths catch flame,
And straight are all on blaze;
What terrors seize her mental frame?
The rest astonished gaze!

Surrounded with her funeral pile,
She screams with her last breath!
But there's no help, O mournful tale!
The child is burnt to death!

What pangs must pierce the parents' breast,
On their arrival home,
To see their pretty child deceas'd,
And an untimely tomb!

Their wounded souls, against their mind,
The horrors of the scene
Revolve: and O what grief they find!
What tumult boils within!

Loud praise to him that saves us all
 (Let men and angels sing !)
 From fire and water, stroke and fall,
 Which sudden death might bring,

Now, parents, if your tender race
 Forth all your feelings call,
 Be earnest at a throne of grace,
 That God would bless them all.

These fires that can the flesh consume,
 Need not too much dismay,
 Since there's a state beyond the tomb,
 Where life knows no decay.

But what must be the fire of hell ?
 The sinner's last abode,
 Where souls burn fierce, and furies yell,
 Beneath the wrath of God !

XCVI.

Departed Spirits passing each other immediately after Death. July 21, 1789.

There, in one house or neighbourhood,
 Upon a death-bed lie,
 A sinner and a saint of God,
 Dread angels standing by !

Around the good man's happy bed
 Angels of light attend ;
 While grinning o'er the sinner's head,
 Hovers th' infernal fiend.

They both connected closely were
 In business and in blood ;
 Dear friends, and long companion dear
 In every thing but good.

For though the saint did drop a word,
 To cause an inward smart,
 Yet, feeble like a pointless sword,
 It never pierced his heart.

At once heart-strings in both do burst,
 In death's tremendous scene ;
 At once one's bless'd, the other curs'd,
 And bless'd and curs'd remain !

They at one instant take their flight,
 And other see anon ;
 For spirits have a piercing sight ;
 But these are things unknown.

“ Tremendous change ! what state is this !
 For I must plunge to hell ;”
 “ But I am hast'ning up to bliss,
 So vast no tongue can tell !”

“ Ah ! will no power cause me escape,
 And kindly help me o'er
 The gulph ? O how I'd joyful leap,
 To find the happy shore !”

“ Our state is fixed, hell flames in you,
 And heaven's begun in me ;
 Eternal glories cheer my view,
 You scenes of horror see !”

“ My friend, I must descend to hell,
 And plunge in wrath's red lake ;
 An howling, fearful, long farewell,
 Of you I now must take !”

“ Poor soul ! I warn'd you oft of this,
 But now your day is past ;
 We part ! I rise to endless bliss,
 And enter on my rest.”

“ Old friend ! won't you a moment stay,
 To wail my misery ?
 From fiends that me to flames convey,
 I find I cannot fly.”

“ All bonds are broke, and every tie
 Which death can cut in twain ;
 I soar to ecstacies on high,
 You sink to endless pain !”

Now heavenly anthems fill the air,
 And ravish all around ;
 White holy guards convey life's heir,
 To be with glory crown'd.

But while fierce fiends torment and tear
 Poor souls to hell thus hurled,
 What shrieks of consummate despair
 Rend all the nether world !

XCVII.

The meeting of Souls in the Regions of Misery.
 Aug. 5, 1789.

Lo ! in the gulph of boundless woes
 I see relations meet ;
 As friends ? Ah no ! as cruel foes,
 To make their pangs complete !

The husband and his bosom-wife
 In dire discordance dwell ;
 Midst wranglings of infernal strife,
 Midst all the rage of hell !

The friends, the most endeared friends,
 That seemed to have one soul,
 And many a midnight hour did spend
 Around the sparkling bowl,—

Reproach each other with their pains,
 Their friendship quite forgot ;
 No glow of sympathy remains,
 But cruel every thought.

Deep in the gulph of growing woe,
 They wistly look around ;
 But every face presents a foe,
 And all are furies found.

There Satan the arch-rebel lies,
 And millions threatening round ;
 Once shining chiefs in heavenly skies,
 Now fallen angels found.

What fury streams from their fierce eyes,
 On his devoted head,

That raised rebellion in the skies,
And ruin'd them indeed !

What human souls, weit'ring in fire,
Their malediction pour
On him who, too, seduced their sire,
In sin's unhappy hour !

Then hurried them through all their life
To sin, next hurled to hell !
Persuading them to banish grief,
For all should yet be well.

The heretic, with all the train
That perished by his hand,
Shall meet, and never part again,
But midst their curses stand.

Here friends of every tender tie
Do meet, but, full of spleen,
And filled with strong antipathy,
Are never friends again.

Here duelists, whose naked swords
Shed out each other's soul,
Maintain the fight, fierce passing words,
While endless ages roll.

Furies with furies, men with men,
And men with devils, meet
In horrid uproar ; such a den !
Their torments how complete !

Devils and the lost human race,
In dreadful discord dwell ;
For, still at war with heaven, no peace
Shall e'er be known in hell !

XCVIII.

*The happy Meeting and holy Communion of Saints in
Glory. Aug. 21, 1789.*

There meet the saints from every land,
There saints of every name ;

They praise in a melodious band,
Jehovah and the Lamb !

The pious husband and his wife,
In God's bless'd presence rest ;
And through eternity their strife
Is, who shall praise him best.

O what a glow of holy love,
When old acquaintance meet
In that celestial world above,
To sit at Jesus' feet !

And recollect what heavenly talk
Once ravished every power,
In some retired but social walk,
Or some sequestered bower ;

And there confess the heavenly bliss
Their former thoughts transcends ;
How vast the weight of glory is,
Which changes not, nor ends.

There patriarchs, prophets, kings, and priests,
Apostles, pastors too,
All meet, and meet with myriads blest
Of saints they never knew.

The parents and their pious seed,
Whom God had kindly given,
Who followed where their sires did lead,
With comfort meet in heaven.

The pastor and these happy ones,
Whom he accounts his crown,
Long wrestled for with prayers and groans,
Associate at the throne ;

Who often in his courts of grace,
A little heaven have found ;
But now they see him face to face,
And rapt'rous joys abound.

The dear companions who below
Oft met to praise and pray,
And cheer each other with the view
Of this eternal day,

Shall meet, and never part again,
But join the choirs above ;
While Jesus shall himself explain
The wonders of his love.

Barbarian rude, and Greek and Jew,
Now one in faith and name,
Shall sing the song for ever new
Of Moses and the Lamb.

The humble souls that liv'd retired,
And to the world unknown,
And secret goodness most admir'd,
Shall shine before the throne.

And there a num'rous infant race,
That never trode the ground,
Bless'd subjects of redeeming grace,
With wonder look around,

To find an heaven they never sought,
A bliss they never knew ;
Glory surpassing every thought,
And pleasures ever new.

There happy saints, in heavenly verse,
In one another's ear,
The wonders of his grace rehearse,
While they were pilgrims here.

Those happy moments still they mind,
When they retired alone,
To seek his face, and straight did find
Communion with the throne.

O how his conduct claims their praise !
His kindness swells their love,
Whose tender mercies crowned their days,
And crowns their hopes above !

What revelations of his love,
And bright displays of grace,
Do ravish all the hosts above,
In his own holy place !

What sweet communion do they hold
With the eternal THREE,

Who ay shall more and more unfold
Of his dread Deity !

How trifling, then, to win a crown,
Or conquer kingdoms vast !
To enjoy the Father in his Son,
Can only make us blest.

There all the ransom'd millions raise,
Their songs to God alone ;
And rapt'rous peals of purest praise
Ascend before the throne.



XCIX.

Passing a Country Church-Yard. Nov. 15, 1789.

What generations under ground
There in oblivion lie ;
But mustered on the fields around,
How would they strike mine eye !

How times are changed ! no more the beau
Attracts the eye around ;
No belles are in the land below,
All's horror under ground.

Well, but, O saint ! thy sleeping dust,
As in a bed shall rest,
And rise at last among the just,
Of heavenly charms possest.

There lies the dust, but who can say,
Whether their spirits dwell
In regions of eternal day,
Or the dark gulph of hell ?

By nobles, rotting under ground,
Their grandeur is forgot ;
The meanest insects crawl around,
Nor rouse an haughty thought.

How vain is pride in any thing
 Which death can sweep away !
But I will boast of Christ my King,
 Should heaven and earth decay.

O for a soul of heavenly birth,
 A principle within,
 Which scorns to be a slave to earth,
 To Satan, self, or sin !

These lifeless multitudes must rise
 At last when Christ shall call ;
 Saints first, heaven sparkling in their eyes,
 Then sinners, flashing hell !

Now to prepare for such a day,
 May my whole time employ ;
 I give a fleeting world away,
 That I may God enjoy.



C.

On the Death of a dear acquaintance, a Minister of the Gospel. Jan. 31, 1790.

Dear friends we were for many a year,
 But now the one is gone ;
 And while I'm like an exile here,
 He worships at the throne.

Well, but the day's not far away,
 The day must soon draw near,
 When I shall also drop my clay,
 And join the heavenly choir.

Oft we conversed of heavenly things,
 (Too seldom ! I bewail),
 But now his soul has stretched her wings,
 And dwells within the veil.

With what enlargement have I heard
 This pious pastor pray !
And God has promised to regard
 What his own servants say.

The troubles of domestic life
 Give no uneasy thought ;
 The death of daughters, sons, and wife,
 For ever are forgot.

But all the truths he taught below
 Now shine with noon-day blaze,
 And his enraptured soul doth glow
 To sound his Saviour's praise.

Old age and frailty vex no more,
 But, like an angel, he
 Shall God unweariedly adore
 To all eternity.

I see the whole creation vain,
 When mortals must remove ;
 And nothing can the soul sustain,
 But Christ's unchanging love.

Now that his soul's to glory brought,
 To near communion too,
 O how enlarged his every thought !
 How bright his every view !

Now all the ways of heaven are plain,
 And highly he approves
 Those providences which did pain :
 God chastens whom he loves.

No more the base detracting tongue
 Shall wound his Christian name ;
 No more the drunkard's ruthless song
 His innocence defame.

Exalted 'bove the reach of sin,
 The reach of sorrow too,
 What holy raptures rise within,
 And transports always new !

In God he finds his final rest,
 And hell no more annoys ;
 His soul's above conception blest,
 While Jesus he enjoys.

CL.

The whole Creation a Trifle to him that believes he must die. May 20. 1790.

How sad to see immortal souls
Forget their heavenly birth !
And basely dig with blinded moles,
In bowels of the earth !

In plans and projects how to rise
In riches and renown,
But never climb the higher skies,
Nor claim the heavenly crown !

From every height of human bliss
Grim death shall dash me down,
And spread a blush o'er all my face ;
And none can say how soon.

For death will boldly storm the throne,
And all the guards confound ;
Yea, ev'n the prince that sits thereon
Must feel his fatal wound.

Ah ! every thing beneath the sun
Is empty, vexing, vile ;
Not the possession of a throne
Should cause the Christian smile.

What bauble is a prince's crown,
When from his temples torn,
And he must curse, with bitter groan,
The day that he was born !

Why should I shun to think on death,
Since death and I must meet ?
May I behold this foe by faith
Lie stingless at my feet !

When round this transient world I look,
How trifling it appears !
Then I my anxious chace rebuke,
And check my childish tears.

I bid farewell to all below,
Yes, all below farewell ;

From Kedar's tents I flit, and go
To dwell on Zion hill.

I sail to that celestial shore,
Where reigns eternal rest;
And whensoe'er I am no more,
That moment I am blest.

CII.

On a Man, who, comforting his Wife mourning over the Death of their Son, drops down at her feet, dies, and is buried in the same grave with his Son. June 21, 1790.*

Ah! what a scene of sorrow here!
And, ah! what piercing cries!
The hopeful son lies lifeless there,
And here the father dies!

The father signs with trembling hand,
The letters, (dreadful doom!)
To ask kind neighbours to attend
His funeral to the tomb.

The coffin comes, and there his dust
Is laid to final rest;
But now the keenest sorrows thrust,
And pierce the parents' breast!

The mother, overwhelm'd with grief,
Now weeps and wrings her hands,
The father springs to her relief,
And her comforter stands:

" My dear, this is the will of God,
And must not we submit?"
But straight he bends beneath the load,
And tumbles at her feet.

* This is the same family who, some years before, lost their daughter visiting a friend. See poem xxx.

He falls, and speaks no more to men,
 But breathes his soul away !
 How sharp the stroke, how sad the scene,
 No language can convey !

Together carried to the tomb,
 They there together rest :
 But what the widow feels at home,
 Distresses every breast.

The faith that we shall rise again,
 When Christ shall kindly call,
 Should sweeten every mournful scene
 That mortals can befall.

CIII.

Comfort against the Havoc of Death. Jan. 27, 1791.

While round I glance my weeping eye,
 What mournful scenes appear !
 Here pleasant infants lifeless lie,
 And there the parents dear !

In this sad house, an only son
 Is quickly snatched away ;
 The wretched parents sit alone,
 And mourn the live-long day.

Another wails a double stroke,
 Yet all God's ways are good,
 And twice the *olive-plant* is broke,
 Which round their table stood.

The pensive parents hang their head,
 Afraid that wrath divine
 Visits their sin upon their seed,
 Since thus their seed are slain.

But, Sirs, remember heaven is just,
 And sovereign is his way ;
 And though he dash us all to dust,
 Still dust should nothing say.

Look forward, and not very far,
 When time shall fly away,
 And Jesus, now your morning star,
 Will bring eternal day.

A day of such celestial joy,
 Will all your sorrows drown,
 And you shall every power employ
 To make his goodness known.

Then tears are wiped from every eye,
 Complaints from every tongue ;
 And not an heart shall heave a sigh
 In all the heavenly throng.

Show first the child whose early death
 Made both his parents sad ;
 Then him whose long-continued breath
 Made both his parents glad.

Show first the parents who on earth
 Surviv'd their offspring all,
 Then those to whom, though bless'd with births,
 No funerals e'er befel.

Their joys the same in either breast,
 The same their heavenly song ;
 Alike their raptures and their rest,
 Eternity along.

'Tis only now we feel the pain,
 While trav'lling to the tomb ;
 We wink, and wake, and all's serene
 In that dear world to come.

Then let us look beyond the scene
 Of all created things,
 And drink by faith to staunch our pain,
 At love's eternal springs.

CIV.

Disembodied souls enter immediately on the employment of their separate states. April 3, 1791.

No sooner is the Christian dead
 Than sweetly sounds his song ;

No sooner is the sinner fled,
Than howlings fill his tongue !

The silent grave receives their dust,
But human tongue can't tell
What happiness awaits the just,
What horrors darken hell !

There's not a moment unemployed,
And all is life or death,
While God is by the saints enjoyed,
And sinners feel his wrath !

The saints for ever keep awake,
While Jesus they adore ;
And sinners in the burning lake
Shall never slumber more !

The saints for ever walk in light,
Redeem'd from hell and wrath ;
But sinners through eternal night
Shall die the second death !

O to prepare for our last end,
And ev'n on earth begin
The work of heaven, till death attend,
And kindly take us in.

CV.

Our knowledge of the disembodied state imperfect.
Jan. 14, 1792.

I know not what it is to die,
And be uncloathed of clay ;
I know not what it is to fly
Beyond the dawn of day.

I know not how souls are employed
In their eternal state ;
Where God and Jesus are enjoyed
In all their glories great,

I know not how pure spirits join
 In their hosannas sweet ;
 Nor lips nor tongue are now their own,
 Yet is their praise complete.

Nor do I clearly know how they
 Converse with one another,
 And yet they must converse ; for why ?
 Each saint is there a brother.

I know not how the spirits meet
 In that dear world above,
 Nor how my ent'ring soul shall greet
 The souls she late did love.

I know not what it is to stand
 Before the judgment seat,
 And hear the awful Judge command
 To fix my final state.

I know not how they worship God,
 Who dwell within the vail,
 Nor what sweet access they're allow'd,
 Where sins no more assail.

So then I see 'tis faith, a faith
 In him who fills the throne,
 Must make me bold to meet with death,
 And march to worlds unknown.

CVI.

On the Recovery of a Child. Feb. 23, 1793.

While other parents mourn their dead,
 Their pleasant children gone,
 From me let grateful songs proceed,
 Since God has spared my son.

The sore disease, in every eye,
 To such an height had gone,

As threatened dissolution nigh ;
But heaven has healed my son.

What pleasure from our children springs,
When playing round our knee !
But from their death what anguish stings,
And heart-felt agony !

To see poor infants ent'ren on
Their everlasting state,
A state to them so quite unknown,
Must mental pangs create.

To ease my anxious thoughts, I pled
Thy promises divine ;
" I'll be thy God in very deed,
Thy children shall be mine."

Hence let me hold loose gripes of all
My friends beneath the sun,
That, at Jehovah's sovereign call,
I may return his loan.

Now I devote my child to God,
His whole remaining days,
To blaze his matchless love abroad,
And publish all his praise.

CVII.

The Monitor. Feb. 16, 1794.

Lest I forget my mortal state,
Kind heaven is pleased to send
Some sore disease, some racking fit,
To mind me of my end.

Thus I am pierced through with pain,
And toss and tumble sore ;
And yet I dare not, Lord, complain,
For I might suffer more.

How sad their case that feel no rest
 Beneath the wrath of God !
 Which like a fire consumes their breast,
 And boils their very blood.

Now I have intervals of ease,
 And hope a perfect cure ;
 But sinners sink in flaming seas,
 And every pang endure.

At last I shall escape thy wrath,
 And rise to endless glore ;
 While sinners die the second death,
 And howl for evermore !

CVIII.

The Concerned Spectator. April 6, 1794.

Whene'er I see a person lie,
 In prospect of his death,
 His weeping family standing by,
 Methinks an angel saith,

“ What trifles are the things of time,
 And all the joys of sense,
 When man must leave this earthly clime,
 And go for ever hence ?

“ What folly to forget his end,
 And trifle time away,
 Since the whole world cannot command
 A respite for a day ?”

Ah ! then, what days, and months, and years,
 Have I mis-spent indeed !
 And wastes of time are sad arrears,
 And heavy on my head.

But now, my friend, I turn to thee,
 For thine's a serious case ;
 What comfort when eternity
 Stares fearful in thy face ?

Honour and riches both are vain,
 When mortals come to die ;
 Religion is the only gain
 That can ascend the sky.

Indeed thy days have numerous been,
 But have they beem improved ?
 And hast thou God's salvation seen,
 Before thou be remov'd ?

'There's not a moment to be lost,
 For death is very near :
 But Jesus saves to the uttermost ;
 And this my soul should cheer.

Then to this gracious Saviour fly,
 For he can save from wrath,
 Can give a bless'd eternity,
 And ev'n unsting thy death.

CIX.

On the death of a Friend that died abroad. Aug. 10, 1794.

Far distant in the western world,
 On some unfriendly shore,
 At him the king of terrors hurled
 His dart, and he's no more.

The little spot that gave him birth,
 How distant from his tomb !
 But what a trifle's the whole earth,
 When our last moment's come !

What means the restless mind of man,
 To range from pole to pole,
 To gain the world, the most he can,
 And lose his precious soul ?

The soul ! but none its worth can tell,
 And none its price can know,
 But he that ransom'd souls from hell,
 And paid what sinners owe,

How suddenly life's busy scene
 Is o'er, for ever o'er !
 And years of pleasure, or of pain,
 When past, return no more.

CX.

On the Death of a very Aged Neighbour. Nov 30, 1794.

The young and very aged die ;
 And while they jointly fall,
 To Adam's sons they seem to cry,
 " Death soon will seize you all."

Ah ! what are fourscore hoary years
 To vast eternity !
 Long life less than a drop appears
 To the unfathom'd sea.

My life, though long, though very long,
 At length will have its end ;
 But may my faith be then so strong,
 'Twill neither break nor bend ;

But fixing on my Saviour's grace,
 And his unchanging love,
 Will spring through death to see his face,
 And dwell with him above.

Let this my gratitude engage,
 That in th' eternal morn,
 All the infirmities of age,
 To youthful vigour turn !

I'll need no nourishment or rest,
 Thy strength shall make me strong,
 Fruition make completely blest,
 Vision preserve me young.

No matter when my days shall end,
 Accepted in thy Son,
 Death drops his sting, and I ascend
 To dwell before thy throne,

CXL.

The Cruelty of Unjust War. Nov. 20, 1785.

How can a king or general boast
 Of success in unlawful war,
 Whose vict'ry is a slaughter'd host,
 Whose success ruin spreads afar?

Alas! through all the fields around,
 In savage war's destructive day,
 Thousands, laid prostrate on the ground,
 Breathe amidst groans their souls away!

Their mangled flesh, and broken bones,
 To all the keenest pain impart;
 Their loud complaints and dying groans
 Must pierce with grief the hardest heart.

Fathers and mothers mingle woe,
 To hear of sons in battle slain;
 Relations suffer in the blow,
 And num'rous swell the sable train.

In mourning weeds, the bosom-wife
 Her loss does bitterly deplore;
 For, ah! the comfort of her life,
 A loving husband, is no more.

Children, bereaved of their best shield,
 Accuse the cursed pride of kings,
 That kindles war, and in the field,
 Fathers to death untimely brings.

Now, from this scene of human woe,
 Which every feeling heart must rend,
 I glance the dreadful world below,
 Where miseries shall never end.

Ah! there I see ten thousand ghosts,
 Writhing in agonizing pain,
 Who lately muster'd with the hosts,
 But now are number'd 'mongst the slain;

Foes without feud, a mournful tale!
 They meet, they fight, they part no more,

In whole battalions down to hell
They plunge, all drench'd in human gore.

O how they wail the woful day
That robb'd them of their vital breath !
Nor gave a minute's space to pray,
Or to prepare themselves for death !

Look down to yon red lake of fire,
And tremble, ye who rule the world ;
Ah ! see what crowds lie wretched there,
Down by your mad ambition hurl'd.

CXII.

On a man in the prime of life who died suddenly.
Nov. 1796.

The family goes secure to bed,
With no presage imprest ;
No painful breast, no aching head,
Disturbs their midnight rest.

Death, like a robber in the night,
To him while slumbering crept,
Struck his dart deep ; none saw the fight,
But she that with him slept !

The aged parent suffers much,
The widow suffers more ;
His children (for their age is such)
Can scarce his death deplore.

But there's a God, whose pow'r presides
O'er every thing below ;
And whose rich providence provides
For all the sons of woe.

The widow and the fatherless
Are deep in his concern ;
His bowels yearn with tenderness,
The sons of sorrow learn.

Through fire and water he can bring
 To he ven, that happy place ;
 And tune the mourner's heart to sing
 Sweet songs to sovereign grace.



CXIII.

On the Death of a pleasant Child. March 4, 1797.

His sov'reign hand, who cannot err,
 Has fetch'd a heavy stroke ;
 And from around my table fair,
 An olive plant has broke.

God gave, and God has now removed
 The child ; she was his own ;
 A child perhaps too much beloved,
 And too much doted on.

Now snatched forever from my sight,
 I see the babe no more ;
 Snatch'd from each scene of fond delight,
 That danc'd mine eye before.

But now her soul, that noble thing,
 Has fled to worlds unknown,
 And, mounting on the willing wing,
 Soars to Jehovah's throne.

Ah ! what a want this death has made
 In every thing I see !
 The cradle's empty, and the bed,
 The mother's arm and knee !

How short has been her mortal race !
 How sweet her heav'nly rest !
 What holy joys the babe solace,
 No more with pain opprest !

Now what are all our joys below,
 But like a pois'nous spring ?

Since death of children pains us so,
And leaves a lasting sting?

But from our God's unchanging love
We should our comforts bring;
Then, though the whole creation move,
We shall our requiem sing.

She moans no more beneath the woes
That press'd her down to death;
Bright glories in her eye disclose,
Though robb'd of mortal breath,

The little stranger looks around
With transport and surprise,
On all the glories that abound
Above the bending skies.

My pleasant child is gone before,
And but a little while,
For life with me will soon be o'er;
Then wherefore weep or wail?

Since we shall meet on Zion mount,
And join the songs above,
And through eternity recount
The wonders of his love.

CXIV.

The Death of the Christian. Oct. 23, 1798.

How calmly may the Christian die,
Since death has lost his sting!
And though an unknown world draws nigh,
Yet there his Lord is King.

In holiness made perfect now,
What transports fill his mind!
And Satan, his invet'rate foe,
For ever stays behind.

The glories of the heav'nly state
Break in upon his soul,
And all his ravish'd pow'r's dilate,
And through his bosom roll.

An infirm and a feeble frame
 Shall trouble him no more ;
 With angel's strength, and seraph's flame,
 He ever shall adore.

The sins of others, foe or friend,
 Shall ne'er him more annoy,
 For heav'n's diffus'd through all his mind,
 And Jesus is his joy.

He shuts his eye on all below,
 To see his Saviour's face,
 And from his weeping friends shall go
 To Jesus' bless'd embrace.

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CXV.

Farewell to Time. Jan. 1, 1799.

Now I've another year begun,
 And cast the last away,
 In hope to stand before thy throne
 Through everlasting day.

Ah ! what a span is human life,
 When life draws near its end !
 How trifling scenes of joy or grief
 Which all the way attend !

But may I see his heav'nly face,
 Who dwells in light unknown ;
 And rest in his divine embrace,
 Who fills his Father's throne.

The things of time and I must part,
 And never meet again ;
 Then what a fool to set my heart
 Where it cannot remain ?

O may I never hear thy voice
 Bid me from thee depart !
 Twould quite consume my sweetest joys,
 And break my bleeding heart.

But may I hear thy kind command,
 To come, and to inherit,
 In highest heav'ns the promis'd land,
 God, Father, Son, and Spirit.

I bid farewell to all below,
 For my last hour must come,
 When I must leave the world, and go
 To my eternal home.

CXVI.

The Last Scene.

When all the scenes of life are gone,
 And our fine dreams are fled,
 A most momentous scene comes on,
 A sick, a dying bed.

And yet, as none can name the day
 On which I must depart,
 So none can point me out the way
 That death shall reach my heart.

A swoon, a fall, a pang of grief
 Or joy, fierce stream, or flame,
 May suddenly deprive of life
 And crush my mortal frame.

But, say by some acute disease
 My ev'ry power's opprest;
 The dawn appears, but brings no ease;
 The night, but brings no rest.

Thus day and night I toss and turn,
 But cannot find relief;
 My friends behold my pain, and mourn,
 Yet but augment my grief.

Kind neighbours send to know, what rest
 Last night, and how to-day?
 " My love to them, death's battering fast
 My feeble house of clay.

I go the way of all the earth ;
 And through a lonely road,
 I'm safe, if guided by the hand
 Of mine incarnate God."

Latches and calls, to make no din,
 Are carefully prepar'd ;
 But death will knock, and must be in,
 In spite of ev'ry guard.

The windows darken'd are by day,
 The room illum'd by night ;
 Emblem that death's a lonely way,
 And needs celestial light.

"My friends ! believe a dying man,
 And credit what I say,
 The hope of glory only can
 Support the dying-day.

Religion is its own reward ;
 Religion then avow,
 And ne'er the bitter scoffs regard
 Of an abandon'd crew.

The paths of righteousness are peace ;
 O could my tongue commend
 Religion to the human race,
 Round to earth's utmost end !"

My friends sit sad around my bed,
 My children weep behind,
 And my poor spouse reclines her head,
 With a foreboding mind.

" Dear spouse, let me forbid your grief,
 Express my inward joy,
 That I shall quit the toils of life,
 For more divine employ.

Soon you and I shall meet again,
 And meet to part no more,
 Where we'll forget our ev'ry pain,
 And count our mercies o'er ;

His ev'ry providence approve,
 Burst out in rapt'rous song,

Astonish'd at redeeming love,
Eternity along.

Dear children, share your father's love ;
Your dying father prays,
Let best of blessings from above
Prevent them all their days.

Give them thy grace, I ask no more,
O what a portion this !
Made candidates for heav'nly glore,
And heirs of endless bliss !

Seek God ; I take these tears you shed
To witness against you,
If in the ways of vice you tread,
That wrath shall be your due.

Seek God, and he'll your father be,
When I am call'd aside ;
Orphans may boast of him, for he
Will you protect and guide."

"My fam'ly I to him commit,
He'll ev'ry good supply ;
He needs no second on his side,
Who rules both earth and sky."

But O how trifling earth must seem
To one that turns his eye
From all the gawdy scenes of time,
To vast eternity !

My by past life, in broad display,
Appears, O gracious Heav'n !
An awful sight, unless thou say,
Thy sins are all forgiv'n."

Now that eternity is nigh,
What raptures rise within,
To think that I'll be wholly free
From sinners and from sin !

What noble work shall me employ,
What strains shall swell my song !
While I a three-one God enjoy,
Amidst the happy throng !

No more the care of earthly things
 Lies cank'ring at my heart,
 For, drinking at the heav'nly springs,
 Created pains depart !

Farewell each thing beneath the sun ;
 Sun, moon, and stars, adieu !
 When I attend this heav'nly throne,
 I'll have no use for you.

Now heav'nly glories charm my sight,
 I breathe to be away ;
 Farewell, my friends, I take my flight
 To everlasting day.

CXVII.

The Hope of Glory.

The solid hopes of glory shall
 Dispel the fears of death ;
 And at my heav'nly Father's call,
 I'll die, but die in faith !

In faith that I shall see his face,
 Through everlasting day ;
 And magnify redeeming grace,
 While millions swell the lay.

The pangs, the anguish, and dismay,
 That may my death attend,
 Shall scatter by that heav'nly ray,
 Which hopes of glory send.

To part with all my friends below,
 And mingle with the clod,
 Shall cause no grief, since thus I go
 To glory and to God !

The prospect of my near decease
 My friends with sorrow fills ;
 But hope of glory pours in peace,
 And all the tumult stills.

'This world and all its vanities,
 And sin, and ev'ry snare,
 I leave, and rise to paradise,
 To sing for ever there.

Christ is in me the solid hope
 Of everlasting glore,
 When I must part with every prop,
 And time is mine no more.

The smiles, dear Jesus, of thy face,
 Amidst the pangs of death,
 Shall keep my soul in perfect peace,
 And gild the gloomy path.

I'll spring from these surrounding ills,
 That dogg'd me all the way,
 And sit and sing on heavenly hills,
 Through everlasting day.

CXVIII.

Eternity, and the Conclusion.

Should travellers to eternity,
 And candidates for bliss,
 For passing pains and crosses cry,
 And grieve to an excess ?

It matters not who dies before,
 Or who remains behind,
 For open stands death's awful door
 For all the human kind.

But when the trump shall sound at last,
 And ail the dead awake,
 For ever death and hell are cast
 Into the burning lake.

I see my dear, my bosom-friend,
 Whose death did wound my soul,

Triumphing at his throne attend ;
And why should I condole ?

In sacred friendship now we meet,
And never part again ;
And our communion must be sweet,
Where sin no more shall stain.

Now, what are all the *ups* and *downs*
Of life, the joys or pains,
When monarchs wear no more their crowns,
No captives drag their chains ?

Our days of mourning are no more ;
Our mourning days were few,
Compared to transports still in store,
To God's eternal *now* !

Now how serene the heav'nly sky,
And not a wandering cloud !
But ev'n a whole eternity,
Bright by the smile of God !

What fools were we to feel such pain
From death of dearest friends,
Since death to all the saints is gain,
And their sore warfare ends !

The sooner we at heav'n arrive,
The sooner we are blest ;
Why for our pious friends then grieve,
Since entered on their rest ?

The saints for many a thousand year
Who have arriv'd at glore,
Are all (a grand assembly !) here,
And never scatter more.

And angels bright of every name
Augustly swell the throng,
And God and Jesus is their theme,
The subject of their song.

Our state is fix'd ; no changes now
Shall any more take place,
No sorrows cloud the mourners' brow,
Nor tears shall foul their face.

The wounds of tender parents' hearts
Are healed for ever here,
Who feel no more the deadly darts,
From death of children dear.

No gnawing grief shall mar our rest,
No sorrows check our song,
But heavenly joys dilate each breast,
The happy hosts among.

The wonders of eternity
Now open to our view ;
Our souls are full of ecstacy,
Our joys for ever new.

While in his uncreated light,
His beauties we admire,
Eternal glories feast our sight,
Eternal songs our ear.

Now we are come with gladness great,
And mirth on every side,
To God's own heav'n, (thrice happy state !)
And here we shall abide !

Abide ! and see his blessed face,
Where glories bright display,
And feast on all his love and grace,
Through everlasting day !

While scenes of glory open new,
And blaze upon my mind,
O how transforming is the view !
My raptures how refin'd !

Mingling with an immortal host,
Communion I maintain
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through ages all. Amen.



THE TOMB.

A POEM.

MY thoughts, recall'd from every flatt'ring scene,
Survey the tomb with pleasure, or with pain :
The tomb my bed, or my dark jail at last,
Where I imprison'd rot, or softly rest.

How sad the thought ! (sadder so few are sad !)
That for mere trifles the whole world run mad !
And crowns are trifles, when we cast our eye
On crowns of glory and the seats on high.

Life's but a journey, and the silent tomb
To ev'ry trav'ller is the destin'd home.
Methuselah, a human phœnix, rears
His head through near a thousand solar years ;
But now all mankind seem as made in vain,
Scarce entered on the stage, Heaven shuts the scene.
Thousands appear, and take a peep at light,
And then retire to rest in death's long night.
But, O ! how mourn we when our friends call'd hence !
Yea, dare arraign the plan of Providence,
As if injustice to our house were done,
When death deprives us of an only son.
But what must trav'lers mean that can complain
Of a short journey, and respite from pain ?
Why should the mariner calm seas deplore,
Or mourn, 'cause wafted quick from shore to shore ?
So we, the sooner we arrive at rest,
While others toil, should own that we are blest.
This we would own, were that bless'd rest but known ;
But we'll avow it, when that rest's our own.

Why, reader, stare and tremble at the tomb,
 Where you, and I, and all must shortly come !
 Ten thousand, who can boast a later birth,
 Are there before us, while we tread the earth.

Sure, worldly men are backward to believe
 That their last lodging is the silent grave,
 Where all is chang'd : ah ! what a midnight gloom
 Hangs on the gay who glance the gaping tomb !
 It spoils their mirth, and mars their sensual joys,
 Kills their false hopes, their airy dreams destroys,
 And raises a fierce tempest in the soul,
 A-kin to that where damned wretches howl !

None but the saint with an unshaken faith,
 Can storm the tomb, and thrust his head through death,
 To the bright regions of eternal day,
 Where endless glories seize the soul away
 Through the dear regions of dread Deity,
 Whose op'ning stores their every pow'r supply.

Strange ! what a crowd assembles in the grave,
 From mighty Caesar to the meanest slave !
 The cunning statesman, and the simple swain,
 The varied knave that's every thing for gain ;
 The wretch that conscience and his country sold,
 The rich, the poor, the tim'rous, and the bold ;
 'The wise, the fool, the feeble, and the strong ;
 The good, the bad,—all nations, old and young.
 And I must 'mongst them shortly hide my head,
 And go be number'd with the silent dead.
 Farewell, false world, 'tis time to part with you,
 And ev'n bid darling relatives adieu.

How comes it that fun'rals are a kind of show ?
 Or we find pleasure in another's woe ?
 See boys and girls, and ev'n gray hairs convene,
 To see (but, Sirs, pray what is to be seen ?)
 An hearse or bier a lifeless corp-e convey
 'To its long home, beyond the verge of day.—
 But when the sad procession comes along,
 Instead of mingling with a thoughtless throng,
 Retire to meditate on your last end,
 And some few moments in your closet spend,

Since the same scene you in another view,
Shall soon be acted o'er again on you.

Come, now, attend, and see a sinner lie
Stretch'd on a sick-bed ; see a sinner die.
Ah ! 'tis a sad and melancholy scene !
Lo every limb is rack'd with gnawing pain !
The purple drops (I feel, O fellow-worm !)
Rush down thy veins like waves before a storm !
The tendons start, and every pulse beats high,
And gnawing anguish shoots from every eye !
Cold sweats bedew the pale disfigur'd face,
That lately shone with every manly grace.
His eyes grow dimmer, till they set in death ;
He breathes, and breathes, till he can't draw a breath :
With quiv'ring lips he gives the fatal groan,
And now the soul is gone, for ever gone !
But what's the inward anguish of his soul,
While hell and flames before his fancy roll ?
When all his sins, like marshail'd legions rise,
And pour upon him terror and surprise ;
When dark despair hangs gloomy on his brow,
And endless ages open to his view ;
When every power is agonis'd with pain,
And wrath begins to kindle hell within ;
When conscience sear'd, or, silent ay before,
Awakes, roars loud, and shall for ever roar.
Now there's no comfort for his drooping mind,
'Mongst all his friends not one that can be kind.
He calls for mercy ;—mercy is no more !
—On God, but lo ! *his day of grace is o'er !*
'Tis fear that cries, he cannot breathe a prayer,
Wrapt up in darkness, terror, and despair !

Now, who can paint this skeleton of woe ?
What heart conceive how fast his sorrows grow ?
And what a hell gapes for the wretch below ?
Attending fiends his parting spirit tear,
And plunge it deep ; where, we dare not inquire !
Thus dies the wicked !—turn away your eye,
And see a saint upon a death-bed lie,
Celestial joys and angels standing by !
His conflict's sharp, his comforts are divine ;
The warfare's hot, but there is peace within.

He pants, he prays, he longs, and he believes,
 Struggles triumphs, and o'er his weakness grieves !
 The peace of God is spread through every pow'r,
 And conscience smiles, whatever tempests roar.
 Now he of every providence approves ;
 Ev'n where the works fix pain, the Worker loves.
 If he can speak, he speaks for God alone ;
 Commends religion, and the life unknown ;
 Commands, exhorts, persuades, implores, requests,
 Friends and spectators, to make sure of Christ ;
 To seek their treasure not in things that fly,
 "But lay your treasure up in heav'n on high ;
 "For what," says he, "can the whole world avail,
 "When you, like me, to other shores must sail ?"
 The Saviour's righteousness, through life his prop,
 In his last moments is his only hope.
 And when his sins, marshall'd by Satan, rise,
 To daunt his faith, he hither casts his eyes,
 And sin, and hell, and every foe defies.
 'Midst sharp disease, and unremitting pain,
 His mind's compos'd, his countenance serene.
 No tongue can tell his joys which inward rise ;
 Celestial transport sparkles in his eyes,
 And day eternal brightens all his skies.
 Now heav'n expands, and glories teem from high,
 Through every pow'r, and waft his soul away
 From time, to worship at the highest throne.
 And feast on joys and ecstacies unknown !

As flitting tenants look through ev'ry room
 Of their new house, so would I view the tomb,
 Which I must *tenant* soon ; the solemn day
 Approaches, when I must put off my clay.
 It well becomes the old to write of death,
 To speak of heav'n with their expiring breath.
 And death unsting'd, and heav'n in faith's bright view,
 Will pour pure joys, and ev'ry pang subdue.
 Why are sepulchres thought a place of dread,
 Tho' our dear friends lie mingling with the dead ?
 Of old the man who carried half an hell
 Of fiends within, loud 'mong the tombs did yell ;
 Lo ! from the tombs he to the mountains flies,
 And makes the hills to echo with his cries :
 So, as we know that all the dead are gone,
 Not into nothing, but to worlds unknown,

Weak minds may think their spirits visits pay
 To their cold dust, and hover round their clay,
 The place may, too, recall the mournful scene
 Of parting friends, and fill the mind with pain :
 But if to see one spirit so affright,
 How shall we stand when thousands crowd our sight ?
 When legions without number, circling, rise
 Around, and far beyond our wond'ring eyes,
 Our intellectual eye ? But may my soul
 Fly through the throng, regardless of the whole,
 And fix on God, who all his hosts excels,
 On God in whom infinite fulness dwells.

Affliction's children often wish to lie
 Within the tomb, till the sharp storms blow by.
 " O hide me in the grave, (cries sorrow's son,))
 " And keep me secret till my wrath be gone.")
 For there the mourner sheds no briny tears ;)
 Th' oppress'd no more the fierce oppressor fears ;)
 The wicked cease to vex, the weary rest,)
 And ev'n the slave's of liberty possest.)
 Base sin no more the sleeping dust defiles,)
 Nor Satan vexes with infernal wiles.)
 Mingled in death, no human ties remain,)
 And kindred sinners give no farther pain ;)
 The pious parent and abandon'd boy)
 Together sleep, nor mutually annoy.)
 But those who sleep in Christ at last shall rise,)
 And, crown'd with glory, mount to higher skies ;)
 While the poor sinner, shrouded with despair,)
 Awakes to torments, and descends to fire !)

When I reflect on friends and neighbours gone,
 Their lifeless dust repos'd beneath the stone,
 Their souls remov'd far, far to worlds unknown,
 Somehow I dream their souls are fast asleep,
 Or in a state of strange inaction keep :
 Ah ! but their souls are actively employ'd.
 Sharp pangs endur'd, or boundless bliss enjoy'd.
 Yea, since the hour they were disrob'd of clay,
 No moment ever idly pass'd away ;
 Nor ever shall through everlasting day.

Now I am writing, but I soon must go
 To dwell with dust in the dark tomb below.

'Tis *serious, weighty, aweful work to die,*
 And plunge at once into eternity !
 Ah ! who can tell me what 'tis to be there,
 Ravish'd with joys, or tortur'd with despair ?
 Let others toil to rise, and to be great,
 Be this my labour, *to secure my state.*
 My state secur'd, what peace shall rule within,
 In spite of sorrows, yea, in spite of sin !
 But sad to live in an uncertainty !
 And sadder still in dark suspense to die !
 Why so much thought, since I'm so near my tomb,
 About a life that has not much to come ?
 Is't prudent to employ life's latter end
 In anxious cares that can't the matter mend ?
 When I reflect upon my periods past,
 Whate'er is future on thy care I cast
 With confidence, and claim thy conduct still,
 Through life's rough ways, and ev'n in death's dark vale.

See the young babe, teem'd from the pregnant womb
 Just peeps on time, and tumbles in the tomb.
 How vain the world to it ! how vain to all !
 The odds of ages is so very small.
 For one short day to fourscore hoary years,
 Whate'er we think, still some proportion bears ;
 But ages, num'rous as the starry sky,
 Bear no proportion to eternity.
 Why, then, should parents bitterly deplore ?
 For hark you, Sirs, the child's but gone before,
 Where you, and I, and all, must shortly come,
 To our last state, to our eternal home !

Here the sad widow, drown'd in briny tears,
 Bewails the husband of her youthful years
 Torn from her arms ; she casts her eyes around
 On the young babes, and each renews the wound ;
 While ev'ry feature fixes on her mind,
 Their father's image, now to dust consign'd.
 But while she mourns her honour'd husband gone,
 She finds another in her oldest son ;
 The pious youth supplies his father's place,
 Supports his mother and her tender race.
 This somewhat comfortable makes her lot,
 Till, by degrees, her loss and griefs forgot.

But, ah ! when some few moons have wax'd and wan'd,
(Ev'n to repeat it, how my breast is pain'd !)
The widow-mother loses her dear son ;
He sickens, dies, and is for ever gone !
A widow twice ! her husband's death returns,
And grief rekindled in her bosom burns !
She hangs her head amidst her weeping train !
Locks piteous round, and hangs her head again !

See two sad parents to the stream repair ;
The rumour spread, their son has perish'd there ;
The pretty boy that play'd about the door
With his young brothers scarce an hour before !
How swift they fly to the unhappy place,
While various passions flush their anxious face !
Hope faint would think, perhaps he's yet alive,
While fear infers he never can revive.
But now the boy's laid lifeless on the shore,
And the sad parents their dear son deplore !
They gaze, and grieve, and groan with growing pain ;
Reflect, regret, and wish, but all in vain !
Their joints are loos'd, and some kind neighbour's hand
Supports them, trembling, else they could not stand.
The sad procession slowly moves along,
Home with the corpse ; the parents close the throng,
Who call for skill ; in vain for skill they call,
The soul is fled, 'tis this that baffles all.

A sadder scene presents itself to view,
(May scenes so sad, kind Heav'n, be always few !)
The lovely, dear, beloved bosom-wife,
Grows discontent, and finishes her life ;
Displays vast cunning in the wicked scene,
Lest friends break in, and make th' attempt prove vain.
The husband first does the fair culprit find,
But words are wanting to describe his mind ;
He cuts the cord ! she drops, extreme distress !
He staggers, shakes, and groans, through an excess
Of grief and anguish ! O how deep the wound !
And fierce reflections ev'ry thought confound !
He fears her state, nor dares give fancy flight,
But checks it, and in black oblivion's night
Wraps up the scene, which still returns again,
Like restless waves, and ev'ry wave strikes pain !
A few kind friends convey the corpse away ;

No fun'ral-pomp must mark this fun'ral-day ;
 Conceal'd in night, or lighted by the moon,
 To some wild spot where lands or countes join,
 And there conceal her :—Let us leave her there ;
 No common death can strike us so severe ;
 Where all the grief must gnaw on his own soul,
 Because when met, 'twere cruel to condole,
 Or call the deed to mind ;—then be forgot
 Such death, tho' death be ev'ry mortal's lot.

How many anti-chambers of the tomb
 Are arras'd round with sorrow's sable gloom !
 One pants, and groans, and daily pines away,
 Who for whole years has never seen a day.
 The anguish of the mind maks light offend,
 And clouds of sorrow on his day descend
 The gout, the gravel, or the tort'ring stone,
 Compels him to complain, and loud bemoan
 His ling'ring death ! O how his throbbing breast
 Would welcome death, and sink in downy rest !

There lies a youth brought down by slow degrees,
 While flatt'ring symptoms the poor patient please.
 He ails, and yet he knows not what he ails,
 But ev'ry day his constitution fails ;
 Meanwhile he dreams he daily grows some better,
 Which fond delusion oft his thoughts doth fetter,
 And distant sets his end : Alas ! that man
 Should build upon a bubble or a span !
 How cruel oft the parent's conduct here !
 No serious themes must grate the patient's ear !
 The youth, tho' dying, must not hear of death,
 As if the very word might stop his breath !
 Strange charm ! by banishing a world to come,
 To break death's schythe, and bribe the gaping tomb !
 O fools ! be wise, at length religion try,
 No comforts like the comforts of the sky,
 No death like their's that are prepar'd to die !—
 But the disease upon him gains at last,
 Attacks his lungs, and holds him pris'ner fast.
 Now milk and medicines in vain are tried ;
 Riding, strange climes, and voyages defied ;
 As that disease will ev'ry art defy,
 Which comes enjoin'd, *Go make yon mortal die,*

A female there complains of ev'ry pain ;
 To call't imagination's all in vain.
 A troop of strange disorders through her rise,
 Which gather strength, if you their strength despise.
 Yet who can tell imagination's force,
 Which changes even the *microcosm's** force,
 Yea, what is fancy first, grows real at last,
 The vap'rish woman dies, while friends, aghast,
 Stand gazing round, and shed a sudden tear,
 Who never thought that death could be so near.

In funeral-state see there a silent throng,
 In whose sad train the husband walks along
 Close by the bier where his Sophia lies,
 A manly sorrow fixes in his eyes.
 But who can tell the tumult of his breast,
 While his lov'd spouse is enter'd on her rest.
 The kind endearments of their married life
 (T' exceed in kindness was their mutual strife)
 Roll through his mind, his mind can do no more,
 But think the sad disaster o'er and o'er :
 "Alas ! my dear Sophia is no more !"
 "What tongue or pen can such a death deplore !"
 "How terrible the tumult of my breast !"
 "What pow'r can bid my struggling passions rest ?"
 "This thought alone can fierce tumult still,
 "The hand that strikes will never do me ill !"
 "And Sophia's soul, set free from all annoy,
 "Now swims in oceans of eternal joy."

There comes a corpse round which sad friends attend,
 But 'mongst them all I miss the nearest friend ;
 The aged father lies confined at home,
 Nor can attend his daughter to the tomb ;
 But lies and views a once far distant land†,
 The world of sp'rits, that now seems hard at hand.
 How few attend us when we are undrest,
 No matter, or by whom we're laid to rest ;
 The pious soul, whenever loosed from clay,
 Is well attended on the fields of day.

* The little World, or Man.

† In the foolish thought of mortals, for the other world is never far from us.

What fond delusion holds us one and all !
 While 'midst our flow'ry schemes we mortals fall,
 And rise no more ! and yet our rising sun,
 Proof 'gainst reproof, in the same course runs on.
 How strange that we, though dying every day,
 Are not prepared for putting off our clay !
 The men that seventy annual suns have told,
 Not many are, and always counted old ;
 And but a few can boast ten seasons more,
 While thousands, millions, myriads, die before !
 What peer would walk before the palace-gate
 For weeks, when he might enter in, in state,
 To converse with the royal persons there,
 And largely in the royal favour share !
 So, saints, for shame ! is earth to you so dear,
 And heav'n not worth a wish, a pray'r, a tear ?

Thrice happy souls, whose faith grim death can brave,
 Because unsting'd, and smile at the cold grave !

What scenes of sorrow every day I see,
 Of grief and anguish in variety !
 No man's exempt, (not he that lives alone),
 From the poor cottage to the prince's throne.
 The sov'reign dies ! the sov'reign is no more !
 And what avails it that all lands deplore
 His death ? perhaps it was a hopeless death,
 Beset with anguish and pursu'd with wrath.
 The brightest grandeur of his transient reign
 Affords no comfort to an age of pain ;
 An age ? O no, a vast eternity !
 And every thought is swallowed up of thee,
 O dark abyss ! Think deep, it waits for me !

To look around, and see the eager chace
 For fleeting trifles, 'mongst the human race,
 Would man believe 't, proves mankind gone quite mad !
 A truth, alas ! as certain as 'tis sad !
 The human soul can act herself no more,
 For sin has poison'd every mental pow'r ;
 Paints this ~~old~~ fair, conceals the world to come,
 And 'mongt life's roses hides the gloomy tomb.
 But O the anguish of that awful day,
 When life declines, and roses fade away,
 The tomb disclos'd, a future world in view,
 And all his pleasures bid a long adieu !

And now his soul encounters such a storm,
 As none can picture but the suff'ring worm,
 Who feels the vengeance of an angry God
 Through ages all, in burning wrath's abode.
 Yet 'mong the frantic multitude I spy
 A few wise men, in whose enlightened eye
 Heav'n glorious shines, and darkens all below,
 Sweetens their comforts, mitigates their woe,
 Supports their spirits, makes them long to fly,
 Through death's dark passage to the realms on high.

A widow there, who dwells at the next door,
 Had buried all her family before,
 But one ; that one the object of her cares,
 Companion of her life, and partner of her pray'rs
 For many a year, the mother and the maid,
 On the same pittance with contentment fed,
 Sat at one fire, and slept in the same bed.
 Their lives entwin'd until they seem'd but one,
 At length the mother could not sleep alone.
 Her daughter's welfare all her thoughts employs ;
 Her cares, her fears, her comforts, and her joys ;
 But cruel death lays siege, for many a day,
 To her frail castle, to her house of clay,
 And batters to the ground ; the damsel dies !
 The mother feels severest tempests rise
 Through all her throbbing breast ;—a mournful scene !
 No painting can do justice to her pain ;
 Her melted heart comes streaming thro' her eyes,
 And her sad soul dissolves in groans and sighs !

May my best comforts be in heav'n above,
 And my Comforter he whose name is Love !
 Bless'd with his presence, I'll not dwell alone,
 Although my dearest friends should all be gone.
 My couch shall ease me while I sing his grace,
 And see by faith his reconciled face.
 Then wait with patience for th' auspicious day,
 When death shall waft my longing soul away,
 To join the hosts that stand before the throne,
 Where death and sorrow never more are known.

There two young hearts unite in virtuous love,
 And all the friends th' intended match approve ;
 The day is set that shall their wishes crown,
 Which, tho' time flies, seems slowly to come on.

Bridegroom and bride do both invite their guests,
 To honour them, and grace their marriage-feast ;
 The guests attend upon that very day,—
 Attend, but 'tis with tears in ev'ry eye !
 The maid had sicken'd ;—to her bed he flies ;
 All help proves vain,—in his fond arms she dies !
 Now what he feels no language can convey ;
 But she is buried on their bridal-day !
 Yet let the mourners still attend to this,
 That there's a future world, a state of bliss
 For pious souls, to balance all annoy,
 And crown th' afflicted with eternal joy,
 The hapless pair shall meet in fields above,
 In nearer union, and a purer love.

There sits a mother drown'd in briny tears,
 Still to her fancy her dead babe appears.
 The pleasing frolics of her pretty child,
 Who smil'd and suck'd, and suck'd again and smil'd,
 Dance through her mind, and give her daily pain,
 And clearly prove the whole creation vain !
 Caress'd and dandled, with a harmless glee,
 He meets the fondness of his mother's eye ;
 Draws out his mother's love, his mother's heart
 Is glued to him, she knows not how to part ;—
 But part they must, and day and night returns
 The rueful scene, and day and night she mourns.

There the day-lab'rer has obey'd death's call,
 Left a poor widow, and some children small ;
 A pregnant widow ! O ! the wound is sore,
 To bear a child whose father is no more !
 But there is comfort ev'n in such a case :
 " Upon me leave thy children fatherless,
 " I'll them preserve alive, they safe shall be ;
 " And let thy widows put their trust in me."

There at his table one reclines his head,—
 To sleep ? O no ! to mingle with the dead !
 The friendly meal just finish'd, and no more,
 When all the guests the sudden stroke deplore !
 He leaves this world in twinkling of an eye,
 And to the land of spirits swift doth fly.
 Thrice happy he whose treasure is above,
 And always ready for his last remove !
 At death set free from ev'ry enemy,
 He'll change his place, but not his company.

There the fair culprit flies her native place,
 To shun her friends, and hide her foul disgrace.
 A child is born ! and death anon attends,
 And on the parent lays his leaden hands !
 She's daily worse, and feels she must away,
 But knows not how to meet her dying-day :
 Her sins are rang'd tremendous in her sight,
 And Sinai's thunders make a dismal night ;
 Eternal ages fearful swell before,—
 Ages, and anguish ever growing more !
 But O the riches of forgiving grace !
 She sees a Saviour only suits her case ;
 And by true faith she to the Saviour flies,
 And on him for her ev'ry want relies.
 She dies, repentant of her foul offence,
 Indignant at her ill-spent life ; then hence
 She wings, triumphing in redeeming love,
 To join the church of the first-born above !

Now to conclude, for 'tis, as mourners know,
 An endless task to tell the tales of woe,
 That darken ev'ry day ; and who can claim
 Exemption from some sad disastrous theme ?
 How humbling and distressing to look round,
 And glance the lifeless nations under ground !
 There still-born thousands ev'ry thought affright,
 That died ere born, and never saw the light ;
 And millions, millions of the infant race,
 In death's dark vault for ever hide their face ;
 And tribes of pretty boys lie mingling there,
 Their parents' pleasure late, and daily care ;
 And blooming youths in nameless millions lost,
 That Xerxes' troops are stragglers to this host !
 Yea, all mankind ! why should I stay to name ?
 Of ev'ry faith, of ev'ry age and frame.
 For sea and land, and ev'ry mount and plain,
 As true as strange, do lifeless crowds contain.
 Thus earth's a burying-ground, each spot a grave,
 And millions rot beneath the swelling wave.

This is death's reign ; but there's a glorious day,
 When death, as vanquish'd, quite shall flee away.
 At thy dread call, incarnate God and King,
 The num'rous nations into life shall spring.
 'Tis true, the wicked shall with horror rise,
 And wish to hide for ever from their eyes ;

But all thy saints triumphing shall ascend
 On thy bless'd throne ; and, plac'd on thy right-hand,
 Shall sing defiance to the tyrant death,
 And bless their Saviour with new-kindled breath.

The dead, when lib'ret from their dreary home,
 Like casting swarms, come teeming from the tomb.
 Not one is lost, not one forgot behind,
 Not one is left that sprung of human kind.
 First the bless'd saints to boundless glory rise,
 Heav'n in their face, and rapture in their eyes ;
 Their mind serene, and ev'ry transport strong,
 Love flaming high, and Jesus all their song.
 But, wretched caitiffs ! how the wicked rise !
 Hell in their looks, and horror in their eyes !
 And cruel furies all their steps attend,
 Insulting their most miserable end !
 Without a friend ! the Friend they scorn'd before,
 Is now their Judge, and will befriend no more.
 Loud in their ears he cries, *Ye curs'd, depart
 To flames*—a word must pierce the stoutest heart.
 In death and darkness, fire and flame, (I shiver !)
 The wicked plung'd, and bolted in for ever !
 The saints, who witness all this while the scene,
 With ravish'd soul and countenance serene,
 Ascend to bliss, and shout with rapt'rous breath,
 Eternal vict'ry over hell and death.
 Amazing change ! late tenants of the tomb,
 Immortaliz'd, and highest heav'n their home !
 Lately harass'd with Satan and with sin,
 Now holy all, and not a stain within !
 Bankrupts and beggars, their's could nothing call,
 Now they possess for ever all in all !
 O how they feast before the throne above,
 On all the wonders of redeeming love !
 O how their breasts with sacred ardours glew,
 While they the sweets of full communion know !
 And neither sin nor sorrow, death nor pain,
 Shall interrupt their heav'nly bliss again !

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Mr Rhoda Lowry



